



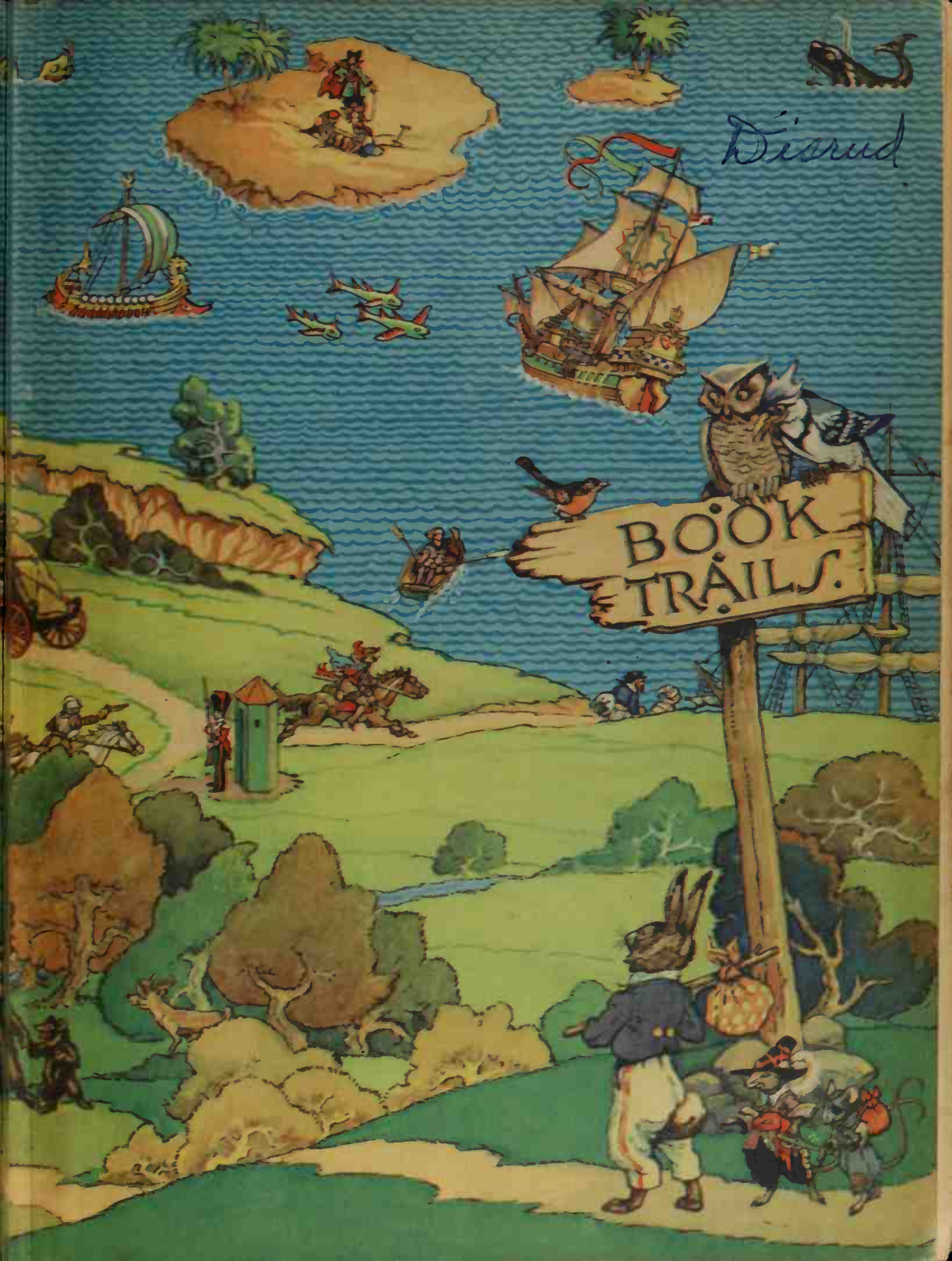
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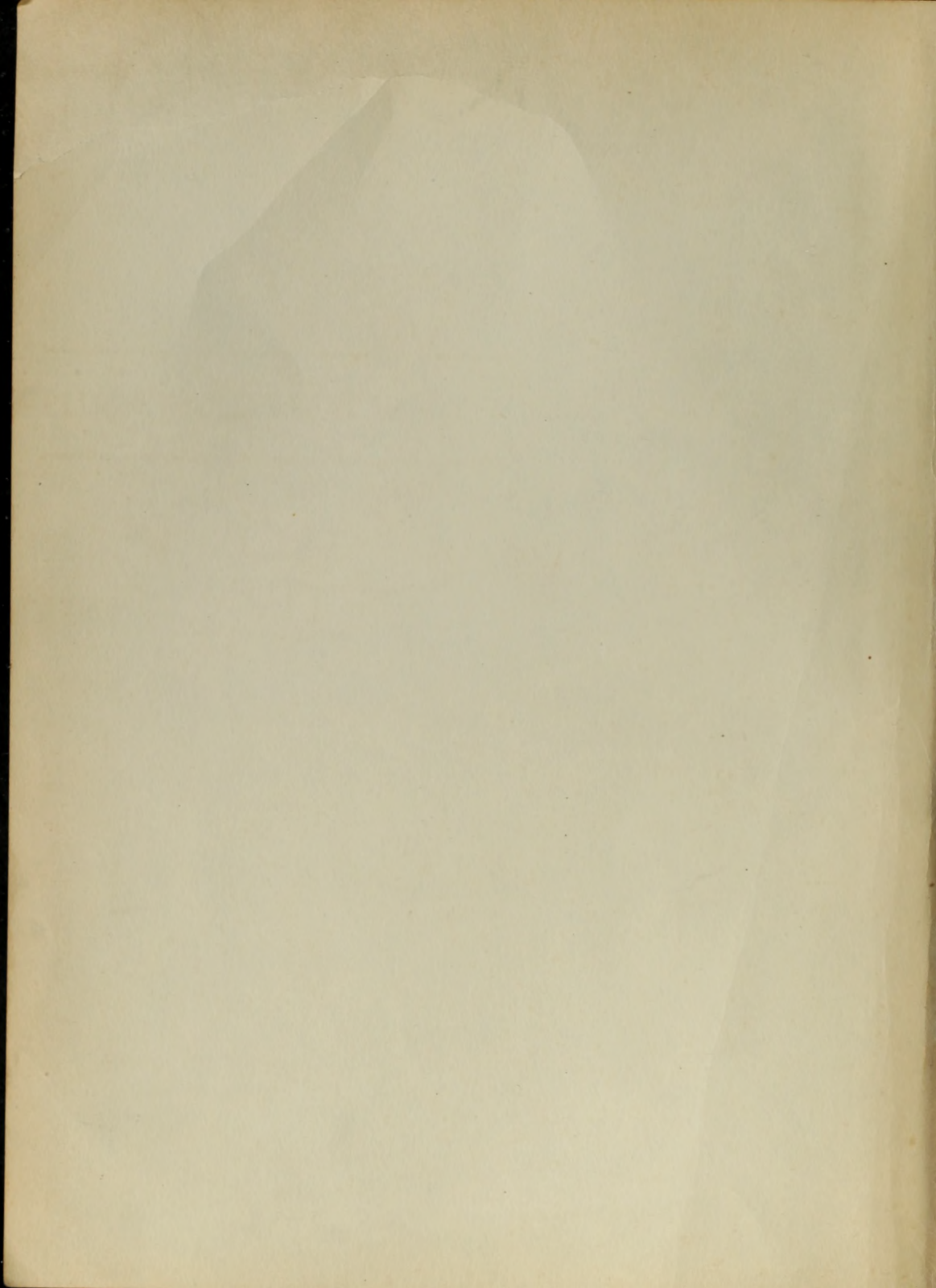
TO ENCHANTED LANDS



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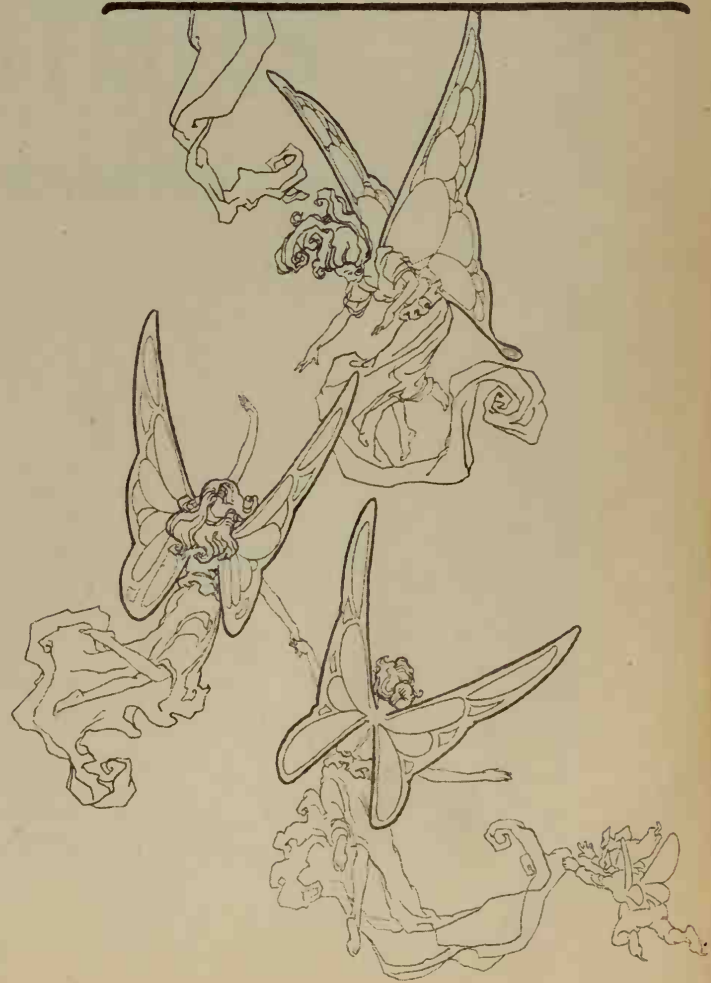






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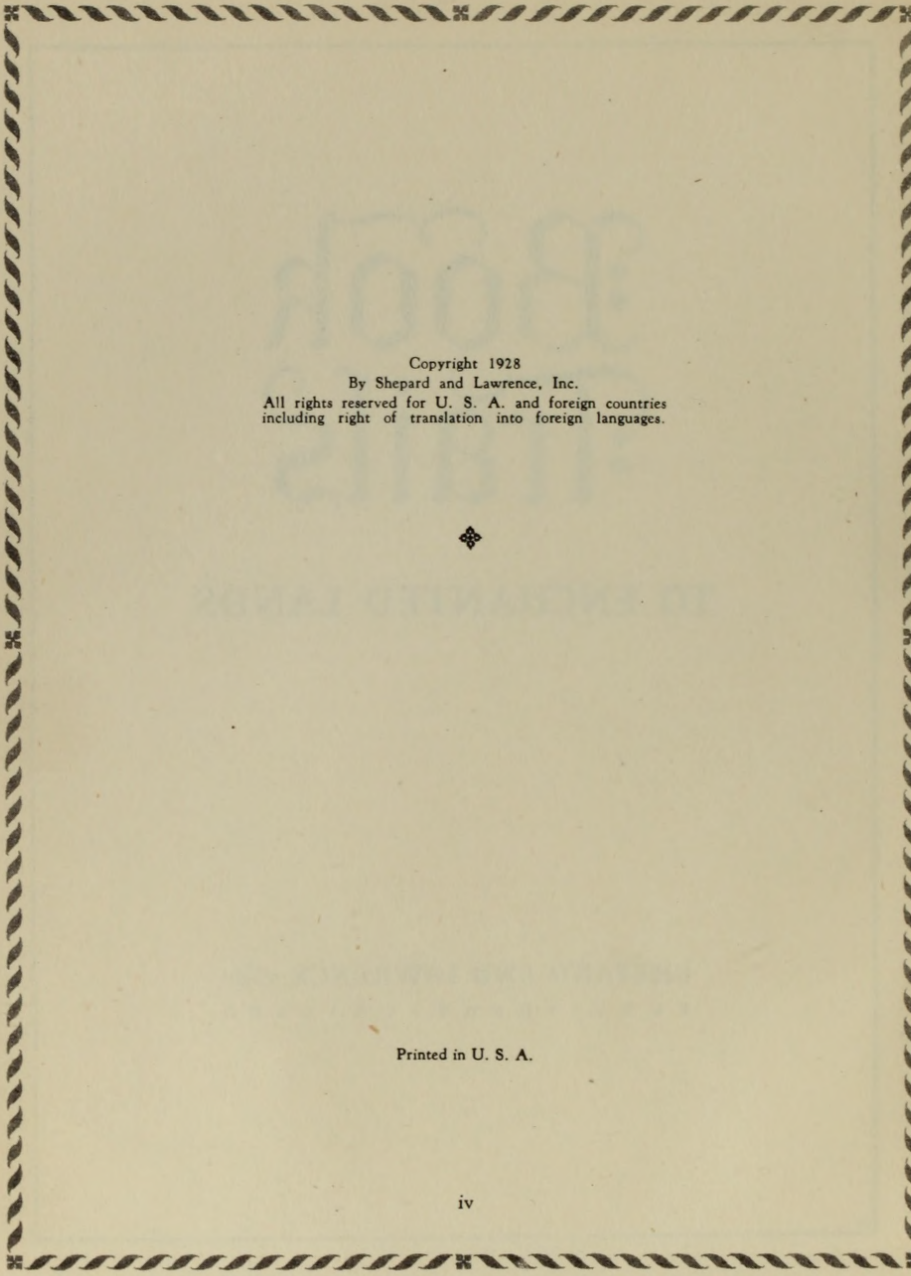
TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Book Trails

TO ENCHANTED LANDS



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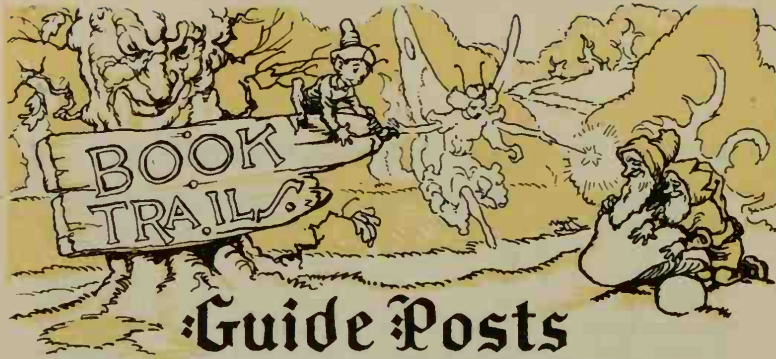
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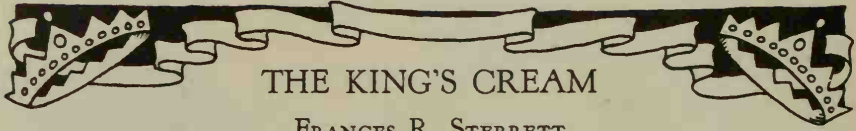


MY BOOK HOLDS MANY STORIES

MY BOOK holds many stories, wrapped tightly in itself,
And yet it never makes a noise, but waits upon my shelf
Until I come and take it; then soon my book and I
Are sailing on a fairy sea or floating in the sky.

ANNETTE WYNNE

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THE KING'S CREAM

FRANCES R. STERRETT

WHAT do you suppose the good children had for a treat before people knew how to make ice cream? Of course there was a time when no one knew how to make ice cream, when the people didn't even know that there was such a delicious thing to eat as ice cream, just as there was a time when no one knew how to make bread and chocolate cake and lemon drops. The very first ice cream that ever was made was made in the Land of Perhaps.

The King of the Land of Perhaps would sit on his golden throne and frown and scold and scold and frown and shake his head until his crown fell to the floor. No one dared to pick up the King's crown and put it on the King's head again. And it would never, never do for the King to be without his crown. Everyone was very glad when the wife of the Second Royal chamberlain loaned the King two of her best hat pins to keep his crown on his head.

From the first day of May until the first day of October the King wouldn't drink anything that was hot and from the first day of October to the first day of May the King wouldn't drink anything that was cold. The hot drinks had to be very, very hot, and the cold drinks had to be very, very cold. Every afternoon at four o'clock exactly from the first day of May until the first day of October the King had a tall glass of cream as cold

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as it could be made. And with the cold cream on the King's tray was placed a tiny little glass of syrup. Strawberry syrup was on the King's tray on Sundays, raspberry syrup was on the King's tray Mondays, vanilla syrup on Tuesday's, chocolate syrup on Wednesdays, peach syrup on Thursdays, lemon syrup on Fridays, and on Saturdays there was always cherry syrup. A different syrup for every day in the week, you see, and the cream and the syrup both had to be very, very cold, as cold as they could be made.

The poor Royal cook was often distracted to make the cream and the syrup cold enough to please the King. And he had a dreadful time to remember what syrup should be put beside the tall glass of cream on Monday or on Tuesday or on Friday. So that he would be sure to remember he changed the names of his seven little daughters from Mary and Elizabeth and Jessie and Louise and Elinor and Margaret and Susan to Strawberry and Raspberry and Vanilla and Chocolate and Peach and Lemon and Cherry. The Royal cook thought that perhaps he could remember what kind of syrup to send the King on Sunday if the name of the syrup was the same as the name of his eldest daughter. Sunday, you know, is the first day of the week and Strawberry would now be the name of his first daughter.

Strawberry helped her father as much as she could and so did her sisters.

One day, it was Wednesday, I remember, and Strawberry had just come into the Royal kitchen with the little glass of chocolate syrup which was to be sent in to the King at four o'clock with his big glass of cold cream. The Royal cook was



walking up and down the big Royal kitchen wringing his hands and muttering to himself:

“I can’t get it cold enough! I can’t get it cold enough! I shall lose my head and then what will become of my poor children?”

“Why, Father, dear,” said Strawberry. “What ever is the matter?”

“I can’t get it cold enough,” sobbed her father, the Royal cook. And he showed Strawberry the big bottle of cream. The under cooks had been pouring cold water on it for sixty minutes. “His Majesty said the cream wasn’t cold enough yesterday. And the cream today won’t be any colder than it was yesterday. I’m

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just about discouraged, Strawberry. I declare I have a great mind to leave the palace and find another place. Perhaps I could find a King who wasn't so particular. I'd rather lose my place than my head!"

"Of course you would, Father, dear," exclaimed Strawberry, and she patted his fat hand. "But wait a minute before you give up your place. Perhaps we can think of something. Let us all think," she said. She shut her blue eyes as tight as she could and began to think hard.

Her father shut his gray eyes as tight as he could and thought hard, too. And the under cooks stopped pouring cold water on the bottle of cream and shut their green eyes and their brown eyes and tried to think as hard as Strawberry and her father were thinking.

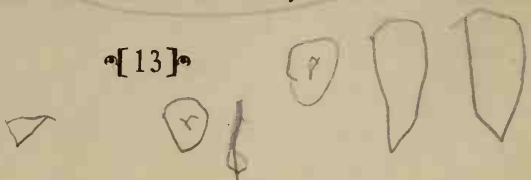
Strawberry was the first to open her blue eyes. "Has anyone thought of anything?" she asked eagerly.

The Royal cook opened his gray eyes. "I can't think of a thing," he moaned. "Not of a single solitary thing! Oh, dear, I shall lose my head!"

And the under cooks opened their green eyes and their brown eyes and said that they couldn't think of a single solitary thing, either, but they did hope that the Royal cook wouldn't lose his head.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Strawberry very sternly. "Of course he isn't going to lose his head! *Of course* he isn't going to lose his head! What is that?" she asked suddenly, for there was a most tremendous noise on the other side of the kitchen door.

It was such a tremendous noise that they all ran to see what



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made it. Even if the Royal cook was afraid he would lose his head, they just had to run to see what made the tremendous noise on the other side of the kitchen door, because that was the kind of noise it was.

"Apple sauce and gingerbread!" exclaimed the Royal cook when he saw what the noise was.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Strawberry and her sisters when they saw what had made the noise. They stared like anything.

"Great jumping noodles!" cried all the under cooks at once when they saw what had made the noise.

And no wonder they all cried out in surprise, for there in the middle of the road was a wagon which had broken down in front of the Royal kitchen. One of the wagon wheels had broken in two and was lying in the road. And on the broken seat of the wagon was a little boy crying. And all over the road was scattered what had once been in the wagon.

"Don't cry any more, little boy," cried Strawberry. "We'll help you! What is your name and where do you live?"

The little boy stopped crying to stare at Strawberry with his two big brown eyes. "My name is Adoniram after my grandfather," he said. "And I'm a boy from the mountain." He waved his hand toward the east where Strawberry and her sisters and the Royal cook and even the under cooks could see the tiptops of the mountains. "I lived there with my granduncle and when my granduncle died, I lived there alone. All I had in the world was a little cottage and a big lake of blue ice, and I filled my wagon with blue ice and came down to seek my fortune. But it is very warm down here and my blue ice began

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to run away and then my wagon broke down and I haven't found any fortune at all and I'm dis-discouraged!" And he began to cry again.

"Ice!" exclaimed Strawberry. She looked at the blue ice scattered over the road. "Ice is very cold, isn't it?"

"Very cold," said her father. He handed the boy from the mountain his own big handkerchief to wipe the tears away.

"I believe ice is the very coldest thing in the world," Strawberry said slowly. "Isn't it, Father?"

"I suppose it is," answered the Royal cook. "I've never heard the question discussed, but I should say it is."

Strawberry jumped up and clapped her hands. "Then let the under cooks put the King's cream on the ice," she said. "They can break the ice in little pieces, so it will fit close around the bottle. Wait, I'll put the cream in a tin can and perhaps it will cool faster. The glass bottle is thick. And if the cream gets very cold you will make your fortune, Adoniram," she told the boy from the mountain, "for the King will want at least a ton of blue ice every day."

And without waiting for her father's permission Strawberry emptied the bottle of cream into a tin milk can which was on the table. When the under cooks had chopped blue ice into small pieces, Strawberry showed them how to cover the can with the ice.

"In five minutes it should be very cold," she said. "And in ten minutes it will be still colder. We shall leave the can in the ice for ten minutes by the clock in the Royal kitchen."

So they left the can in the ice while the minute hand of the

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clock in the Royal kitchen traveled from fifteen minutes to four to five minutes of four, and then Strawberry had the under cooks take the ice away.

"B-r-r-r! But the can is cold!" she exclaimed when she touched the tin. "The cream is cold, too!" she cried when her father had poured the cream into the tall crystal glass. "It is too cold for anyone to drink!"

"It isn't too cold for the King to drink," said her father. "Strawberry, my precious child, you have saved my head! You and Adoniram! I never should have thought of putting the cream on ice!"

The King had never had cream quite so cold as the cream he had at four o'clock that Wednesday afternoon. He was so pleased with it that he sent for the Royal cook.

The Royal cook bowed before the King, until his head almost swept the ground, and he said he never could have done it if it hadn't been for his dear, helpful, little daughter Strawberry.

"I'm glad that your daughters are of some use to you," said the cross old King. "Here, give her this!" He took a gold chain from around his neck and gave it to the Royal cook. "And tell her, if she can find a way to make the cream even colder than it was today, I'll give her a ring for each of her fingers. How many fingers has she?" he snapped.

"Counting the thumbs Strawberry has ten fingers, Your Majesty," said the Royal cook. "All of my children have ten fingers counting the thumbs."

"I don't care what all of your children have," snapped the cross old King. "And I didn't say that I would give all of them

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rings. Make a note of it," he grunted to the Royal treasurer. "If this girl, this Strawberry Head Cook, makes the cream any colder tomorrow, she is to have ten rings. One for each of her ten fingers, counting her thumbs as fingers. And there will be a bag of gold for this Adoniram, the ice boy."

You can imagine how delighted little Strawberry was when she heard that the King had been pleased with the way she had cooled his four o'clock cream. She wanted very much to make the cream colder on Thursday, so that she could have the ten rings.

"I don't want all of them for myself," she explained to her father. "For ten rings are too many for one girl, but you see I could give a ring to Raspberry and one to Chocolate and one to Vanilla and one to Peach and one to Lemon, and if there was one small enough I could give one to little Cherry. That would leave me four rings for myself, and four good rings are enough for any girl."

"I should think so," said her father. "But you will never get even one ring, for no one in the kingdom can make cream any colder than it was today!"

"We can at least try to make it colder!" Strawberry told him firmly.

So all day and all night they made experiments in the Royal kitchen, but try as hard as they would, they didn't seem to be able to get the King's cream any colder than it had been.

"I don't see why you can't get it colder," grumbled the King who sent a herald to the Royal kitchen every hour. "I'll give you one more day, and then if you don't have my four o'clock

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cream colder than it was yesterday I'll lock you up in my darkest dungeon, and your seven daughters will have to feed the pigs. They will have to earn their own bread and butter."

When he heard what the King had said, the Royal cook protested. "I'd rather die than be locked up in the darkest dungeon," he told his seven daughters. "I can't make the cream any colder, so I think I shall die."

"Please don't die until tomorrow," begged Strawberry. "The King has given us one more day. Perhaps we can think of some way to make the cream colder, and if we can't, you can die tomorrow."

"Very well," said the Royal head cook. "I shall die tomorrow." And he went to bed and fell fast asleep.

"What shall we do?" Raspberry and Chocolate and Vanilla and Lemon and Peach and even little Cherry asked Strawberry.

"I don't know," confessed Strawberry. "We might put on our thinking caps," she suggested.

Raspberry ran to get the thinking caps, and the seven little sisters put them on and tied the ribbons under their chins and went to sit under the apple tree and think. They thought all the rest of the day, but they couldn't think of a thing. They got up early the next morning and tied on their thinking caps and went out to sit under a pear tree but they couldn't think of a thing. They were still sitting under the pear tree, trying to think and think, when one of the under cooks came to them.

"If you please, Miss Strawberry, it is almost four o'clock and we don't know what to do about the King's four o'clock cream," he said, in a troubled tone of voice.

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"Dear me!" cried Strawberry, jumping to her feet. "I have been thinking about the King's cream so hard that I forgot all about the King's cream. How the time does fly! What shall we do?"

She looked at her six sisters but not one of them could tell her what to do. They followed Strawberry to the kitchen where one of the under cooks had poured the cream into the tin milk can, and the other under cooks had broken the blue ice Adoniram had brought from the mountain into small pieces.

It was Vanilla's turn to bring the syrup, for it was Tuesday, and she ran to the Royal syrup closet. Cherry climbed up on the table to look into the big tin milk can that was full of cream for his Majesty's four o'clock drink. In some way, I never could tell you how, she pushed against Vanilla and, splash! the vanilla syrup was spilled into the can.

"Oh!" cried Vanilla, and she was frightened.

Before she could say another word, one of the under cooks seized the can of cream and clapped the cover on and ran off with it to the cold room where the ton of ice, all chopped in small pieces, had been spread on the floor.

"Perhaps, if you roll the can of cream back and forth over the ice, it will get colder than if you cover it with ice," Strawberry had told the under cooks. She didn't think the cream *would* be colder but she had to *do something*.

So the under cooks rolled the can back and forth over the broken ice. Vanilla and Cherry hid behind the cold room door. They were too frightened to tell Strawberry what had become of the glass of vanilla syrup which Vanilla had brought from

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the Royal syrup closet. They didn't dare tell anyone, but they were sure that they would now have to feed the King's pigs.

Everyone was so busy rolling the can of cream and hoping that the cream would be colder than it ever had been, that no one saw how the minute hand of the clock in the Royal kitchen crept up to four. No one even heard the clock call out that it was four o'clock, although the clock called as loud as a clock can call. Strawberry and the under cooks never heard anything until the Royal chamberlain rushed into the cold room. His face was as white as Strawberry's white apron.

"Where is His Majesty's afternoon cream!" he screamed. "It is after four o'clock and His Majesty is furious!"

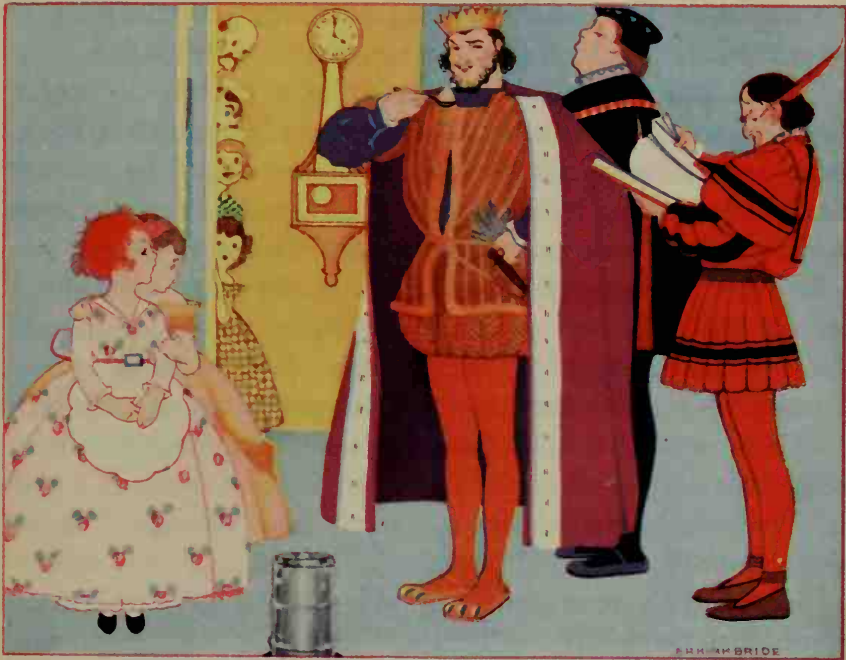
Strawberry and the under cooks stopped rolling the tin milk can full of cream over the broken ice on the floor of the cold room. Before they could say a word there was a great noise in the Royal kitchen. His Majesty, the King, had come to see for himself what was the matter with his four o'clock cream.

"Oh, Your Majesty!" began Strawberry, so frightened that she dropped the cover of the tin milk can, and it clattered to the floor.

"Don't speak to me!" shouted the King, who looked crosser than you ever imagined anyone could look. "What is the matter? Why hasn't your lazy father sent me my afternoon cold cream? Where is it?"

"Here, Your Majesty." And Strawberry showed him the can. The King stamped across the cold room and looked into the can.

"That isn't cream!" he shouted, for the can was filled with



something that didn't look a bit like any cream that had ever been seen in the Land of Perhaps. "What is it?" he asked crossly.

Strawberry trembled in her little buckled shoes. "Please, Your Majesty, I don't know," she faltered. "I filled the can with the cream," she began to explain, but the King would not listen to her.

"It looks cold," he said curiously. He took a spoon from the table and dipped it into the can. "It is cold!" he said when he had tasted the white stuff in the can. At the second spoonful he stopped frowning. At the third spoonful he began to laugh.

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No one in the Land of Perhaps ever had heard the King laugh before, and the under cooks began to shake in their shoes.

"Icicles and snowflakes," cried the King, putting his spoon into the can as fast as he could empty it. "This is the coldest cream and the best cream I ever ate. It tastes like—" he stopped eating for a second to think what it did taste like. "It tastes as though there were vanilla in this can," he said at last.

"I don't see how that can be, Your Majesty," murmured Strawberry. She had stopped trembling in her buckled shoes the moment she heard the King laugh. "This is the day for your vanilla syrup, but we never put the syrup into the cream."

Then Vanilla and little Cherry stopped crying and came from behind the cold room door.

"If you please, Your Majesty," Vanilla said bravely. "There is vanilla in the cream. I put it in."

"I knew it!" cried the King. He smiled at Vanilla and frowned at Strawberry. "I guess I know the taste of vanilla syrup! I must have had at least seven hundred and fifty glasses of vanilla syrup in the course of my life. But never in all my days have I had anything quite as good and as cold as this stuff." And he took another spoonful and another spoonful and then another spoonful until he had a pain in his forehead, right between his eyes. "I want some of this tomorrow," he told Strawberry as he scraped the can. "And, as tomorrow is Wednesday, you may pour in some of the chocolate syrup instead of the vanilla which your sister used today. Where is my Royal treasurer? Where is my Royal treasurer?" he roared. When the Royal treasurer was brought to him he asked, "What

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was the note I had you make in regard to my afternoon cream?"

The Royal treasurer looked through the big book he carried under his arm and at last found the place. "If the daughter of the Royal cook can make the afternoon cream any colder than it was today, she is to have a ring for each of her fingers, including the thumbs," he read in a loud voice. "And Adoniram, the ice boy, is to have a bag of gold."

"Exactly," exclaimed the King. "Send for the ten rings for the young lady at once. You have ten fingers, my dear. Your father said you had, including your thumbs. And bring an extra half dozen for the girl who put the vanilla in the cream," he called after the Royal treasurer. "She must have a reward, too, I declare," and for once he smiled on everyone. "I don't know when I've enjoyed any cream as I have enjoyed this vanilla—this vanilla—" He hesitated and looked at the chopped ice on the floor of the cold room. "This vanilla ice cream!" he shouted suddenly. "The name of this delicious stuff is ice cream. Tell your father I shall want it every day of my life," he told Strawberry. "I should think everyone in the world would want it!"

And now that people know how to make ice cream, everyone does want it nearly every day. You want it every day, don't you?



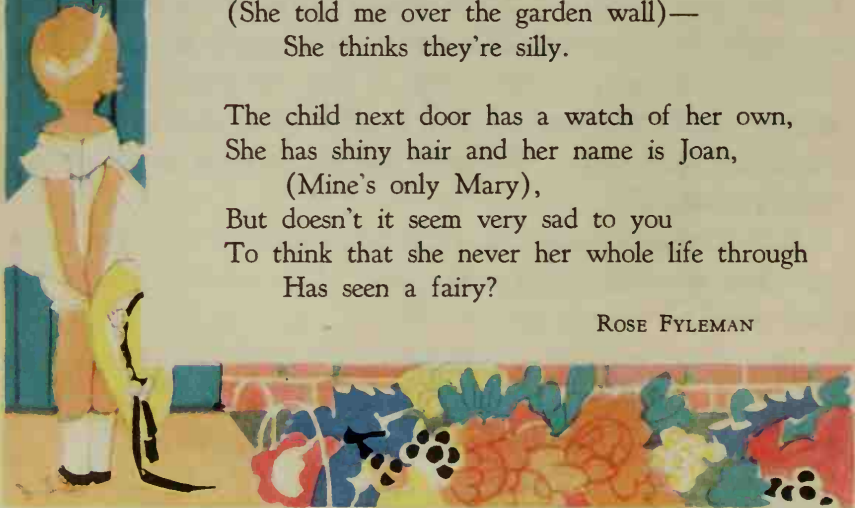


THE CHILD NEXT DOOR

THE child next door has a wreath on her hat,
 Her afternoon frock sticks out like that,
 All soft and frilly;
 She doesn't believe in fairies at all
 (She told me over the garden wall)—
 She thinks they're silly.

The child next door has a watch of her own,
 She has shiny hair and her name is Joan,
 (Mine's only Mary),
 But doesn't it seem very sad to you
 To think that she never her whole life through
 Has seen a fairy?

ROSE FYLEMAN



From *Fairies and Chimneys*, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1920. New York: George H. Doran Company, publishers.



CHRISTMAS AT THE HOLLOW TREE INN

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

[The Story Teller told the last Hollow Tree Story on Christmas Eve. It was snowing outside, and the little lady was wondering how it was in the far Deep Woods]

ONCE upon a time, he said, when the Robin, and Turtle, and Squirrel, and Jack Rabbit had all gone home for the winter, nobody was left in the Hollow Tree except the 'Coon and 'Possum and the old black Crow. Of course the others used to come back and visit them pretty often, and Mr. Dog, too, now that he had got to be good friends with all the Deep Woods people, and they thought a great deal of him when they got to know him better. Mr. Dog told them a lot of things they had never heard of before, things that he'd learned at Mr. Man's house, and maybe that's one reason why they got to liking him so well.

He told them about Santa Claus, for one thing, and how the old fellow came down the chimney on Christmas Eve to bring presents to Mr. Man and his children, who always hung up their stockings for them; and Mr. Dog said that once he had hung up his stocking, too, and got a nice bone in it, that was so good he had buried and dug it up again as much as six times before spring. He said that Santa Claus always came to visit

From *The Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book*. New York. Harper & Brothers.

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Mr. Man's house, and that when the children hung up their stockings they were always sure to get something in them.

Well, the Hollow Tree people had never heard of Santa Claus. They knew about Christmas, of course, because everybody, even the cows and sheep, know about that; but they had never heard of Santa Claus. You see, Santa Claus only comes to Mr. Man's house, but they didn't know that, either; so they thought if they just hung up their stockings he'd come there, too, and that's what they made up their minds to do. They talked about it a great deal together, and Mr. 'Possum looked over all his stockings to pick out the biggest one he had, and Mr. Crow he made himself a new pair on purpose. Mr. 'Coon said he never knew Mr. Crow to make himself such big stockings before, but Mr. Crow said he was getting old and needed things bigger; and when he loaned one of his new stockings to Mr. 'Coon, Mr. 'Coon said, "That's so," and that he guessed they were about right after all. They didn't tell anybody about it at first, but by and by they told Mr. Dog what they were going to do, and when Mr. Dog heard it he wanted to laugh right out. You see, he knew Santa Claus never went anywhere except to Mr. Man's house, and he thought it would be a great joke on the Hollow Tree people when they hung up their stockings and didn't get anything.

But by and by Mr. Dog thought about something else. He thought it would be too bad, too, for them to be disappointed that way. You see, Mr. Dog liked them all now, and when he had thought about that a minute he made up his mind to do something. And this is what it was—he made up his mind



to play Santa Claus for all his friends!

He knew just how Santa Claus looked, 'cause he'd seen lots of his pictures at Mr. Man's house, and he thought it would be great fun to dress up that way and take a bag of presents to the Hollow Tree while they were all asleep and fill up the stockings of the 'Coon and 'Possum and the old black Crow. But first he had to be sure of some way of getting in, so he said

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to them he didn't see how they could expect Santa Claus, their chimneys were so small; and Mr. Crow said they could leave their latchstring out downstairs, which was just what Mr. Dog wanted. Then they said they were going to have all the folks that had spent the summer with them over for Christmas dinner and to see the presents they had got in their stockings. They told Mr. Dog to drop over, too, if he could get away, and Mr. Dog said he would, and went off laughing to himself and ran all the way home because he felt so pleased at what he was going to do.

Well, he had to work pretty hard, I tell you, to get things ready. It wasn't so hard to get the presents as it was to rig up his Santa Claus dress. He found some long wool out in Mr. Man's barn for his white whiskers, and he put some that wasn't so long on the edges of his overcoat and boot tops and around an old hat he had. Then he borrowed a big sack he found out there, too, and fixed it up to swing over his back, just as he had seen Santa Claus do in the pictures. He had a lot of nice things to take along. Three tender young chickens he'd borrowed from Mr. Man, for one thing, and then he bought some new neckties for the Hollow Tree folks all around, and a big striped candy cane for each one, because candy canes always looked well sticking out of a stocking. Besides all that, he had a new pipe for each, and a package of tobacco. You see, Mr. Dog lived with Mr. Man, and didn't ever have to buy much for himself, so he had always saved his money. He had even more things than that, but I can't remember just now what they were; and when he started out, all dressed up like Santa Claus,

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I tell you his bag was pretty heavy, and he almost wished before he got there that he hadn't started with quite so much.

It got heavier and heavier all the way, and he was glad enough to get there and find the latchstring out. He set his bag down to rest a minute before climbing the stairs, and then opened the door softly and listened. He didn't hear a thing except Mr. Crow and Mr. 'Coon and Mr. 'Possum breathing pretty low, and he knew they might wake up any minute, and he wouldn't have been caught there in the midst of things for a good deal. So he slipped up just as easy as anything, and when he got up in the big parlor room he almost had to laugh right out loud, for there were the stockings sure enough, all hung up in a row, and a card with a name on it over each one telling who it belonged to.

Then he listened again, and all at once he jumped and held his breath, for he heard Mr. 'Possum say something. But Mr. 'Possum was only talking in his sleep, and saying, "I'll take another piece, please," and Mr. Dog knew he was dreaming about the mince pie he'd had for supper.

So, then he opened his bag and filled the stockings. He put in mixed candy and nuts and little things first, and then the pipes and tobacco and candy canes, so they'd show at the top, and hung a nice dressed chicken outside. I tell you, they looked fine! It almost made Mr. Dog wish he had a stocking of his own there to fill, and he forgot all about them waking up, and sat down in a chair to look at the stockings. It was a nice rocking chair, and over in a dark corner where they wouldn't be apt to see him, even if one of them did wake up and stick

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his head out of his room, so Mr. Dog felt pretty safe now, anyway. He rocked softly and looked and looked at the nice stockings, and thought how pleased they'd be in the morning, and how tired he was. You've heard about people being as tired as a dog; and that's just how Mr. Dog felt. He was so tired he didn't feel a bit like starting home, and by and by—he never did know how it happened—but by and by Mr. Dog went sound asleep right there in his chair, with all his Santa Claus clothes on.

And there he sat, with his empty bag in his hand and the nice full stockings in front of him, all night long. Even when it came morning and began to get light Mr. Dog didn't know it; he just slept right on, he was that tired. Then pretty soon the door of Mr. 'Possum's room opened and he poked out his head. And just then the door of Mr. 'Coon's room opened and he poked out his head. Then the door of the old black Crow opened and out poked his head. They all looked toward the stockings, and they didn't see Mr. Dog, or even each other, at all. They saw their stockings, though, and Mr. 'Coon said all at once:

“Oh, there's something in my stocking!”

And then Mr. Crow says: “Oh, there's something in my stocking, too!”

And Mr. 'Possum says: “Oh, there's something in all our stockings!”

And with that they gave a great hurrah all together, and rushed out and grabbed their stockings and turned around just in time to see Mr. Dog jump right straight up out of his chair,



for he did not know where he was the least bit in the world.

“Oh, there’s Santa Claus himself!” they all shouted together, and made a rush for their rooms, for they were scared almost to death. But it all dawned on Mr. Dog in a second, and he commenced to laugh and hurrah to think what a joke it was on everybody. And when they heard Mr. Dog laugh they knew him right away, and they all came up and looked at him, and he had to tell just what he’d done and everything; so they

emptied out their stockings on the floor and ate some of the presents and looked at the others, until they almost forgot about breakfast, just as children do on Christmas morning.

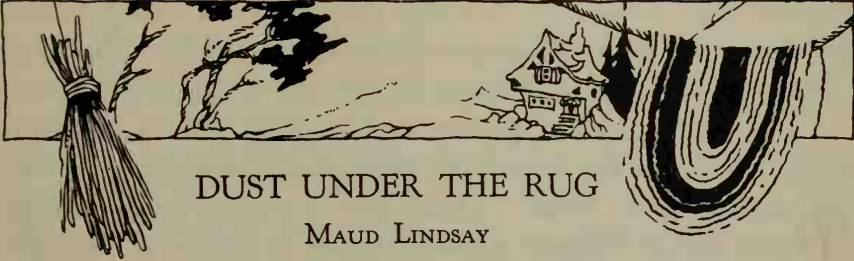
Then Mr. Crow said, all at once, that he'd make a little coffee, and that Mr. Dog must stay and have some, and by and by they made him promise to spend the day with them and be there when the Robin and the Squirrel and Mr. Turtle and Jack Rabbit came, which he did.

And it was snowing hard outside, which made it a nicer Christmas than if it hadn't been, and when all the others came they brought presents, too. And when they saw Mr. Dog dressed up as Santa Claus and heard how he'd gone to sleep and been caught, they laughed and laughed. And it snowed so hard that they had to stay all night, and after dinner they sat around the fire and told stories. And they had to stay the next night, too, and all that Christmas week. And I wish I could tell you all that happened that week, but I can't, because I haven't time. But it was the very nicest Christmas that ever was in the Hollow Tree, or in the Big Deep Woods anywhere.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THERE'S a song in the air!
 There's a star in the sky!
 There's a mother's deep prayer
 And a baby's low cry!
 And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND



DUST UNDER THE RUG

MAUD LINDSAY

THERE was once a mother who had two little daughters; and, as her husband was dead and she was very poor, she worked diligently all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker, and found work to do away from home, but her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame and could not run about the house; so she sat still in her chair and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as though the trees were real persons, nodding and bending and bowing to each other.

In the Spring there were the birds, in the Summer the wild flowers, in Autumn the bright leaves, and in Winter the great drifts of white snow; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children. But one day the dear

From *Mother Stories*. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Company.

mother came home sick; and then they were very sad. It was Winter, and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her sister sat by the fire and talked it over, and at last Minnie said:

“Dear sister, I must go out to find work, before the food gives out.” So she kissed her mother, and, wrapping herself up, started from home. There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work she wanted.

As she hurried on, the shadows grew deeper. The night was coming fast when she saw before her a very small house, which was a welcome sight. She made haste to reach it and to knock at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. When she had tried again and again, she thought that nobody lived there; and she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she started back in surprise; for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very





dusty table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

“Dear me!” said the little girl, “this will never do!” And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made up the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs in a half circle around the fire; and, just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just

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about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and when Minnie saw this, she knew that they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

"Well!" said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rhyme:

Now isn't this a sweet surprise?
We really can't believe our eyes!

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment:

Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our helper is a stranger child.

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs she came to meet them. "If you please," she said, "I'm little Minnie Gray; and I'm looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and—" here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily:

You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and bright.

They were such dear funny little dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper, they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a holiday, and their house was not well kept because she was away.

They sighed when they said this; and after supper, when

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Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. When the last plate was in its place they called Minnie to them and said:

Dear mortal maiden will you stay
All through our fairy's holiday?
And if you faithful prove, and good,
We will reward you as we should.

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs, and wanted to help them, so she thanked them and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake with the chickens, and cooked a nice breakfast; and after the dwarfs left, she cleaned up the room and mended the dwarfs' clothes. In the evening when the dwarfs came home they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them; and every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

That morning, as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window panes the most beautiful picture she had ever seen.

A picture of fairy palaces with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles, so wonderful and beautiful that as she looked at it she forgot that there was work to be done, until the cuckoo clock on the mantel struck twelve.

Then she ran in haste to make up the beds, and wash the dishes; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

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"I believe," said Minnie aloud, "that I will not sweep under the rug today. After all, it is nothing for dust to be where it can't be seen!" So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and the stars peeped through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying:

"There is the little girl who is so faithful and good"; and Minnie turned her face to the wall, for a little voice, right in her own heart, said:

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!"

"There is the little girl," cried the stars, "who keeps home as bright as star-shine."

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart.

"We see her! We see her!" called all the stars joyfully.

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed, and, taking her broom in her hand, she swept the dust away; and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces, as round and as bright as the moon.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Minnie, in great surprise; and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it; and when she had ended her story, all the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said:



Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A groat was all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,
And oh! forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for every one.

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many good things for the dear mother and little sister.

She never saw the dwarfs again; but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.

THE JEWELED SLIPPER¹*A Hindu Legend*

AGES and ages ago, and a little time before that, there lived a powerful Rajah in India who had a beautiful daughter. She was his only child, and was unlike all other children in that she had been born with a golden necklace about her throat. In this necklace was her soul, and so long as she wore it she was well and happy; but should it be taken off and worn by someone else, the princess could not survive.

When the princess was grown and was almost a young lady, her father, the Rajah, gave her as a birthday gift a pair of slippers ornamented with gold and gems.

The princess put on her new slippers and went out upon the mountainside beyond the palace to gather some lovely flowers that grew there. The slope was quite steep, and as the princess bent to pluck a particularly gorgeous spray of blossoms, one of her slippers came off and dropped down into the forest below.

Now it happened that a prince from a distant kingdom was hunting in the forest that day and he happened to find the slipper. He was so charmed with its dainty slender beauty that he desired to find its owner and make her his wife. He made his wish known everywhere, but for a year and a day nobody came to claim the slipper, and the poor prince grew very sad. At last, some people from the Rajah's country heard of it and

¹This Hindu legend of the lost slipper has its counterpart in the Greek and Egyptian tales of Rhodopê, and our better-known story of Cinderella.



told the prince that the Rajah's daughter had lost such a slipper and where he could find her.

He at once set out, and soon the Rajah's court was reached. The prince presented the slipper and begged that its owner might be given to him as his wife. As he was an excellent and handsome young man, the Rajah gave his consent and the

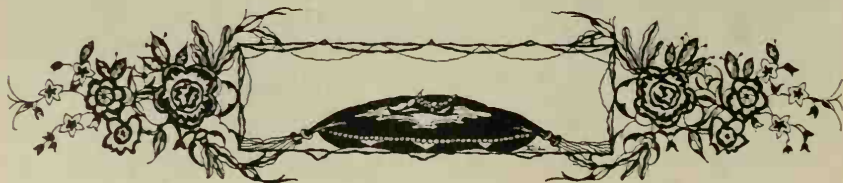
princess gladly accepted him as her husband. After the wedding they departed for the prince's country.

Now the prince had several sisters, and when he reached home they welcomed him and his bride. For some months all went well. Then one of the sisters admired the bride's necklace and determined to have it. One afternoon, when the princess was resting, this sister stole the necklace and put it on her own neck. No sooner did this happen than the Rajah's daughter sank into a deep sleep and though her face did not lose its bloom she lay like one dead and could not be roused. Every day the prince went to see her, for he loved her as much as ever, but nothing he could do would bring her back to life.

At last one day he noticed the necklace on his sister's throat, and said, "How much that resembles the chain my dear wife always wore."

His sister made no answer, but the next day he saw that the chain was gone from his wife's throat, so he called his sister and made her put the chain back on the throat of the Rajah's daughter. No sooner was this done than the soul of the princess was born again in her, she came to life, and was as well and happy as ever.

The covetous sister was sent away, and the prince and the Rajah's daughter lived happily for many years thereafter.



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THE LITTLE RED-HEADED PRINCESS



DAHRIS BUTTERWORTH MARTIN

WHOEVER heard tell of a red-headed princess? Of course, you never did! You can search your fairy books through and through and never once will you find tell of a red-headed princess. For there never *was* one in song or story till *once upon a time*. And that's where our story begins.

Once upon a time there was a red-headed princess. A little princess whose hair was as red as fire or carrots or—well, any of the things we think of when we see a red-head. Oh, there couldn't be any mistake about its redness.

Now, as I've already said, such a thing had never been heard tell of before. In all the Kingdom there had never been a red-headed princess. As far back as the very oldest folk could remember there had never been a red-headed princess. Until, of course, once upon a time.

"How very nice," laughed the Lady Queen, stroking the baby head that was already covered with soft, very red down.

"How ex-traor-di-nary," quoth the Daddy King, tilting his crown at a puzzled angle.

The Court Sages put their wise old heads together and rubbed their chins. Her Royal Highness would outgrow it, they said. (They meant, of course, the red hair.) There never was and there never could be a red-headed princess that might some

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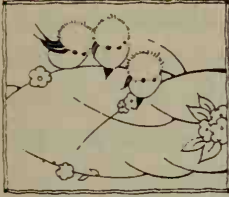


day de a red-headed queen. It wasn't to be thought of. Oh, most certainly Her Royal Highness would outgrow it. Then the Court Sages put their solemn heads closer together and rubbed their chins harder and croaked, "In-dubitably. In-dubitably."

The ladies-in-waiting held their sides with laughing. "Cunnin' 'ittle red-head," they tittered, peeping into the royal cradle.

Far and wide—near and far—all over the Kingdom went the Court Criers, crying loudly, shouting gaily:

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Born today.
First of May.
A princess fair
Who has red hair!



A princess-with-red-hair!! In spite of the wonder of it, it tickled the fancies of the Good Folk. "Just fancy," they mused before their fires in the chilly evenings.

Many a good wife scurried home to sew white ribbons in place of the pink or blue in her gifts for the tiny new princess. For even a red-headed princess cannot wear pink or blue!

In the meantime the Little Princess lay in the royal cradle and played with her royal toes. She delighted in pulling her old nurse's nose. And all the time she was red-headed. She wasn't outgrowing it—and she didn't mind.

The very red down in due time grew into very red ringlets. (Still very red.) And later on there were two bobbing pig-tails. And later on the pig-tails were two braids that hung over her shoulders—long and shining and RED. The Little Princess' eyes were like pansies—the brown kind—and her voice made you think of little brooks lipping through ferny places.

And everybody loved her. So what difference did it make whether her hair was black, or brown, or flaxen, or red?

In fact, everybody was beginning to forget that a red-headed princess was a curious thing. That is, everybody but the Court Sages. They still believed she'd "outgrow it"! But as for the Little Princess herself, she had never minded, anyway.

Now at her christening she was given a wondrously beautiful name. They thought it would make up for the red hair, I suppose. They gave her a name that sounded like all the music of the world singing together: harps and winds in tree-tops and seashells. And her name was Charmian.

Such a name would have made any little girl happy. Just any ordinary, everyday, little girl. To say nothing of a princess. For remember that Charmian had the fun of being a princess!

Time went along—as time does. Everything in the Kingdom was as fit as a fiddle. And then something happened—oh, quite suddenly. The Little Princess began minding. That is, about being red-headed. And this is how it happened.

In the garden one morning Charmian was tossing her golden ball. Suddenly a Voice called, “Red-head, Red-head, Red-head.” Little Princess cocked one ear. A queer piping Voice it was. It seemed to come from just no place at all. A moment, then it came again, “Red-head, Red-head, Red-head.”

Little Princess cocked two ears. Such a queer little Voice. It sounded like nothing so much as the creaking of a rusty hinge. And such a queer thing for the Voice to be calling. For (you understand) as far as Charmian knew, red hair was quite the proper color for the head of a little princess to be. She only wondered a little as she hunted about the garden. High and low, here and there she hunted, but neither sight did she see nor sound did she hear. So up went the golden ball once more. Up and down, up and down, like sunshine flickering, again and again went the golden ball.

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All at once it started again. Only this time it went, "Red-head, red-head, hee, hee, hee! Red-head, red-head, red as can be!" And there on the wall—as plain as day—sat a dwarf. He was rocking himself to and fro, his arms twisted three times round his hunched knees. So little and brown and wizened was he, he might have been a leaf. And there he sat rocking and screwing his face into naughty knots. But worst of all was the squeaking for all the world like a rusty hinge, "Red-head, red-head, red as can be. Red-head, red-head, hee, hee, heeee!!"

Right then the Little Princess began minding—minding so hard that her sobs filled the Palace Garden, and brought her Old Nurse running. They brought the Daddy King and the Lady Queen running. The Palace Guards came running. Indeed, the Court Sages themselves came running. But when the Old Nurse, the Lady Queen, and the Daddy King and all the others got there, the dwarf was gone. Clean gone. Disappeared. Snuffed out like a candle. There was only Little Princess Charmian, wringing her hands, minding for the first time that she was red-headed.

Oh, what a to-do there was—now that the Little Princess minded! And oh, how she minded! She sobbed that she didn't want red hair. She wept whole puddles of tears. She yanked at her pigtails till her foolish little head ached. And somehow or other—curiously enough—those pigtails seemed redder than ever!

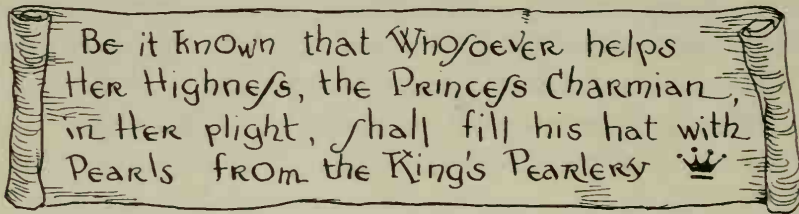
So there seemed only one thing for the Little Princess to do. She sobbed. And sobbed. In spite of everything they did or

said she went on sobbing and sobbing.

The Lady Queen wrung her hands in despair. The Daddy King was quite beside himself. He loved Little Princess so much that he would gladly have given up half his Kingdom, I believe, to keep her from dropping a tear.

The Court Sages—so wondrous wise, you remember—said Her Royal Highness would get over it. (I don't just know whether they meant her red hair or her sorrow.) Anyway, they rubbed their chins and said, "In-dubitably. In-dubitably."

Hours and days and weeks passed, but Charmian wasn't getting over it. The Daddy King, distracted, sent his Court Criers throughout the length and breadth of the land, proclaiming:



Far and wide, near and far, all over the Kingdom again went the Court Criers. And at their heels came those who sought to help the distressed princess. (And help themselves to the pearls into the bargain!) From far and wide, near and far they came. Rich men, poor men, beggar men, chiefs, doctors, lawyers, merchants, priests poured into the Palace. Each brought an Idea for solving the problem of the Little Princess' red hair.

One offered a comb that was supposed to comb away the

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redness. Alas! it only succeeded in snarling her hair—as well as her temper—into a sorry state.

Another had curl papers. “Magic,” he said they were. For days the Little Princess’ hair went about screwed into four-and-twenty knots. But the four-and-twenty-knots unscrewed into four-and-twenty kinks. Red kinks, mind you.

One valiant fellow from the farthermost corner of the land had a powder. Her Highness had only to dissolve it in water, dip her head into it, and lo! her hair would become as black as cinders that the flame has left. But, although the directions were carefully followed, Charmian’s hair was dyed a most brilliant purple. Thereupon that valiant fellow was soaked overnight in a vat of his own medicine! And it was only after thirteen vigorous scrubbings with yellow soap that the Little Princess’ hair was red once more.

Still the people with ideas poured into the Palace.

At first the Little Princess had everything tried. Her poor little head was frizzled till it sizzled; was bleached till she screeched.

Now, it was coming May Day. May Day was Princess Charmian’s birthday, if you remember, so, of course, it was the great Day of Days in the Kingdom. But unless something happened very soon it looked as though the Little Princess would spend this birthday in tears. For red her hair was, and red it always would be, it seemed. Things were beginning to look hopeless.

And then it was May Day. Other May Days the Good Folk had banners, bands, and bonfires, higher than haystacks.

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Nobody felt like rejoicing this year. Certainly the Little Princess didn't rejoice. The truth was she was making herself ill with weeping. And the Daddy King—at his wits' end—nagged and wagged his poor head till his crown toppled.

And all the time it was May Day! There was blue, blue sky with lambkin clouds dancing on it. There was new green grass thrown over the fields and byways like scarfs, all dotted with pinky blossoms.

Down the road this May Day came an old man. He wore a long green cloak. As green as the pine woods it was. And the buckles on his shoes flashed in the sunshine. His hat was rather too large for his head and upon it was a feather that curled about the brim and off—in a grand sweep. The face underneath his hat reminded you of something withered and dried up. A winter apple, maybe, or—better still—a seed.

And oh! The pack on his back! 'Twas a pack of patches, I declare! Sky-blue patches and orange patches and purple patches; checked patches, green patches, polka-dot patches, all jumbled together. Such a bundle could hold only the jolliest secrets, you somehow felt sure.

The back under this pack was bent, but the man's step was light and quick. And as he swung along he sang:

For I am Mister Pokitt
Sing fol de rol, sing hey!
My sturdy pack's upon my back
I'll travel far today.

All this he sang to a queer, funny, high, little tune that—if you'd heard it—you'd sing in your mind for days after.

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Down the hill into the village he came, his buckles flashing, his feather waving. Dogs that came out to bark, sniffed and nuzzled against the green cloak. As the high little tune went up the street, mothers, tired with waiting on little ones, began humming. Little hands waved here and there—from a wall, from a gate. And a flock of birds swept down to circle about his head. They flew on, soaring back—once or twice—to cluster about him lovingly.

On and on and on he went, stepping in time to his song.

Now he was on the highroad. At the crest of the road stood the Palace. Its turrets sparkled in the May-Day sunshine.

Through the great outer gates of the Palace went the little old man. Right past the astonished guards, without so much as ask-by-your-leave! Through the great inner gates and through, goodness knows how many, gardens and courtyards and royal chambers and winding corridors he went, his heels making a pleasant clickedy-click-click.

Into the Princess' own chamber he marched. Such a sorry sight was this for a May Day! Here sat the little red-headed princess sniffing, and snuffing smelling salts between sniffles. Here was the Lady Queen who had not left off wringing her hands since she had started. Here was the Daddy King with his crown set crookedly, and he didn't care. Here were the ladies-in-waiting, poor dears!—looking as dismal as a month of rainy Sundays. And here was Mr. Pokitt sweeping off his hat and saying brightly, "Heigho, here I am!" He said it just as though they had been waiting for him. 'Twas most curious!

Everyone seemed to forget that a body didn't speak to kings

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and queens and princesses that way. For such a long while everyone had thought only of the Princess' red hair that they had completely got out of the habit of thinking of anything else.

Now everybody dabbed his or her eyes and stared at the bent little stranger with his pine-green cloak and fascinating pack.

"Heigho," said Mister Pokitt again, bowing double. "Here I am to cure the Little Princess of all her woes."

"See that you do," growled the King; "the worse for you if you fail." And I'm afraid he meant it.

But—wonder of wonders—the Little Princess had stopped crying! Her face was all swollen and red, but she wasn't crying.

"Oooooo," she said, clasping her hands, "just make me happy again." And all this she said without so much as one sob in her voice!

The little old man was already fumbling in that curious bundle of rainbow patches. When he bobbed up he brought a long roll of paper.

He sat himself on a little tuffet. (Had that come out of the pack, too, the Little Princess wondered.) And now he unwound the roll and with his legs crossed he began reading.

The King's mouth fell open in amazement. A fine way indeed to cure his Little Princess of red hair! He was just about to order the old fellow out of his Kingdom, when he caught sight of the Little Princess' face.

Why, only a little while ago it had been swollen and red!



And here she was, as fresh as a daisy, listening. Listening with every bit of her. The Daddy King cocked his ear, and in a trice he was listening, not only with his ears but with every bit of him. For the little man was reading a wondrous story.

It was all about a little maiden who was so kind-hearted that the fairies spun her a gift of hair. Spider webs and this-tledown they gathered, golden pollen from the flowers, and even handfuls of star dust. Their spinning wheels whirred many days.

When they finished 'twas found they had made stuff that

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had never been seen before on land or sea. Long soft curls of hair they had woven. And lo, 'twas red as tassels of corn silk.

The fairies were so delighted with the little maiden and her lovely hair that they made her their queen. She rode in a coach drawn by butterflies. In the moonlight she danced, and her shining hair was a sight to behold!

The Queen of the Fairies was kept busy being godmother to little prince and princess babies. She always had a gift for everyone of them. Sometimes 'twould be the gift of a kind heart, or sometimes sunny smiles. Sometimes—for some good reason, mind you—large ears.

Now there was one gift the Fairy Queen gave only once in a great while. To her favorite god-child would she give the wondrous gift of red hair.

Suddenly Princess Charmian cried, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" She was looking down at her long braids as if she had never seen them before. "Why," she laughed, "the fairy godmother gave *me* the gift of red hair. How lovely!"

"Aha, you've guessed the secret," chuckled the little Mr. Pokitt, rolling up his story.

Then such a hubbub!

"You must be her favorite god-child," the Lady Queen cried between smiles and tears.

The ladies-in-waiting tittered excitedly.

"Ex-traor-dinary. Ex-traor-dinary," boomed the Daddy King.

"In-dubitably. In-dubitably!" croaked the Court Sages rubbing their chins and trying to look wise.

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Just then Charmian thought of the little old man. But bless me! He wasn't to be found. *When* he had gone, or *where* he had gone, nobody could tell. But *gone* he was. A guard said something about seeing a green cloak disappear around a corner.

If it had been found that he had vanished like the dwarf 'twould have been no surprise, for 'twas declared that anybody that could cure the Little Princess in this way could do anything. Just anything!

"But the pearls. . . . What about the pearls? He didn't wait for the pearls," said everybody to everybody else at the same time.

"And I never even thanked him," mourned the Little Princess, who had a kind heart.

But the next moment she was happy again. In fact, if the truth be known, she was happy ever after.

Straightway the Kingdom began to celebrate May Day, with banners, bands, and bonfires, in quite the good old way.

The Old Nurse brushed Little Princess' hair till it shone like silk. As for Charmian herself, she smiled in the looking-glass because she had red hair!





SHORT STORY

I found the gold on the hill;
I found the hid gold!

The wicked queen
Stole the gold,
Hid it under a stone
And never told.

The selfish queen
Rolling away
In her white limousine,
Never knew or dreamed
That I searched all day
Till I found the gold,
The gold!

HILDA CONKLING

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JOHNNY BEAR AND OTHER WINTER SLEEPERS

CLARENCE HAWKES

JOHNNY BEAR is born in February down under the ground in the dark, in his mother's winter parlor. But before I tell you more of Johnny Bear and his sister, I shall have to tell you something of his mother, so you will know just how she happened to be living underground.

All through the summer months the old bear is roaming about the fields and woods. During July and August she lives on blueberries, blackberries, and any other berries that she can find. She will stand in front of a blueberry bush and swoop off the berries with her long tongue in a very lively manner. In the autumn she changes her diet to nuts and roots. She occasionally varies this with a young pig or sheep if she can find these delicacies.

Something tells her that the winter will be long and hard, and that she must lay up lots of fat, so she eats and eats until her ribs are covered with fat.

By the time the first snows come she is almost as fat as a pig. Also about this time she feels very sleepy. She tries to stay awake, but in spite of all she can do, the drowsiness steals upon her. This means that she is getting ready for her long winter sleep. So she searches for a place to make her winter parlor.

From *The Way of the Wild: Stories of Field and Forest*. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company.

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She usually finds just the right spot under the top of a fallen spruce or pine tree. Here she digs under and burrows about until she has made a large hole, where she snuggles down and finally the deep snow comes and covers her all over with warm white blankets.

She is so completely covered up that if you were to go very close to her winter parlor you would not know that a bear was there at all.

The only evidence that she was sleeping there would be a small hole in the snow. This is melted by her breath as she lies asleep. This is the bear's chimney, and the only opening in her parlor. While she is still partly asleep Johnny Bear and his sister are born.

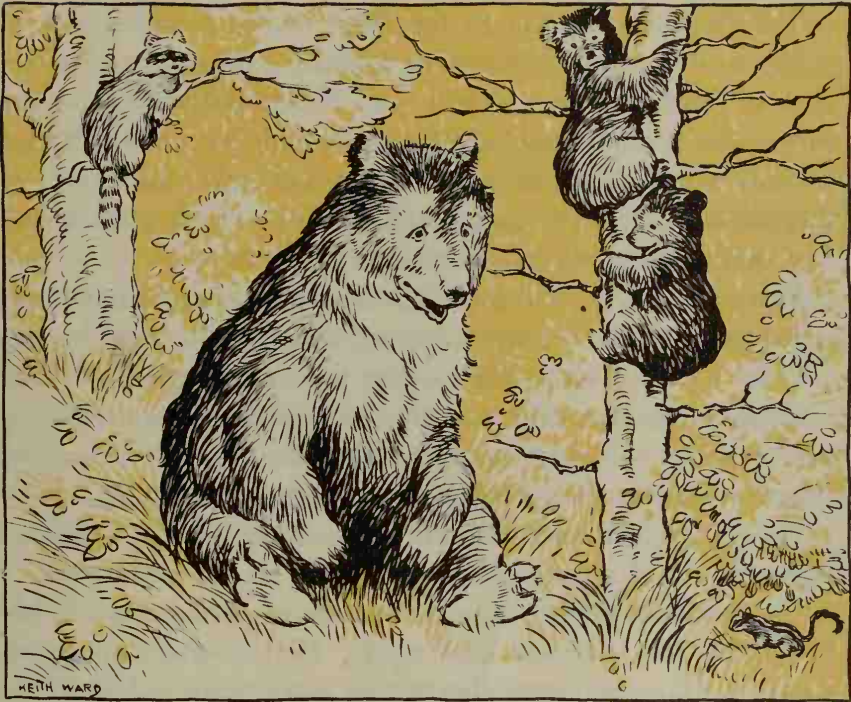
The old bear almost always has twins. Once in a great while there are three little bears, but two is the usual number.

These little bears are very helpless little fellows and you would not think by their looks that they would ever be full-grown bears.

They are hairless and blind for several days. But they do not mind, for it is so dark down in this underground parlor that they could not see there if they had the best of eyes.

For the first month or six weeks they spend all their time nursing the mother bear and sleeping. Sleeping and eating make all young creatures grow rapidly. So it is with the young bears. When the old bear finally brings them forth into the great wide world in April, they are quite respectable little bears, as large as a small cat.

The very first lesson that they are taught, and this is the first



lesson that all the woodland babies are taught, is to mind. All the woodland babies mind much better than children do. This is because their mothers are very strict. If mother bear told Johnny and his sister to stay under a fallen tree out of sight while she went for food and they disobeyed her, she would box their ears most severely. This is a very necessary thing, as there are many dangers in the great woods and the little creatures must mind their mothers if they do not want to come to harm. So, strict obedience is the first law of the wild family.

The raccoon, who is the smallest of all the bear family, and

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called the Little Brother to the Bear, is also a winter sleeper.

His winter parlor, however, is in quite a different place from that of Johnny Bear. When Mr. Raccoon feels the winter drowsiness coming upon him, he looks about in the woods until he finds a hollow stump about fifteen feet high. He climbs up this old hollow stump and inspects it. If it is hollow for several feet down inside, he concludes it is all right.

When it gets so cold and the snow is so deep that he does not want to venture outside, he will take possession of his tree and there he will sleep most of the winter through.

Chucky, the woodchuck, is another winter sleeper. All summer long he will store up fat, eating the farmer's beans and other vegetables, until in the autumn he is just a ball of fat.

He goes to bed quite early in the autumn and we do not see him again until spring.

The smallest of all the winter sleepers is the chipmunk. Mr. Chipmunk is a very wise little chap. He has stored up a good supply of nuts and grain under the roots of an old tree. So while the wind howls outside and the snows fall, he eats and sleeps the long winter through.

Most of the reptiles and also the toads and frogs are winter sleepers. It is a very common thing to find in the late autumn a wood frog already sleeping in his bed of leaves. Mr. Wood Frog, who has a spotted, tan-colored coat, will find a place in a hollow where the leaves are deep. Here he will make himself a fine bed by wriggling down under the dead leaves. Finally the winds will cover him completely, and with his head bent forward on his breast and his hands folded on his knees, he will

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sleep the winter away. As he sits there he looks very much as though he were saying his prayers. Perhaps he is saying frog prayers. Who knows?

Once, when a boy, I found a striped snake in a hollow tree in the wintertime. He was frozen quite stiff. As he had his head slightly bent forward, it made a good crook and I called him my snake cane. I was rather careful, however, not to lean too heavily on him as I knew he was quite brittle in that frozen state. I carried him home and set him up behind the stove, without thinking of what might happen.

Half an hour later I heard a scream from my small sister. Mr. Snake had thawed out and was crawling slowly around the room. He was probably greatly astonished and was trying to make out where he was and what was happening.

One of the first things that toads and frogs do after coming out of their winter sleep is to put on a perfectly new suit of clothes.

This they do by pulling off the old skin. There is a new skin under it, so without much trouble Mrs. Frog and Mrs. Toad are provided with the very latest spring styles. Fortunately for them, however, the styles do not change, so they are all right (if the suit is new).

So you see this winter sleep is simply a wise provision of nature by means of which many of the wild creatures who could not live and procure food outside in the cold, sleep the winter away and come out again in the spring ready for the new life, none the worse for their long winter's sleep. These creatures are called "hibernators," which means *winter sleepers*.

A TURKEY FOR THE STUFFING

KATHERINE GRACE HULBERT



IT ALWAYS made Ben feel solemn to watch the river in a storm. Today it was gray, and rough, and noisy, and the few boats which went down toward Lake Huron pitched about so that their decks slanted first one way, then another, and their sides were coated with ice.

"Gran'ma, what day's today?" he asked at last, turning from the stormy river to glance about their warm, comfortable little room.

"Wednesday, Benny," answered the small old woman who crouched over the stove.

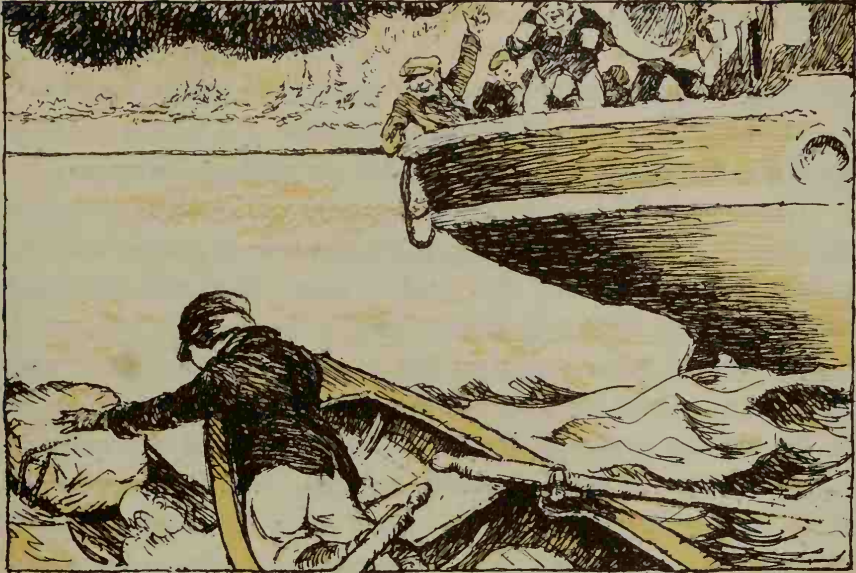
"Then tomorrow will be Thanksgiving Day, and the Rosses are going to have a turkey," said Ben, excitedly. "What are we going to have, Gran'ma?"

Mrs. Moxon looked over her glasses at her grandson's small, thin figure in its patched and faded clothes, and at his bright, eager face.

"Sonny, dear, what do you think Gran'ma has for Thanksgiving?" she asked gently.

The expectant look faded from Ben's face, and he winked hard to keep the tears from running over. He did not need to be told how bare of dainties their cupboard was, for everything

By permission of *The Youth's Companion*.



there he had brought with his own hands. Bacon and smoked fish enough for all winter were stored away; flour, potatoes, and a few other vegetables were there.

"Tell me about a real Thanksgiving dinner," the small boy begged after the first disappointment had been bravely put away. Mrs. Moxon took off her spectacles, and leaned back cautiously in her broken-rockered chair.

"I remember one Thanksgiving when your pa was alive, we had a dinner fit for a king. There was a ten-pound turkey, with bread stuffing. I put the sage and onions into the stuffing with my own hands."

"We could have some stuffing," interrupted Ben, eagerly.

"So we could, sonny, so we could. It takes you to think of

things," and Mrs. Moxon affectionately patted the little brown hand on her knee. "It never would 'a' come to me that we might have turkey stuffing even if we didn't have any turkey."

Ben beamed with delight at this praise. "And was there anything else besides the turkey and the stuffing, Gran'ma?"

"Land, yes, child. There was turnips, and mashed potatoes, and mince pie, and your pa got two pounds of grapes, though grapes was expensive at that time o' year. Yes, nobody could ask for a better dinner than that was."

"We could have one just like it, all but the turkey and the mince pie and the grapes," said Ben hopefully.

"So we can, and will, too, child," answered the old woman. "Trust you for making the best of things," and the two smiled at each other happily.

Next morning Ben watched his grandmother add an egg, some sage and chopped onion to a bowlful of dry bread, pour boiling water over it, and put the mixture in the oven.

"Your father said I made the best turkey stuffing he ever ate," she said with satisfaction. "We'll see how it comes out, Benny."

"I can't hardly wait till dinner time," Ben said, with an excited skip. "I b'lieve I'll go down to the beach, and pick up driftwood for awhile. You call me when the things are most cooked, Gran'ma."

The storm of the day before had left many a bit of board or end of a log on the beach that would be just the thing for Mrs. Moxon's stove. Ben worked so hard that he did not notice a big barge that was coming slowly down the river, towing two other boats behind it, until he suddenly heard a man's voice ask:

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"Hullo, kid! What makes you work so hard on Thanksgiving Day?"

Then he straightened up, to see the boat's captain standing near its pilot house, and shouting through a great trumpet.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," Ben answered in his piping voice.

"Can't hear you!" roared the captain. "Run home and get your horn, and talk to me."

Ben ran up the hill to Mrs. Ross's, and borrowed her trumpet, or megaphone. One's voice sounds much louder when these are used, and they are to be found at every house on the shore of the St. Mary's, for the people on the boats, and those on the land, often want to say, "How do you do?" to each other. It was all Ben could do to hold the great tin trumpet up straight, for it was nearly as long as he was.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," the boy shouted again, and this time the captain heard him.

"Going to have turkey, I suppose?" the captain asked.

"No, but we're going to have turkey stuffing," answered Ben with pride.

"Turkey stuffing, but no turkey! If that isn't the best I ever heard!" The captain had dropped his trumpet, and doubled up with sudden laughter. Luckily Ben did not hear. "What else are you going to have?" he called when he had repeated the joke about him. "Mince pie without any mince meat?"

"No, sir!" Ben's voice was shrill, but clear. "My father had mince pie for Thanksgiving dinner once, though."

"Did, did he?" The captain dropped his trumpet again.

"That boy's all right," he said to the first mate. "He's too plucky to be laughed at. I'm going to send him some turkey for his stuffing, Morgan. Tell the cook to get ready half a turkey and a mince pie, and say, Morgan, have him send up one of those small baskets of grapes. We'll tie them to a piece of plank, and they'll float ashore all right. Tell the cook to hurry, or we'll be too far downstream for the boy to get the things." Then he raised his trumpet again.

"Say, kid, can you row that boat that's tied to your dock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you hurry out into the river, and I'll put off a float with some things for your Thanksgiving dinner. You're going to have some turkey for that stuffing."

You may be sure Ben lost no time in pushing the rowboat off into the stream, where the end of a plank and its delicious load were seen bobbing up and down on the water. How he did smack his lips when he lifted them into the boat, and how pleased he was for grandma!

"First the stuffing, and then turkey! My, ain't I lucky?" He did not know that the captain had said he was plucky, and that luck is very apt to follow pluck in this world of ours.





THE KING'S SON

G. RUSSELL

THERE was once a great King who was named "The Good."
He had one only son whom he loved very much.

The King often went hunting—for hunting is a royal sport, and it is indeed very merry when the horn sounds, the dogs bark, and the horses neigh. He was very fond of the hunt, yet it pained him to see the poor wounded animals.

One day the hunters chased a white hare, who, with its swift feet, saved itself from its pursuers, and took refuge in the arms of the King.

The King fondled the little hare, saying, "No harm shall come to you. In the King's arms you are safe!"

He took the hare into his castle, shut it into a room, and gave it the best of herbs and other food to eat, and then went to bed with the feeling that he had done a good deed. For is it not a good deed to shield a weak animal?

But what took place in the night? A bright light awoke the King. He looked up and saw a lovely woman standing before him. With a soft voice she said, "I am the Fairy True-lips. I was in the wood in which you hunted. I wished to try you, and so changed myself into a white hare. Then when the hunters chased me, I flew into your arms, and found that they had rightly given you the name of the 'Good King.' I thank you for your kindness, and say in return, 'Command, O King, how I shall serve you!'"

"Beautiful Fairy," said the Good King. "I need nothing; I have all that I want, for I am old; but I have a son—a fine strong son; be his friend."

"I will," said the Fairy; "what shall I give him? riches, honors, beauty, power? Choose."

"None of all those," said the King. "Make him the best of sovereigns. What good will riches, honors, beauty, power do him? What avails all the wealth of the world if he is unkind? Give him virtue, since virtue alone makes us happy!"

"You speak the truth," said the Fairy. "I can give him everything else, but not virtue. Only by his own will can a man get that. All I can promise is that I will watch over him, and stand by his side in his path through life."

This pleased the King, and when his time came to die he left the world with an easier mind. His son was his heir.

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Two days after the death of the Good King, the Fairy True-lips stood before the new king. "I made a promise to your father, Prince," said she, "to be your friend; and to keep my word, I bring to you a present. Give me your finger: on it I place this ring. Keep it safely: it is of more worth than diamonds. Every time you are tempted to do an evil action, it will prick your finger. If you fail to remain good, you will lose my friendship."

After speaking these words, the Fairy True-lips at once went out of sight.

For a long time the King felt no prick from his ring; but, one day, when he was at the hunt, the stag got away from him, and he got very angry.

Then the ring pricked him.

After he had reached home, in his ill-temper he kicked his little dog to the other end of the room. Again the ring pricked him.

The King then became sulky, and seated himself in a corner. "What does the Fairy mean?" he asked; "am I not master over my own little dog? I, to whom the kingdom belongs! I think she means to mock me."

"No!" sounded the voice of the Fairy, "I do not mock you, but one fault leads to another. Why should your little dog suffer for your ill-humor? You are a king, and if kings are not self-controlled, kind, and good, their subjects can have no trust in them. Your father was called 'The Good,' and he was kind to men and beasts."

The son of the Good King had been a spoiled child, for the

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King could seldom bear to deny him anything. So self-will had grown in him. His heart was good, but he often forgot himself, and let his passion break out, as the poor little animals knew to their cost.

He could not any longer bear the ring, which now so often told him of his faults, so he threw it away.

But one evening, as he was in his room, the earth shook, and the Fairy True-lips stood before him.

"I gave my word to your father that I would watch over you, but what can I do if you refuse to be warned?" said she. "You are like the lion in your wrath, the wolf in your greediness, the serpent in your falsehood, and the ox in your rudeness. To punish you I take from you the form of a man, but not the feelings of one. Become a lion!"

She so spoke and vanished; and the Prince at once found himself in a pit that had been dug to catch bears.

There a hunter came upon him, bound him, led him away, and sold him to a man who tamed wild beasts and made a show of them for the public.

Even as a lion, the Prince was ill-tempered and refused to obey orders. Blows, nothing but blows, hard words, heavy chains; these were what the Prince got for his misbehavior.

He was now very sorry for his former life. Soon he began to wish he could have another chance and he made up his mind to be much better behaved. Then, one moonlight night, he prayed the Fairy to come and change him again.

She heard his prayer and came. "For the sake of your father, the 'Good King,' I will give you another chance," she said.



“Return to the kingdom, and be good and then you will be beloved. But should I ever again find you in a cruel action, I shall turn you into an owl.”

The Fairy spoke thus—then vanished.

The Prince awoke the next morning in his royal bed, and how glad he was to feel himself a man again! After this he was very good, and never let a day pass without making sure that he had done his duty in his high state.

So the son of the “Good King” became worthy of his father, and gained for himself a name which was known and loved throughout the whole country over which he reigned.



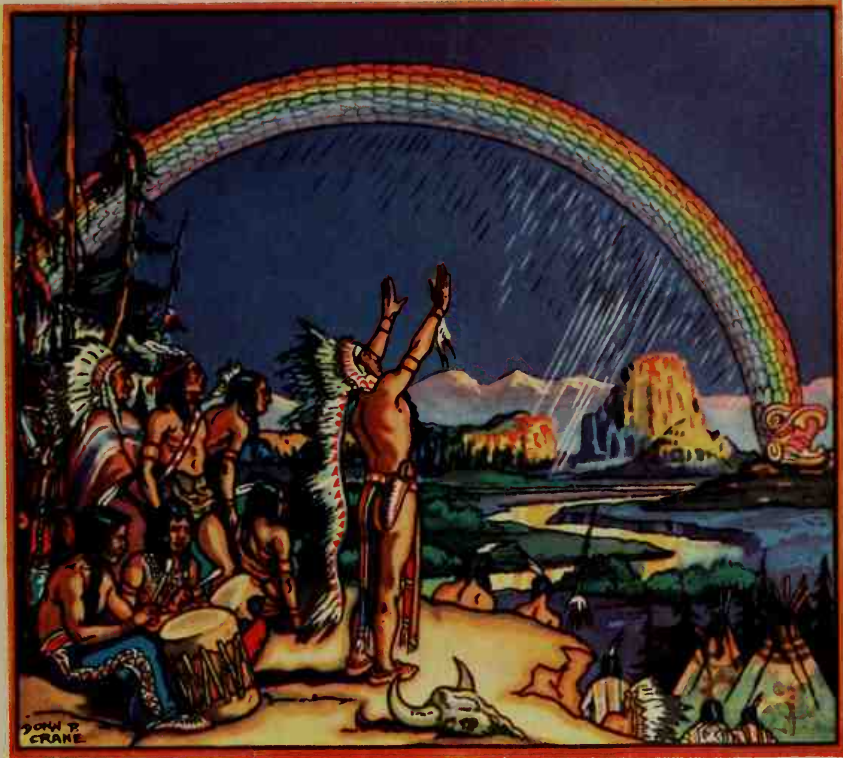
THE SERPENT OF THE RAINBOW

A Shoshone Indian Legend

HAVE you ever looked up into the blue of the vaulted sky and thought how clear and blue it looks—just like clear ice? If you ask the men of the Shoshone tribe they will tell you that the great vault of the firmament is ice, and perhaps they will also tell you how the great serpent sometimes creeps across the dome of the skies. And here is the tale as it was told in the days of your great-grandfather, and as it would be told to you today if you were sitting beneath the flap of the tepee:

Many moons ago, when the world was young, there came a great drought upon the earth. All winter long it was cold and the piercing winds crept into the tepees, but no snow fell upon the earth; all summer the sun burned fiercely and the rain refused to fall. Men and animals thirsted and the plants bent to the ground in their weakness. At last all the tribes of red men gathered and sent up their prayers to the Great Spirit, begging that He and the Sky Serpent find the rain and send it down to aid His children.

Then the Great Spirit took pity on His children and sent the Sky Serpent to stretch himself across the sky. His bright body glittered as he arched himself until his back touched the icy firmament and with his shining scales scraped its face and caused the ice-dust to fall upon the earth. As it descended the dust



turned to rain and watered all the land, so that the plants raised their heads and the animals and men took long, thirsty drinks of the rising brooks and rivers, and were refreshed.

And ever since that day, the Sky Serpent has sent rain in the summer and snow in winter to keep the earth moist and the streams fed. If you look into the sky after a shower after the clouds are gone, you may see him curved above the earth, shining with many colors in the bright sunlight.



WONDERING TOM

MARY MAPES DODGE

LONG, long ago, in a great city whose name is forgotten, situated on a river that ran dry in the days of Cinderella, there lived a certain boy, the only son of a poor widow. He had such a fine form and pleasant face that one day, as he loitered on his mother's doorstep, the King stopped on the street to look at him.

“Who is that boy?” asked his Majesty of his Prime Minister.

This question brought the royal procession to a standstill.

The Prime Minister did not know, so he asked the Lord of the Exchequer. The Lord of the Exchequer asked the High Chamberlain; the High Chamberlain asked the Master of the Horse; the Master of the Horse asked the Court Physician; the Court Physician asked the Royal Rat-Catcher; the Royal Rat-Catcher asked the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer; and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a little girl named Wisk.

Little Wisk, with a pretty courtesy, informed him that the boy's name was Wondering Tom.

From The Land of Pluck. New York: The Century Co.

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"So, ho!" said the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, telling the Royal Rat-Catcher. "So, ho!" said the Royal Rat-Catcher, passing on the news; and it traveled in that way until, finally, the Prime Minister, bowing low to the King, said:

"May it please your most tremendous Majesty, it's Wondering Tom."

"Tell him to come here!" said the King to the Prime Minister. "His Majesty commands him to come here!" was repeated to the next in rank; and again his words traveled through the Lord of the Exchequer, the High Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Court Physician, the Royal Rat-Catcher, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, until they reached little Wisk, who called out:

"Oh, Tom! the King wishes to speak with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Tom, never budging. "Why?"

"I don't know," returned little Wisk, "but you must go at once."

"Why?" cried Tom.

"Oh, Tom! Tom! they're going to kill you," she cried, in an agony.

"Why? What for?" shouted Tom, staring in the wildest astonishment.

Surely enough, the Master of Ceremonies had ordered forth an executioner with a bowstring. In that city, any man, woman, or child who disregarded the King's slightest wish was instantly put to death.

The man approached Tom. Another second, and the bowstring would have done its work; but the King held up his royal



hand in token of pardon, and beckoned Tom to draw near.

“Whatever in all this world can his Majesty want with me?” pondered the bewildered boy, moving very slowly toward the monarch.

“Well, sir!” said his Majesty, scowling. “So you are here at last! Why do they call you Wondering Tom?”

“Me, your Majesty?” faltered Tom. “I—I—don’t know.”

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"You don't know? (Most remarkable boy, this!) And what were you doing, sir, when we sent for you?"

"Nothing, your Majesty. I was only wondering whether—"

"Ah, I see. You take your life out in wondering. A fine, strong fellow like you has no right to be idling in his mother's doorway. A pretty kingdom we should have if all our subjects were like this! You may go.

"He has a good face," continued the King, turning to the Prime Minister, "but he'll never amount to anything."

"Ah, exactly so," said the Prime Minister. "Exactly so," echoed the Lord of the Exchequer, and "Exactly so," sighed the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer at last, as the royal procession passed on.

Tom heard it all.

"Now, how do they know that?" he muttered, scratching his head as he lounged back to the doorstep. "Why in the world do they think I'll never amount to anything?"

In the doorway he fell to thinking of little Wisk.

"What a very nice girl she is! I wonder if she'd play with me if I asked her—but I can't ask her. I do wonder what makes me so afraid to talk to Wisk!"

Meantime, little Wisk, who lived in the next house, watched him shyly.

"Tom!" she called out at last, swaying herself lithely round and round her wooden doorpost, "the blackberries are ripe."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Yes, I do. And, Tom, there are bushels of them in the woods just outside of the city gates."

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"Oh!" answered Tom, "I wonder if there are!"

"I know it," said little Wisk, decidedly, "and I'm going to get some."

"Dear me!" thought Tom, "I wonder if she'd like to have me go with her. Wisk!"

"What, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing," said the frightened fellow, suddenly changing his mind, "I was only wondering whether it is going to rain or not."

"Rain? Of course not," laughed little Wisk, as she ran off to join a group of children going toward the north city-gate; "but even if it should rain, what matter?"

"Oh," thought Tom, "she's really gone for blackberries! I wondered what she had that little kettle on her arm for. Pshaw! Why didn't I tell her that I'd like to go too?"

Just then his mother came to the door, clapping a wet ruffle between her hands.

"Tom, Tom! why don't you set about something! There's plenty to do, in doors and out, if you'd only think so."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tom, wondering whether or not he was going to have a scolding.

"But you look pale, my pet; go and play. Do. One doesn't often have such a perfect day as this (and such splendid drying, too!). If I were you, I'd make the most of it"; and the mother went back into the bare entry.

"I do wonder how I can make the most of it," asked Tom of himself, over and over again, as he sauntered off.

He didn't dare to go toward the north gate of the city, because

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he couldn't decide what he should say if he should meet little Wisk; so he turned toward the south.

"Shall I go back, I wonder, or keep on?" thought Tom, as he found himself going farther from the doorstep and nearer to the great city wall, until at last the southern gate was reached. Following the dusty highway leading from the city, he came to pleasant fields. Then, after wading awhile through the sunlit grain, he followed a shady brook and entered the wood.

"It's pleasant here," he thought. "I wonder why mother didn't get a cottage out here in the country instead of living in the noisy city."

"Couldn't," croaked a voice close by.

Tom started. There was nobody near but frogs and crickets. Besides, as he had not spoken aloud, of course it could not be in answer to him. Still, he wondered what in the world the voice could be, and why it sounded like "couldn't."

"It certainly did sound so. Maybe she couldn't, after all," thought Tom; "but why couldn't she, I wonder?"

"No-one-to-help," said something, as it jumped with a splash into the water.

"I do wonder what that was!" exclaimed Tom, aloud; "there's nobody here, that's certain. Oh, it must have been a toad! Queer, though, how very much it sounded like 'no-one-to-help'! Poor mother! I don't help her much, I know. Pshaw! what if I do love her, I'm not the least bit of use, for I never know what to start about doing. What in all botheration makes me so lazy! Heigh-ho!" and Tom threw himself upon the grass, an image of despair. "'He'll never amount to anything,' the King

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said. Now, what did he mean by that?" Tom asked himself.

"Dilly, dally!" said another mysterious voice, speaking far up among the branches overhead.

Tom was getting used to it. He just lifted his eyebrows a little and wondered what bird that was. In a moment he found himself puzzling over the strange words.

"'Dilly, dally,' it said, I declare. Oh dear! It's too bad to have to hear such things all the time. And then, there's the King's ugly speech; a fellow isn't going to stand everything!"

He rested his elbows upon his knees, holding his face between his hands; and, although he felt very wretched, he couldn't help wondering whether the daisies crowding in his shadow didn't think it was growing late. They certainly nodded as if they felt sleepy.

Suddenly his hat, which had tumbled from his head and now lay near him, began to twitch strangely.

"Pshaw!" almost sobbed Tom, "what's coming now, I wonder?"

"I am," said a piping voice.

"Where are you?" he asked, trembling.

"Here. Under your hat. Lift it off."

While Tom was wondering whether to obey or not, the hat fell over, and out came a fairy, all shining with green and gold—a funny little creature with a sprightly air. Her eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"What troubles you, Master Tom?" asked the fairy.

"So she knows my name!" thought the puzzled youth; "Well, that's queerer than anything! I've always heard that these

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woods were full of fairies; but I never saw one before. I wonder why I'm not more frightened."

"Did you hear me?" piped the little visitor.

"Did you speak? Oh—yes—ma'am—certainly, I heard plainly enough."

"Well, what troubles you?"

He looked sharply at the fairy. Yes, her little face was kind. He would tell her all.

"I wonder what your name is?" he said, by way of a beginning.

"It's Setalit," said the fairy. "In mortal language that means 'come-to-the-point.' Now be quick!—if you can. I shan't stay long."

"Why?" asked Tom, quite astonished.

"Because I cannot. That's enough. If you wish me to help you, you must promptly tell me your trouble."

"Oh!" said Tom, wondering where to begin.

"Are you lame? Are you sick? Are you blind, deaf, or dumb?" she asked, briskly.

"Oh, no," he replied, "nothing like that. Only I don't know what to make of things. Everything in this world puzzles me so, and I can't ever make up my mind what to do."

"Well," said Setalit, "perhaps I can help you a little."

"Can you?" he exclaimed. "Now I wonder how in the world such a little mite as you ever—"

"Don't wonder so much," squeaked the fairy, impatiently, "but ask me frankly what I can do?"

"I'm going to," said Tom.

"Going to!" she echoed. "What miserable creatures you

mortals are! How could we ever get our gossamers spun if we always were going to do a thing, and never doing it! Now listen. I'm a very wise fairy, if I am small; I can tell you how to accomplish anything you please. Don't you want to be good, famous and rich?"

"Certainly I do," answered Tom, startled into making a prompt reply.

"Very well," she responded, quite pleased. "If you always knew your own mind as decidedly as that, they wouldn't call you 'Wondering Tom.' It's an ugly name, Master Mortal. If I were you (may Titania pardon the dreadful supposition!)—if I were you, I'd wonder less and work more."

"I wonder if I couldn't!" said Tom, half convinced.

"There you go again!" screeched the fairy, stamping her tiny foot. "You're not worth talking to. I shall leave you."

"She's fading away," cried Tom. "O fairy, good fairy, please come back! You promised to tell me how to become good and famous and rich!"

Once more she stood before him, looking brighter and fresher than ever.

"You're a noisy mortal," she said, nodding pleasantly at Tom. "I thought for an instant that it was thundering, but it was only you, calling. I've a very little while to stay, but you shall have one more chance of obtaining everything you wish. Now, sir, be careful! I'll answer you any three questions you may choose to put to me"; and Setalit sat down on a toadstool, and looked very profound.

"Only three?" asked Tom, anxiously, gazing at the fairy.

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"Only three," came the prompt reply.

"Why can't you give me a dozen? There's much that one wishes to know in this world."

"Because I cannot," said the fairy, firmly.

"But it's so hard to put everything into such a few questions! I don't know what in the world to decide upon. What do you think I ought to ask?"

"Consult the dearest wishes of your heart," answered Setalit, "for there is the truest wisdom."

"Ah, well. Let me think," pursued Tom, with great deliberation. "I want to be wise, of course, and good, and very rich—and I want mother to be the same—and, good fairy, if you wouldn't mind it, little Wisk to be the same too. And dear me!—it's hard to put everything into such a few questions. Let me see. First, I suppose I ought to learn how to become immensely rich, right off, and then I can give mother and Wisk everything they want; so, good Setalit, here's my first question, How can I grow rich, very rich, in—in one week?"

The fairy shook her head.

"I would answer you, Master Tom, with great pleasure," she said, "but this is number FOUR. You have already asked your three questions." And she turned into a green frog and jumped away, chuckling.

Tom rubbed his eyes and sat up straight. Had he been dreaming?

"I'm a fool!" he cried.

All the trees nodded, and their branches seemed to be having great fun among themselves.

"A big fool!" he insisted, speaking aloud to himself.

The leaves fairly tittered.

"Didn't old Katy, the apple woman, call me a goose only this morning?" he continued, growing very angry with himself.

"Katy did," assented a voice from among the bushes.

"Katy didn't!" contradicted another.

"Katy did!"

"Katy didn't!"

Tom laughed bitterly.

"Ha! ha! Fight it out among yourselves, old fellows, I may have been asleep; but, anyhow, I've been a fool!"

"Ooo—!" echoed a solemn voice above him.

Tom looked up, and in the hollow of an old tree he saw a great blinking owl.

"Hello, old Goggle-eyes! You're having something to say, too, are you?"

The owl shifted his position, and stared at Tom an instant. Then, as if the sight of so ridiculous a fellow was too much for him, he shut his eyes with a loud "T'whit!" that made Tom jump.

All these things set the poor boy to thinking in earnest. The words of Setalit were ringing in his ears, "*If I were you, I'd wonder less and work more.*" Going back through the wood across the brook, and over the lots, he pondered and pondered over the day's events, but with new resolution in his soul. And the result of all his pondering was that, as he entered the city gate, he snapped his fingers, saying, "The King's words shall never come true! Wondering Tom is going to work at last!"



YEARS passed on. One day, the King and his court came riding down that same city again. Suddenly his Majesty, grown older now, halted before a boat-builder's shop and asked:

"Who is that busy fellow, yonder?"

"Where, your most prodigal Majesty?" asked the Prime Minister in return.

"In the shop. Yesterday this same young fellow and his man

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were busy out on the docks. He works with a will, that fellow. I must set him at the royal ships."

"The royal ships!" echoed the Prime Minister, "your most overwhelming Majesty; why, that is a fortune for any man!"

"I know it. Why not?" said the King. "What is his name?"

The Prime Minister could not say. And again, as on that day long before, the question traveled through the grandees of the court, until it reached the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a pretty woman named Wisk, who chanced to be coming out of the shop.

"He's a master builder," replied Wisk, blushing.

"But what's his name?" repeated the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer.

"He used to be called Wondering Tom," she answered, "but now we all call him by his real name, Thomas Reddy."

"Thomas Reddy!" shouted the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer. "Thomas Reddy!" cried the Royal Rat-Catcher.

And, in fact, "Thomas Reddy!" was called so often and so loudly along the line before it reached the only officer who could venture to speak to the King, that the master builder, with a keen eye to business, threw down his tools and came out of the shop.

"Oh, Tom! Again the King wishes to speak with you," said little Wisk.

They took each other by the hand, and together walked toward his Majesty.

"Behold!" said the King, "we have found the finest young workman in our realms! Let preparation be made at once for

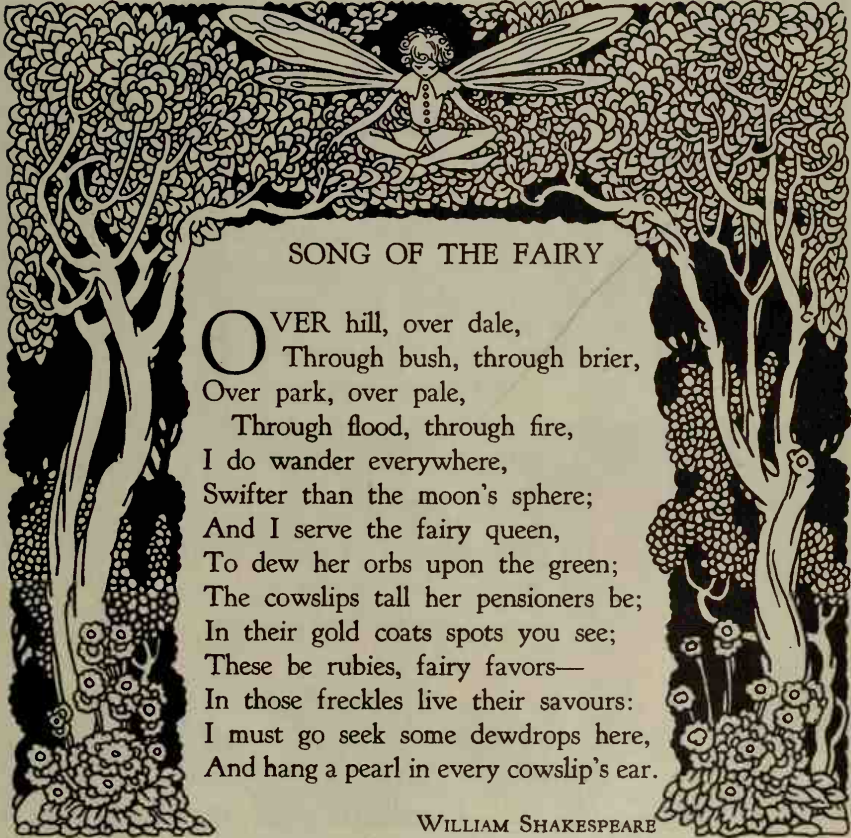
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proclaiming him Royal Shipbuilder! What do they call you, young man? I've lost the name."

"Thomas Reddy, your Majesty," he answered, his eye sparkling with grateful joy.

"And who are you, my pretty one?"

Oh, I'm his wife," said the smiling Wisk.



SONG OF THE FAIRY

OVER hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
These be rubies, fairy favors—
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

TO THINK!

TO THINK I once saw grocery shops
With but a casual eye
And fingered figs and apricots
As one who came to buy.

To think I never dreamed of how
Bananas sway in rain
And often looked at oranges
And never thought of Spain.

And in those wasted days I saw
No sails above the tea,
For grocery shops were grocery shops—
Not hemispheres to me.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH



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THE RED BUOY

DIKKEN ZWILGMEYER

ANYONE would be sick of it! thought Johnny Blossom. He couldn't even appear in the street without people rushing to him to question and pry as to how it had happened, and how he had felt that time he lay out on the red buoy and they all thought at home that he was drowned. He was completely sick of it.

Even the minister had stopped him and questioned and quizzed like the rest; and when he had finished, he hit Johnny Blossom on the back with his cane (not hard, you know) and said, "You surely are a little rascal, Johnny Blossom!"

Indeed he wasn't a rascal. The whole thing had just happened of itself. It was no plan of his, but it was just as unlucky as if it had been.

The new postmaster's sons were at the bottom of it, really. Such pipestems from Christiania don't know anything anyway—and they get scared so easily! That's why they lose their

From *Johnny Blossom*, by Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated from the Norwegian by Emilie Poulsson. Copyright The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Used by permission.

wits when they get into trouble. No one would believe how silly they were! Still, they were good-natured and ready to join in anything, so they were jolly enough playfellows after all.

Early one afternoon the three boys, Olaf, Herman, and Johnny, had a great desire to go rowing. They peered everywhere around the wharf for a boat that they could use. Not a sign of one was to be seen; not a boat of any kind—to say nothing of one that they could borrow in such a hurry. So they went around to the Custom House wharf. True as you live, there lay a dory, with oars and everything, right down at the foot of the little steps. They wouldn't have dared to think of taking the boat if it had been at the big Custom House steps, but since it was at the little steps near the warehouse, it was probably not a Custom House boat at all. Johnny Blossom, for his part, was quite sure it was not.

"Well, we'll take her," said Olaf.

It was a fine little boat. Johnny was captain and commanded grandly, giving many orders to the postmaster's sons—those silly pipestems from Christiania, who did not know anything.

Oh! there was the big English coal steamer that had been lying at the wharf several days unloading coal. Too bad that he had not had a chance to go on board that steamer! He had tried to go a number of times, but there was always one or another grimy sailor who chased him ashore. Ugh! Englishmen were horrid! The steamer was unloaded now and would surely sail tonight.

Farther out rowed the boys. Johnny Blossom boasted of the ships that sailed from the town, of the sea, and of the church

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tower that was the highest in Scandinavia, and the postmaster's boys boasted of the wonders of Christiania; and everything was very jolly indeed. They rowed past the big red buoy that lay farthest out—the buoy that is like an immense red pear floating and rocking on the water.

"Would you dare sit up on the big red pear?" asked Olaf.

"Pooh! That's nothing to do," said Johnny Blossom.

"Yes, but sit there alone while we row away?" said Olaf.

"You shall soon see whether I dare or not," returned Johnny.

They rowed to the buoy and he climbed out upon it.

"Now row away, row as far away as you like. It is perfectly glorious sitting here!"

Olaf and Herman plied the oars as hard as they could, while Johnny Blossom sat proudly erect upon the "red pear." He had never thought of its being possible for anyone to sit here. Just think, only water far and wide around him! Yet here he sat entirely at his ease, could sit here just the same if a storm should blow up—that would be a small matter for Johnny Blossom. Now that the boys were away off behind the big coal steamer, any one might wonder how much farther they meant to row.

The wind began to blow and the pear rocked up and down. It was queer the way there came a whack from the sea against the buoy with every wave. The pear rocked more and more: My! oh, my! how the sea hit against it now! Almost hard enough to send the spray away up to him. What had become of those silly postmaster's boys? He could see nothing of the boat anywhere. It was probably behind the wharf. Not a



person was to be seen on the wharf now, either. It was so late that everyone had gone home.

Johnny Blossom shouted, "Olaf! Herman!" No answer, only the sea's pounding. A big wave dashed over his legs, and the pear rocked and plunged frightfully.

All at once Johnny Blossom was afraid. Not a little afraid, but overwhelmed with great fear. Here he was alone out in the midst of the wide waters, with no one to see him, no one to hear him, and no one to help him. A great wave struck against the buoy, leaving his stockings dripping wet up to the knees.

"Oh, Mother! Mother!" screamed Johnny in terror.

Another wave came—a stronger one—and dashed even higher. He would be safer, perhaps, if he lay on his stomach

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and stuck his arms through the big ring that they fastened the ship's ropes to.

Oh, if he were only at home! Oh, those wicked postmaster's boys who had rowed away and left him! They should get their pay when—but suppose he should die now! “Our Father which art in heaven.” Johnny Blossom, with eyes closed, said the whole of the Lord's Prayer as he lay on his stomach on the red buoy. Now surely God would help him.

The buoy swayed and dipped and the wind howled. Suddenly he heard a different sound and turned swiftly to look. There was a boat right off there. Oh, if only!—

It was some Englishmen from the big coal steamer, and they were rowing straight toward the buoy, talking fast. Pshaw! how stupid it is when people talk English. Without waiting

to say, "By your leave," they took Johnny Blossom from the buoy, put him into their boat, and rowed directly to the steamship. One of the sailors scooped up some salt water in his hand and splashed it over Johnny Blossom's tear-streaked face and laughed. Then Johnny laughed, too.

If it were only German the men spoke! He had studied German for a half year now and could have managed with that language pretty well, he thought.

Here they were alongside the steamer. Well, Johnny Blossom hadn't the least objection. How Olaf and Herman would envy him, that he should go on board the big ship after all! The steamer was full of sailors who talked and laughed and tumbled him about in rough play till Johnny Blossom bubbled over with merry laughter that rang through the whole ship.

Soon a man took him to the upper deck to the stout, ruddy captain whom Johnny Blossom knew from having seen him on the street in the town. He pinched Johnny's ear and said a great many funny words to him, just as the other Englishmen had. Johnny pointed to the red buoy and shook his head for "No," and pointed toward the town and nodded for "Yes." With this he felt sure that the captain must know how the matter stood.

An oldish-looking man wished Johnny to go below with him, and naturally Johnny did not need to be asked twice, even by signs! It was wonderful down there. He had never imagined there could be anything so fine on the dirty coal steamer; and just think! some crackers were brought out, and then if that funny man didn't set a whole jar of preserves before him, too,

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and give him a spoon! My, oh, my! Mother ought to see him, now, eating with a big spoon right from the preserve jar!

Johnny Blossom ate plentifully, while the strange man sat opposite with elbows on the table, looking at him and smiling. Suddenly the man took out a leather case and from it a photograph, which he handed across the table to Johnny. It showed two boys about Johnny's age. The man pointed to the boys and then to himself and smiled again, and Johnny understood that these were his boys.

How curious to think that this man had two boys and that they were English! He certainly was very fond of them—this queer man with the gray beard. Now he put the photograph into the case again and into his pocket, slapped his breast and smiled. Englishmen were certainly odd, thought Johnny. And those boys—just boys like himself—could speak English without studying it. Think of that!

The man then showed Johnny over the whole steamer. Above one of the hammocks hung a picture of the same two boys; and when they came to this, the man laughed again and laid his hand upon his heart.

Then he gave Johnny a whistle—a regular boatswain's whistle. He put it right into Johnny's pocket, and of course that meant that he wanted to give it to him. So Johnny Blossom shook hands with him and bowed his thanks. Ah! this would be something to show to the boys at school. How he would blow and play on it.

How awfully good to him this man was! Johnny would like to ask him to take his greeting to those two boys. So Johnny

pointed to the picture over the hammock, then to himself, and then far out over the sea, with his little arm stretched at full length. There! the man must surely understand anything as plain as that.

At this moment one of the sailors came to take Johnny Blossom up on deck again, for the rowboat was going to the shore and Johnny was to go in it. He shook hands with all the sailors and bowed and said "Thank you." When he was in the rowboat, the ship's deck was full of grimy-faced men, who stretched over the railing to look down at him.

Johnny Blossom swung his cap, then suddenly remembering his whistle, took that out and blew it hard. Then he laughed heartily and blew it once more. All the black faces up at the railing laughed also. After this farewell the boat was rowed to the shore, and Johnny Blossom was soon running up the street.

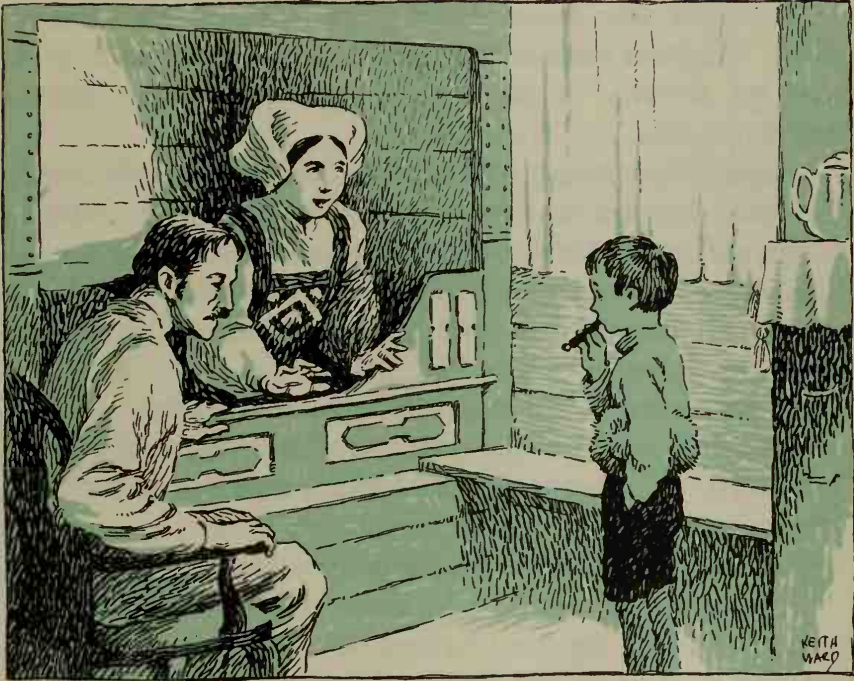
Then began all the hue and cry. First, Squire Levorson stopped him. "What in the world! Is this you? They are saying all over town that you are at the bottom of the sea."

"Far from it," answered Johnny Blossom, somewhat offended

Next it was the telegraph operator, Mr. Nilsen. "Well, I must say! If here isn't the person everyone is talking about—and as large as life!"

Pshaw! how silly people were! And now came Olea, the cook from his own home, weeping and wailing aloud. When she saw him she was ready to drop with astonishment. "Oh, you angel John! Are you risen from the dead? They brought us word that you were drowned."

"Not a bit," said John. "It was the fault of the postmaster's



boys entirely. See what I've got." And Johnny Blossom took his English boatswain's whistle out and blew it, with beaming face.

No one was in the sitting room at home, nor in the library; but from Mother's room there came a sound as of some one crying. Johnny Blossom tramped in. There lay Mother on the couch, and Father sat by her side, and they were both sobbing as hard as they could.

"John!" screamed Mother, starting up. "Oh, Johnny! my boy, my boy! Is it really you?"

"Thought I was drowned, did you?" said Johnny Blossom loftily. "It never entered my head till afterwards that anyone could get drowned sitting on the big red pear, you know. Mother, see here."

A frightfully piercing whistle resounded in the little room.

"Would you like to hear it again?" asked Johnny, radiant.

"No, no!" said Mother, with hands on both ears.

Just then Father grabbed John by the shoulder. Ugh! It was horrid when Father took hold that way, for it usually meant a whipping.

"Do you know what you deserve?" asked Father. Not a sound in reply. "You shall escape this time," continued Father. "I think you will remember your Mother's tears now better than a whipping; but another time—do you hear?"

"Yes." Johnny stared at his mother's tear-stained face.

"The postmaster and his boys came here and said that you had climbed upon the buoy farthest out. The boys had rowed back toward shore just for fun, but they met a man in a rowboat who nabbed them because they had taken the Custom House boat. The boys didn't say anything to him about you, sitting out there on the buoy"—

"There! Now you can see how stupid they are," interrupted Johnny Blossom.

"They ran home, crying, and told that you were out on the 'red pear'; but when the postmaster had got a boat and rowed out you were gone."

"I was on board the coal steamer—that's where I was. His name is Hobborn, Mother, and just listen! He set a big jar of

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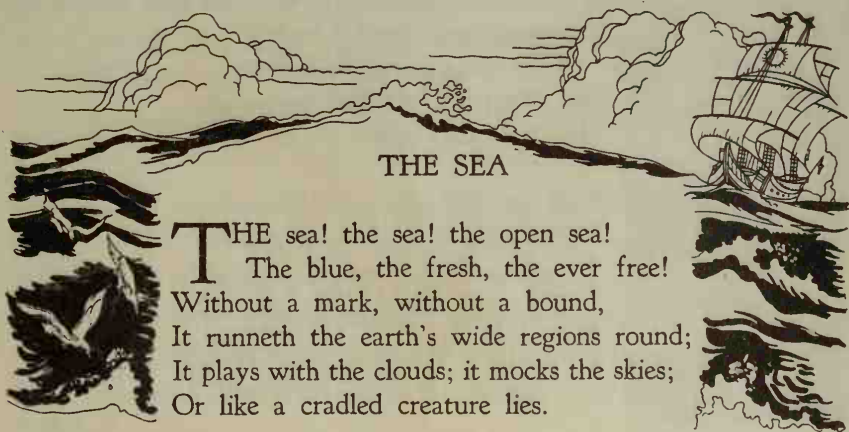
preserves before me—I think it was raspberries—and I ate a lot, and then he gave me this whistle. Now I'll blow it." An ear-splitting blast followed.

Mother hugged him to her and kissed him. "But that was a horrible present, John," she said, pointing to the whistle.

"Far from it," said John, "for now I need never be in danger any more if I just whistle. If I had had this when I lay out on the red pear, no one would ever have imagined I was drowned. A very useful present, it seems to me, and delightful."

"I can scarcely call it delightful," said Mother. All the rest of that afternoon, the sound of whistling, incessant and penetrating, filled the pine grove. Blowing the English whistle in the house at any time was strictly forbidden.

In Johnny Blossom's opinion, after his experience on the coal steamer, Englishmen were the most delightful people on the face of the globe.



THE SEA

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

BARRY CORNWALL

THE DAIRYMAN



WHEN summer's heat has reached its height,
 And o'er the ground the air's a-quiver,
 When lemonade is our delight,
 And cows stand knee-deep in the river—
 The dairy even then is cool
 As any darksome fern-fringed pool.

Though Father Sun would love to play
 Among those shallow, brick-red dishes,
 For once he fails to have his way,
 The dairyman defies his wishes.
 Both door and shaded windows cry,
 "No ray of sunshine need apply."

The sun is not the only foe
 To milk and cheese and cream and butter:
 A certain quadruped I know,
 Who sets canaries in a flutter,
 Has also to be watched with care.
 "Hi! turn that pussy out of there!"

Both sun and puss may interfere
 At ordinary times with pleasure;
 But when the strawberries are here
 We want sweet cream and fullest measure.
 Then urge your cows, O! dairyman,
 To do, in June, the best they can!

E. V. LUCAS

From *Four and Twenty Toilers*. New York: McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.



THE CABBAGE STALK¹

Adapted from the Portuguese of Consigliere Pedroso

NOT far from where the Douro rolls its course seaward, there once lived a little Portuguese maiden, the daughter of a poor farmer. One summer she begged her father to give her a small plot of ground for a kitchen garden, but all he could spare her was a bit of ground so poor that nothing would grow there except one large cabbage. This little Sevilla tended most carefully, giving it water each day.

The season was cold and most of the crops were poor, so that both Sevilla and her father watched the big cabbage, hoping it would provide at least one good meal. One day, when the little girl was looking at her cabbage, she noticed that the stalk formed a ladder by which it was possible to descend into the ground. Astonished and a little afraid, her curiosity drew her to try this ladder, and soon she found herself in a splendid palace. As she wandered from one place to another she saw nobody, but

¹This unusual Portuguese tale has a theme similar to the Greek story of Eros and Psyche; to the Norse "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," and the old English tale, "The Black Bull of Norrway."

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in one room there was a comfortable-looking bed with snow-white coverlets and in another room stood a table spread with dainties such as Sevilla had never before seen.

After looking about again and being sure there was nobody whose permission she could ask, the hungry girl at last seated herself and enjoyed the feast. When she had finished she climbed up the cabbage stalk again and went home. After that whenever she felt hungry she went down the cabbage stalk and found a feast awaiting her. Soon she began to grow plump, much to the surprise of her parents who had begun to worry because she ate scarcely anything, so far as they knew. At night, after her parents were asleep, Sevilla got up from her hard little bed and went down the cabbage stalk to sleep between the down covers of the little white bed.

At last one night the mother heard her daughter moving about in her room, and followed her when she went out and down the cabbage stalk. The mother carried a lighted candle in her hand, and when she reached the palace she found her daughter asleep in the bed and, curled on the floor at its foot, fast asleep also, lay a terrible-looking beast. In her fright the woman stumbled, and three drops of tallow fell from the candle upon the sleeping beast. Immediately it became transformed into a handsome young prince.

The prince looked sadly at Sevilla, who had awakened, and at her mother, and said: "You little know what harm you have done me! You have broken my spell before its rightful time of ending. Now I must away to have cured the three burns you have inflicted upon me."

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Then he told Sevilla to leave the palace, and he gave her a new cloak, a pair of iron shoes, and a staff, and begged that when the shoes were worn out she would come to see him again. Sevilla and her mother then left the palace, and scarcely had they climbed the cabbage stalk than the ladder disappeared. The mother went back to the cottage, but Sevilla set out and walked and walked until the shoes began to wear out, and she went about begging for alms.

At last one evening she came to the home of an old woman, who invited her to spend the night. As Sevilla helped the old crone prepare the supper, she told her story.

"Yes," said the old woman, "I have heard of you and your prince, but I fear there is no use in going back to him, for there is now in the palace a princess who is to be his bride."

Then Sevilla was sad and wept, so that the old woman felt sorry for her and gave her a rock of gold, a gold spinning wheel, and a gold reel. Next morning she wished the girl good luck and sent her on her way.

Sevilla traveled many weary hours, and at last she arrived at the palace gate with her shoes worn and garments all torn, and begged for alms. The princess, looking out of her window, saw the rock of gold that Sevilla carried. She sent one of her maids to ask what the beggar girl would take for it.

"Neither food nor jewels will I take for it," she answered, "but if I may be allowed to spend one night in the prince's room, the gold rock shall be yours."

The princess would not consent, but the prince's mother told her to allow the girl to sleep at the prince's feet, for they could

give him a sleeping-draught so that he would not know anyone was there.

And so it happened that Sevilla was allowed to go into the prince's room without the prince knowing it. Then, when all the house was still, she began to sing:

Many leagues have I traveled, Prince, to thee,
 My shoes and clothes in tatters be;
 Travel-worn is my staff; weary I be,
 Yet here am I come back to thee.

But the prince never stirred in his sleep, and when dawn came the princess had her servants drive Sevilla forth. Once outside the palace, the little maid set to work with her gold spinning wheel. The princess, looking out, saw her and sent to ask what she would take for the wheel.

"Neither food nor jewels will I take for it," she answered.



"But if again I be allowed to sleep a night in the prince's room, the wheel is yours."

The princess consented, and again the prince was given a sleeping potion, so that although Sevilla sang and spoke to him all night long, he could not be roused. With daybreak came the servants of the princess and drove her forth again. But the



prince's valet who had spent the night in the next room told the prince of the words he had heard spoken and sung during the night. Much astonished, the prince readily took his valet's advice not to drink from the goblet that the princess offered him each night before he retired to his own suite of rooms.

That day the princess saw Sevilla at work with her golden

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reel, and again she made the same bargain with the girl in order to obtain the reel.

When night came the prince managed to stand near an open window when the princess brought him the golden goblet, and he quickly threw its contents into the garden when nobody was looking. Then he went to his room and pretended to sleep. Soon Sevilla entered, and kneeling by the bed began singing:

Many leagues have I traveled, Prince, to thee,
My shoes and clothing in tatters be;
Travel-worn is my staff; weary I be,
Yet here am I come back to thee.

The moment the prince heard her he was very happy that he had found Sevilla again. But he was worried also, for he was pledged to the princess. So when morning came he hid Sevilla and went to seek out the father of the princess.

"I beg of you," he said, "answer me this matter that troubles me. My apartment has two keys. The first was mislaid and lost, but I ever had hopes of finding it. At last I ordered a new key made. Now I have the new key, the old one has reappeared. Which ought I to keep?"

The old king advised him to retain the old one, whereupon the prince told the king the whole story of the little maid, and reminded him at the same time that it was *he* who had given the sentence. So the princess and her father went back to their kingdom, where, in good time, another husband was found for the princess. But the prince married Sevilla and for many years they ruled his land together.



THE SHEPHERD'S NOSEGAY

PARKER FILLMORE

THERE was once a king who had a beautiful daughter. When it was time for her to get a husband, the king set a day and invited all the neighboring princes to come and see her.

One of these princes decided that he would like to have a look at the princess before the others. So he dressed himself in a shepherd's costume: a broad-brimmed hat, a blue smock, a green vest, tight breeches to the knees, thick woolen stockings, and sandals. Thus disguised he set out for the kingdom where the princess lived. All he took with him were four loaves of bread to eat on the way.

He hadn't gone far before he met a beggar who begged him, in God's name, for a piece of bread. The prince at once gave him one of the four loaves. A little farther on a second beggar held out his hand and begged for a piece of bread. To him

From *The Shoemaker's Apron*, retold by Parker Fillmore. Copyright 1920, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.



the prince gave the second loaf. To a third beggar he gave the third loaf and to a fourth beggar the last loaf.

The fourth beggar said to him:

“Prince in shepherd’s guise, your charity will not go unrewarded. Here are four gifts for you, one for each of the loaves of bread that you have given away this day. Take this whip which has the power of killing any one it strikes, however

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gentle the blow. Take this beggar's wallet. It has in it some bread and cheese, but not common bread and cheese for, no matter how much of it you eat, there will always be some left. Take this shepherd's ax. If ever you have to leave your sheep alone, plant it in the earth, and the sheep, instead of straying, will graze around it. Last, here is a shepherd's pipe. When you blow upon it your sheep will dance and play. Farewell and good luck go with you."

The prince thanked the beggar for his gifts, and then trudged on to the kingdom where the beautiful princess lived. He presented himself at the palace as a shepherd in quest of work and he told them his name was Yan. The king liked his appearance, and so the next day he was put in charge of a flock of sheep which he drove up the mountainside to pasture.

He planted his shepherd's ax in the midst of a meadow and, leaving his sheep to graze about it, he went off into the forest hunting adventures. There he came upon a castle where a giant was busy cooking his dinner in a big saucepan.

"Good day to you," Yan said politely.

The giant, who was a rude, unmannerly fellow, bellowed out:

"It won't take me long to finish you, you young whipper-snapper!"

He raised a great iron club to strike Yan but Yan, quick as thought, flicked the giant with his whip and the huge fellow toppled over dead.

The next day he returned to the castle and found another giant in possession.

"Ho, ho!" he roared on sight of Yan. "What, you young

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whippersnapper, back again! You killed my brother yesterday and now I'll kill you!"

He raised his great iron club to strike Yan, but Yan skipped nimbly aside. Then he flicked the giant with his whip and the huge fellow toppled over dead.

When Yan returned to the castle the third day there were no more giants about. So he wandered from room to room to see what treasures were there.

In one room he found a big chest. He struck it smartly and immediately two burly men jumped out and, bowing low before him, said:

"What does the master of the castle desire?"

"Show me everything there is to be seen," Yan ordered them promptly.

So the two servants of the chest showed him everything—jewels and treasures of gold. Then they led him out into the gardens where the most wonderful flowers in the world were blooming. Yan plucked some of these and made them into a nosegay.

That afternoon as he drove home his sheep he played on his magic pipe, and the sheep, pairing off two by two, began to dance and frisk about him. All the people in the village ran out to see the strange sight and laughed and clapped their hands for joy.

The princess ran to the palace window, and when she saw the sheep dancing two by two she, too, laughed and clapped her hands. Then the wind whiffed her a smell of the wonderful nosegay that Yan was carrying and she said to her maid:

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“Run down to the shepherd and tell him the princess desires his nosegay.”

The serving maid delivered the message to Yan but he shook his head and said:

“Tell your mistress that whoever wants this nosegay must come herself and say, ‘Yanitchko, give me that nosegay.’”

When the princess heard this, she laughed and said, “What an odd shepherd! I see I must go myself.”

So the princess herself came out to Yan and said, “Yanitchko, give me that nosegay.”

But Yan smiled and shook his head. “Whoever wants this nosegay must say, ‘Yanitchko, please give me that nosegay.’”

The princess was a merry girl, so she laughed and said, “Yanitchko, please give me that nosegay.”

Yan gave it to her at once and she thanked him sweetly.

The next day Yan went again to the castle garden and plucked another nosegay. Then in the afternoon he drove his sheep through the village as before, playing his pipe. The princess was standing at the palace window waiting to see him. When the wind brought her a whiff of the fresh nosegay that was even more fragrant than the first one, she ran out to Yan and said, “Yanitchko, please give me that nosegay.”

But Yan smiled and shook his head. “Whoever wants this nosegay must say, ‘My dear Yanitchko, I beg you most politely please to give me that nosegay.’”

“My dear Yanitchko,” the princess repeated demurely, “I beg you most politely please to give me that nosegay.”

So Yan gave her the second nosegay. The princess put it in

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her window and the fragrance filled the village, until people from far and near came to see it.

After that every day Yan gathered a nosegay for the princess and every day the princess stood at the palace window waiting to see the handsome shepherd. And always when she asked for the nosegay, she said: "Please."

In this way a month went by and the day arrived when the neighboring princes were to come to meet the princess. They were to come in fine array, the people said, and the princess had ready a kerchief and a ring for the one who would please her most.

Yan planted the ax in the meadow and, leaving the sheep to graze about it, went to the castle, where he ordered the servants of the chest to dress him as befitted his rank. They put a white suit upon him and gave him a white horse with trappings of silver.

So he rode to the palace and took his place with the other princes but behind them so that the princess had to crane her neck to see him.

One by one the various princes rode by the princess but to none of them did the princess give her kerchief and ring. Yan was the last to salute her, and instantly she handed him her favors.

Then before the king or the other suitors could speak to him, Yan put spurs to his horse and rode off.

That evening as usual when he was driving home his sheep, the princess ran out to him and said, "Yan, it was you!"

But Yan laughed, "How can a poor shepherd be a prince?"

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The princess was not convinced and she said in another month, when the princes were to come again, she would find out.

So for another month Yan tended sheep and plucked nosegays for the merry little princess and the princess waited for him at the palace window every afternoon and when she saw him she always spoke to him politely and said: "Please."

When the day for the second meeting of the princes came, the servants of the chest arrayed Yan in a suit of red and gave him a sorrel horse with trappings of gold. Yan again rode to the palace and took his place with the other princes but behind them so that the princess had to crane her neck to see him.

Again the suitors rode by the princess one by one, but at each of them she shook her head impatiently and kept her kerchief and ring until Yan saluted her.

Instantly the ceremony was over, Yan put spurs to his horse and rode off and, although the king sent after him to bring him back, Yan was able to escape.

That evening when he was driving home his sheep the princess ran out to him and said, "Yanitchko, it was you! I know it was!"

But again Yan laughed and put her off and asked her how she could think such a thing of a poor shepherd.

Again the princess was not convinced, and she said in another month, when the princes were to come for the third and last time, she would make sure.

So for another month Yan tended his sheep and plucked nosegays for the merry little princess, and the princess waited

for him at the palace window every afternoon and, when she saw him, she always said politely: "Please."

For the third meeting of the princes the servants of the chest arrayed Yan in a gorgeous suit of black and gave him a black horse with golden trappings studded in diamonds. He rode to the palace and took his place behind the other suitors. Things went as before and again the princess saved her kerchief and ring for him.

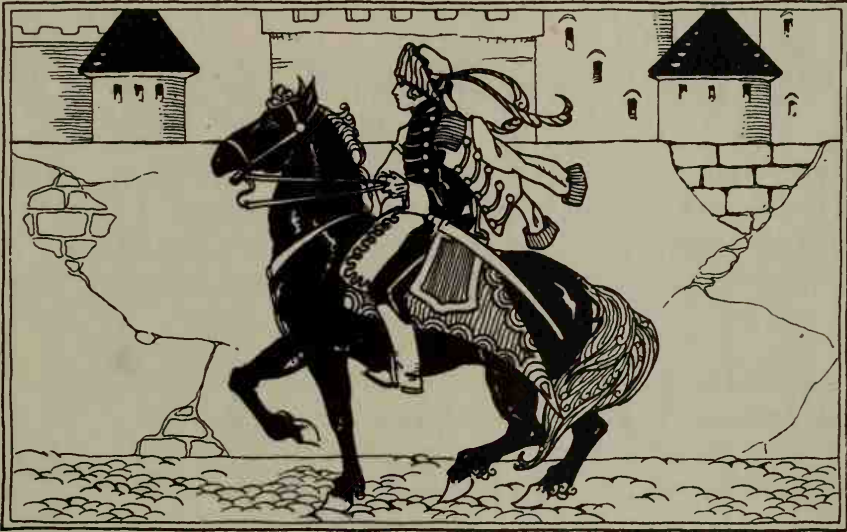
This time when he tried to ride off the other suitors surrounded him, and, before he escaped, one of them wounded him on the foot.

He galloped back to the castle in the forest, dressed once again in his shepherd's clothes, and returned to the meadow where his sheep were grazing. There he sat down and bound up his wounded foot in the kerchief which the princess had given him. Then, when he had eaten some bread and cheese from his magic wallet, he stretched himself out in the sun and fell asleep.

Meanwhile the princess, who was sorely vexed that her mysterious suitor had again escaped, slipped out of the palace and ran up the mountain path to see for herself whether the shepherd were really with his sheep. She found Yan asleep and, when she saw her kerchief bound about his foot, she knew that he was the prince.

She woke him up and cried, "You are he! You know you are."

Yan looked at her and laughed and, though he did not deny what she said, he asked, "How can I be a prince?"



“But I know you are!” the princess said. “Oh, Yanitchko, dear Yanitchko, I beg you please to tell me!”

So then Yan, because he always did anything the princess asked him when she said: “Please,” told her his true name and his rank.

The princess, overjoyed to hear that her dear shepherd was really a prince, carried him off to her father, the king.

“This is the man I shall marry,” she said, “this and none other.”

So Yan and the merry little princess were married and lived very happily. And the people of the country when they speak of the princess always say:

“That’s a princess for you! Why, even if she is a princess, she always says ‘Please’ to her own husband!”



THE FAITHLESS FLOWERS



I WENT this morning down to where the Johnny-Jump-Ups grow,
 Like little naughty purple faces nodding in a row;
 I stayed 'most all the morning there—I sat down on a stump
 And watched and watched and watched them—and they never jumped
 a jump!

And Golden Glow, that stands up tall and yellow by the fence,
 It doesn't really glow at all; it's only just pretense.
 I ran down after tea last night to pick some in the dark,
 And had to light a match to see—they didn't give a spark!

And then the Bouncing Bets don't bounce—I tried them yesterday;
 I picked a big pink bunch down in the meadow where they stay;
 I took a piece of string I had and tied them in a ball
 And threw them down as hard as hard—they never bounced at all;

While as for Ladyslippers, they are nothing like a shoe,
 And even for a lady-fairy's foot they wouldn't do;
 They haven't any heel at all, or any pointed toe,
 Nor any hole at all on top for where your foot should go.

And Cowslips—you would think they'd make the cow fall down, and
 lame,
 If all you paid attention to about them was the name—
 They're little faded yellow things that bend and duck and dip,
 And Blossy walks all day on them and doesn't ever slip.

From *Little Girl and Boy Land*, by Margaret Widdemer. Copyright 1924, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.



To Enchanted Lands



And Tiger-Lillies may look fierce, to meet them all alone,
All tall and black and yellowy, and nodding by a stone—
They're no more like a tiger than the dogwood's like a dog
Or bulrushes are like a bull, or toadwort like a frog!

I like the flowers very much—they're useful as can be
For bunches on the table, and to pick and wear and see,
But still it doesn't seem quite fair—it does seem very queer—
They don't do what they're named for—not at any time of year!

MARGARET WIDDEMER



THE DOLLS' FESTIVAL IN JAPAN

FREDERICK STARR

THE Japanese have five great festivals in the year. It is easy to remember when they come. They are celebrated on the first day of the first month, the third day of the third month, the fifth day of the fifth month, the seventh day of the seventh month, and the ninth day of the ninth month. Notice that the Japanese like odd numbers. It is strange that there is no festival on the eleventh day of the eleventh month. They say it is because the eight hundred thousand Shinto gods are having a festival on that day at Idzumo.

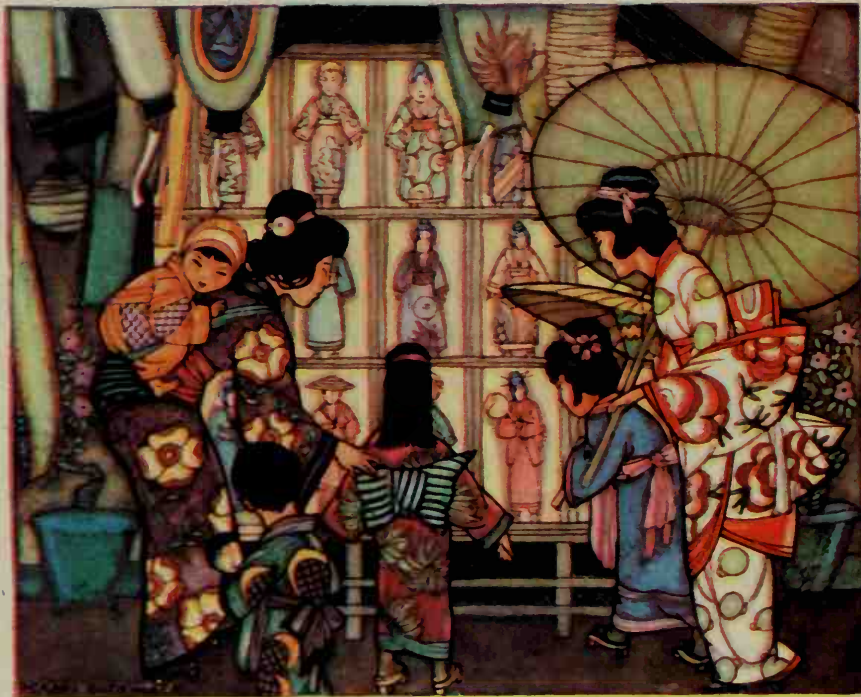
The dolls' festival comes on the third day of the third month. The Japanese name for it is *hina-matsuri*. *Hina* is a kind of doll, and *matsuri* means "festival." The Japanese have two different kinds of dolls—*hina* and *nigyo*. *Hina* are dolls that are not made to play with, but only to use in a ceremony. The dolls that little Japanese girls play with are *nigyo*. Any toy figure is a *nigyo*. The figure of a dog or of a bird is just as much a *nigyo* as the figure of a baby. A little girl in Japan is just as fond of her *nigyo* as any little American girl is of her dolly.

By permission of the author and courtesy of *Child Life*.

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She plays with it in the same way and loves it as much. But hina are quite different. They are dolls, but they are not meant to play with. They are almost always in pairs—a man and a woman. They come already dressed in rich and fine but old-fashioned dress. Little girls do not dress and undress their hina; they just keep them to be looked at on festival occasions. Hina are handed down from mother to child and there are some hina in Japan that are hundreds of years old.

A few days before the festival the doll market opens. In large cities like Tokyo they are lively and pretty places. There are little stalls or booths for selling dolls in every part of the city where there are shops at all, but the great market is at Nihonbashi, the very heart of the city's business. Nihonbashi means "Japan bridge," and in the olden time all distances were measured from it. If a man said his town or village was so far from Yedo (Tokyo), he meant it was so far from Nihonbashi, Japanese bridge. The old bridge was famous and the new bridge is quite fine, with bronze griffins to adorn it. The whole district around the bridge is called Nihonbashi and it is a great region of shops and stores, banks and offices. Toward the end of February there is a great change there. Whatever the shops may have sold before, they now become almost only doll shops. Booths are built out on the street, on both sides, for a distance of quite two blocks, and in all of them are gay displays of dolls and little bits of toy furniture and small offerings for the festival. Windows, shelves, and tables are filled with little open fresh wooden boxes piled on one another so as to occupy every inch of space. At some of the shops they sell only dolls, at others



only the toy furniture, and at a few they sell only the little wooden stands with offerings on them. The scene is a gay one, day and night. Men, women, and children are out in crowds to see the things, to haggle over prices, and to buy.

Let us look at some of these little shops. Here is one where only dolls are sold. There are hina, hundreds of them, in pairs mostly. Many represent the Emperor and Empress. There are courtiers and court ladies in dresses almost as splendid as those of their majesties. There are sets of musicians, five in each set, with their musical instruments. There are the old man and

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the old woman, he with a rake and she with a broom, who are the symbol of a happy marriage and a long life. There are dancing girls in sets of three, and there are figures of Shojo, the red-headed dancing girl, with her long hair flying. These and many other curious and pretty hina are sold here. You may buy them at prices ranging from a few sen up to many dollars. (A sen is half a cent; a yen is half a dollar.) The next shop is a doll outfitter's shop, where all kinds of little furnishings are sold. They are elegant and old-fashioned, not at all like what the people use today. But how pretty they are and what a lot of things! Most of them are of black lacquer, bright and shining and decorated with gilt. Some of them have the *mon*, or family mark, on them in gold. Here are toilet sets for ladies, writing outfits, boxes such as they used to hold the painted shells for the shell game, stands and tables for serving food, chests for fine garments, and many, many other things—all very little, just for dolls to use. In another shop we find nothing but offerings. There are little flasks and jars for the white *sake* (rice wine) and plain wooden stands for food offerings; there are cakes and dried fish made in paste or gluten, just fit for dolls to eat. There are little artificial trees, two kinds of them—a cherry tree in full pink bloom and a wild orange tree with dark green leaves and golden fruit. These stand at the two sides of the display of dolls, just as two big trees of the same kinds have always stood at the sides of the stairway leading up from the courtyard to the Emperor's audience hall in the palace. At night all these shops are lighted with electric light or gas, and are even prettier than in the daytime. How the children love to see the shops at night!

When the third day of the third month really comes, a display of dolls is made in homes both of rich and poor. The parents prepare it beforehand. There is a wooden platform of several steps—three or five or seven. This is usually covered with red cloth. The dolls are arranged upon the steps and include all the family dolls, both hina and nigyo. At the top are the Emperor and Empress, with a fancy screen behind them. On the step next below are the courtiers and court ladies, the musicians and the dancing girls. Then come the other dolls, all of them, and the little furniture of every kind, and on the tiny tables is food and on the plain wood stands are offerings. The bottles of white saké are never forgotten and are usually on the lowest step.

We have seen many of these displays of dolls. The greatest was at the house of a great nobleman. It filled a large room. Stepped platforms ran along two entire sides of the room and there were three smaller platforms in other parts. All were covered with red cloth. On them were hundreds of dolls. There were many hina arranged in their proper order, and there were all the nigyo with which the children of the family for two hundred years had played. Some of them were truly Japanese and looked like the children of the old-time soldiers of Japan; some were dolls that had been brought from France or Holland or Germany, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, not at all like Japanese. Some were as big as actual babies and some were wee things, almost too small to handle. There were dolls here that had been played with by the great-great-grandmothers of the children in that family today. And what pretty, pretty,

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little furnishings in bright black lacquer with the mark of the old Tokygama family in gold on them. The offerings were real food as well as make-believe.

Of course this was a splendid display in a rich man's house. But in all kinds of homes, some show is made. The little girls, dressed in their good clothes, are delighted to see it all, but they do not venture to play with the dolls—oh dear no! But they want the dolls that have been in the family so long to see each other and the children of today, and to take the offerings and to feel the affection and care which they used to receive when their little mistresses played with them and loved them. The festival is always a happy time, too, with good things to eat, and visits from little neighbors' girls to see the dolls.

In my own house there used to be a little baby girl named Kimi, the grandchild of my cook and his old wife. Manuel and I went one day to the dolls' market. It was the first time that we saw it and we bought some hina, the Emperor and Empress and a few others, and a little screen. Manuel arranged them in the alcove of our room, quite like a real doll festival display. The next day we were away all day, but returned at evening. We found that little Kimi had been busy. She had brought two little vases of paper flowers and a tray of offerings—cakes, fish, shellfish, bamboo sprouts. These she had placed before the dolls, the food offerings at the middle and the flowers at the two sides. We had forgotten, but she understood. She knew that the dolls needed attention, wanted food, longed for human contact and love. She knew that the dolls' festival is not play, but that it is really serious business.



THE RABBIT

BROWN bunny sits inside his burrow
 Till everything is still,
 Then out he slips along the furrow
 Or up the grassy hill.

He nibbles all about the bushes
 Or sits to wash his face,
 But at a sound he stamps, and rushes
 At a surprising pace.

You see some little streaks and flashes,
 A last sharp twink of white,
 As down his hidy-hole he dashes
 And disappears from sight.

EDITH KING

From *Fifty New Poems for Children*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



THE RABBIT-PERSON

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

“THAT was a good story,” said Little-crane, a boy of nine years. “We like it when you tell us of those Persons who lived so long ago. But tell me, Grandfather, was my father brave?”

“Yes, Little-crane, your father was brave. The Piegans killed him in a battle when you had seen but two snows. We fought hard, but the Piegans killed your father and Black Wolf and Eagle-man. It was a good fight, even though we lost it. Yes, your father was a brave man.”

He smoked awhile thoughtfully. “Of course,” he said, laying aside his black stone pipe, “some Persons are brave.

From Kootenai Why Stories. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Others are cowards. *Old-man*¹ made them to be that way. They cannot help it, even if they wished to.

“The Rabbit-person is a great coward, and everybody knows it now. But there was a time when nobody knew that the Rabbit-person was afraid. Skinkoots² and the Grizzly Bear found it out. And then these two told everybody. Now everybody knows it, and some People laugh. But it is wrong to laugh at the Rabbit-person. He cannot help being afraid. How can he, when *Old-man* made him that way?

“It was mean of Skinkoots and the Grizzly Bear-person to tell everybody that the Rabbit was a coward. It was especially mean of Skinkoots, who sometimes runs away, himself. It was not so bad on the part of the Grizzly Bear-person, of course, because he does not understand. He does not know how to be afraid. One can hardly blame him for laughing at a coward, since *he* always is brave. *Old-man* made him that way. He cannot help it if he wished to, you see. How can he?

“Listen! The day was cold, but there was no snow on the ground. The sky was spotted with little white clouds that were running races with each other, and sometimes the Winds blew. The Sun paid no attention to the little white clouds in the sky, and kept at his work of making the day bright. And it was on this very day that the Rabbit-person did the foolish thing that set everybody laughing at him. But nobody would have learned about it if Skinkoots and the Grizzly Bear-person had not told.

“Perhaps the Rabbit-person was not feeling well that morning

¹*Old-man* is the Creator.

²Skinkoots, the Smart Person, is the Coyote.

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when he hopped out of his lodge to find his breakfast. Anyhow, when he found what he wanted to eat he was among tall trees. No other Persons were near, and he began eating, a little here and a little there, till suddenly he heard a noise.

“Up he sat on his haunches. Up went his long ears. Oh, ho!

“‘What was that, I wonder,’ he whispered, his eyes looking frightened. ‘What was that noise?’ But now the noise was gone.

“‘I guess it was only my heart beating,’ thought the Rabbit-person, looking relieved. ‘Yes, I guess that was what it was.’

“You see, the Rabbit-person was always a great coward, and he knew it. But nobody else did—not yet.

“He began eating again, a little here and a little there until—oh, ho!—he heard the noise again, and louder than before. ‘Hark!’ he said, and up he sat on his haunches again. Up went his long ears, and his nose was still for once in his life.

“‘What was that?’ he whispered, his head turning this way and that way.

“Just then the noise came again and louder than ever. It came from over his head. Oh, ho! The treetops were bending! The little clouds, running their races in the sky, were passing the forests, and, of course, the Winds were with them, watching the races.

“It was the Wind that bent the treetops. It was only the Wind that made the noise in the forest. Oh, ho! It was only the Wind that the Rabbit-person heard!

“‘Look at that tree bending!’ he whispered. ‘Something will fall on me here! I shall be killed if I stay here!’

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“Just then the little clouds that raced in the sky made shadows on the ground—shadows that raced through the forests as the clouds passed the Sun.

“That was enough! Oh, ho! That was *too much* for the Rabbit-person.

“Away he went, his black tail bobbing so fast that no Person could count its bobs; not even Skinkoots, who saw him go by with his long ears tight to his shoulders.

“‘What is going on here?’ said Skinkoots. ‘Look at that Person go! He is a good runner; about the best there is, I guess. I wonder what is after him? I will run along behind and see. But I shall have to hurry.’

“He sprang out of the bushes, and away he went behind the Rabbit-person to find out what was chasing him. But he saw nobody—heard nothing at all, as he raced behind the frightened Rabbit-person, till the Grizzly Bear-person called: ‘Hey, you Skinkoots-person, what is going on here?’

“‘Something is after the Rabbit-person,’ answered Skinkoots over his shoulder. ‘I cannot stop to talk to you. Come on! Let us see who it is that is chasing him!’

“‘Well, wait, can’t you!’ cried the Grizzly Bear-person, starting to run after Skinkoots.





“No, of course I can't wait. 'Come on, you Big-person, if you think you are a runner!' laughed Skinkoots, now far ahead.

“But if anybody thinks the Grizzly Bear-person cannot run he is mistaken. He does not know that Person at all.

“Oh, ho! Now there were two that raced behind the Rabbit-person to see what it was that chased him.

“Oh, ho! Through the forests, over the hills, across the mountains they raced, until at last they came to the plains. Oh, ho! They came to the plains.

“Skinkoots' tongue was hanging out of his mouth and water dripped from it when he stopped to wait for the Grizzly Bear-person, who was far behind.

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“‘I have not seen a living thing!’ gasped the Grizzly Bear-person, sitting down, for he was tired out. ‘Not a living thing, not even the Rabbit-person himself. Have you?’

“‘Not until I stopped to wait for you,’ panted Skinkoots. ‘Say, that Rabbit-person is fast, I tell you! I have not seen him since I started. If my nose had not helped me, we should not have got here. We should have lost him altogether.’

“‘Lost him?’ grunted the Grizzly Bear-person, lying down on the plains. ‘I guess we have lost him all right. I do not see him anywhere. Say, but this is a flat country here. One can see all over this country. But I do not see that Rabbit-person.’

“‘Well, I do,’ said Skinkoots, ‘That is why I stopped here to wait for you.’

“‘Where is he?’ asked the Grizzly Bear-person, sitting up on his haunches and looking all around.

“‘Right over there.’ Skinkoots pointed to a sage-bush. And there, almost dead from running, was the Rabbit-person, his sides going in and out, in and out, so fast you could not count them.

“‘Say, do you think we can get near enough to talk to him?’ asked the Grizzly Bear-person.

“‘I guess so, if we sing a little,’ said Skinkoots. And then he began to sing a song to show the Rabbit-person they were not at war with him.

“They both got pretty near, near enough to talk to the Rabbit-person; and Skinkoots asked: ‘Say, you, what was after you that time?’

“The Rabbit-person’s sides were still going in and out, in

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and out, so fast you could not count them. 'I do not know what Person it was,' he gasped. 'I was back there in the forests when a noise came. Then the trees bent, and *black things* that were nothing at all raced past me! I was afraid something would fall on me!'

"Oh, ho! It was only the Wind that had frightened the Rabbit-person. Nothing at all was after him!

"At first Skinkoots was angry when he heard this. 'Say, you,' he said, walking a little nearer, 'I ought to eat you for what you have done. But I won't—oh, no, I won't—ha-ha-ha!'

"'Did you hear what he said, Bear-person?' asked Skinkoots, out of breath with his laughing. 'Did you hear that?'

"'Yes, oh, yes, I heard. Ha-ha-ha!' The Grizzly Bear-person began to roll over on the plains. 'The Wind frightened him. Ha-ha! The Wind, Skinkoots! He said it was the Wind that scared him—the little coward.'

"Now both were laughing at the Rabbit-person, who saw nothing at all to laugh at, but looked foolish.

"'Say, Brother,' said Skinkoots, suddenly sitting up, 'I know what let's do, you and I. Let us go all over this world and tell everybody we see about this thing!'

"'All right,' agreed the Grizzly Bear-person, starting out. 'Let's go right now, Skinkoots!'

"And so they started, telling every Person they saw until everybody knew that the Rabbit-person was a coward. They did this thing to punish the Rabbit for making them run so far for nothing. That is why.

"Ho!"



THE LITTLE ELF

I MET a little Elf-man, once,
 Down where the lilies blow.
 I asked him why he was so small
 And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
 He looked me through and through.
 "I'm quite as big for me," said he,
 "As you are big for you."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

From *Fairy Stories retold from St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.



RUMPELSTILZCHEN

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

THERE was once a miller who was very poor, but he had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he came to speak to the king, and, to give himself importance, he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

The king said to the miller, "That is a talent that pleases me well; if she be as skillful as you say, bring her tomorrow to the palace, and I will put her to the proof."

When the maiden was brought to him, he led her to a room full of straw, gave her a wheel and spindle, and said, "Now set to work, and if by the morrow this straw be not spun into gold, you shall die." He then marched out of the room, locked the door and left the maiden alone.

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The poor girl sat down disconsolate, and could not for her life think what she was to do, for she knew not—how could she?—the way to spin straw into gold; and her distress increased so much that at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened, and a little man entered and said, “Good-evening, my pretty miller’s daughter; why are you weeping so bitterly?”

“Ah!” answered the maiden, “I must spin straw into gold, and know not how to do it.”

The little man said, “What will you give me if I do it for you?”

“My neckerchief,” said the maiden.

He took the kerchief, sat down before the wheel, and grind, grind, grind—three times did he grind—and the spindle was full; then he put another thread on, and grind, grind, grind—the second was full; so he spun on till morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the spindles were full of gold.

The king came at sunrise, and was greatly astonished and overjoyed at the sight; but it only made his heart the more greedy of gold. He put the miller’s daughter into another much larger room, full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all in one night, if life were dear to her. The poor helpless maiden began to weep, when once more the door flew open and the little man appeared, and said, “What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?”

“My ring from my finger,” answered the maiden.

The little man took the ring, began to turn the wheel, and by the morning all the straw was spun into shining gold.

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The king was highly delighted when he saw it, but was not yet satisfied with the quantity of gold; so he put the damsel into a still larger room full of straw, and said, "Spin this during the night; and if you do it you shall be my wife. For," he thought, "although she's only a miller's daughter, I shall never find a richer wife in the whole world."

As soon as the damsel was alone the little man came the third time and said, "What will you give me if I again spin all this straw for you?"

"I have nothing more to give you," answered the girl.

"Then promise, if you become queen, to give me your first child."

"Who knows how that may be or how things may turn out between now and then?" thought the girl, but in her perplexity she could not help herself; so she promised the little man what he desired, and he spun all the straw into gold.

When the king came in the morning and saw that his orders had been obeyed, he married the maiden, and the beautiful miller's daughter became a queen. After a year had passed she brought a lovely baby into the world, but quite forgot the little man, till he walked suddenly into her chamber and said, "Give me what you promised me." The queen was frightened, and offered the dwarf all the riches of the kingdom if he would only leave her the child; but he answered, "No; something living is dearer to me than all the treasures of the world."

Then the queen began to grieve and to weep so bitterly that the little man took pity upon her and said, "I will give



you three days; if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep the child."

All night long the queen thought over every name she had ever heard, and sent a messenger through the kingdom to inquire what names were usually given to people in that country. When, next day, the little man came again, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and repeated each after each all the names she knew or had heard of; but at each one the little man said, "That is not my name."

The second day she again sent round about in all directions to ask how the people were called, and repeated to the little man the strangest names she could hear of or imagine. To each he answered always, "That is not my name."

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The third day the messenger returned and said: "I have not been able to find a single new name; but as I came over a high mountain by a wood, where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I saw a little house, and before the house was burning a little fire, and round the fire danced a very funny little man, who hopped upon one leg and cried out:

Today I brew, tomorrow I bake,
Next day the queen's child I shall take,
How glad I am that nobody knows
My name is Rumpelstilzchen!"

You may guess how joyful the queen was at hearing this, and when soon after the little man entered and said, "Queen, what is my name?" she asked him mischievously, "Is your name Kunz?"

"No."

"Is your name Carl?"

"No."

"Are you not sometimes called Rumpelstilzchen?"

"A witch has told you that—a witch has told you!" shrieked the poor little man, and stamped so furiously with his right foot that it sunk into the earth up to the hip; then with both hands he seized his left foot and brought it down so hard that he disappeared from view and was never seen again.





ONE morning the Man of Carrara sat in his Marble Mountain making things. By the end of the day he had made a child and a puppy, both out of pure white marble. He called the child Nanina and the puppy Cecchino. When he had put the last stroke to them, he sent them away to be filled with life, and set about making something else.

As soon as the spark of life had been lit in them, Cecchino cried, "Nanina!" and Nanina cried, "Cecchino!" and Cecchino leaped into Nanina's arms, and Nanina cuddled and kissed him. They recognized each other instantly, for were they not made of the same stuff? However, they had not much time for cuddles and kisses. Nanina was sent one way and Cecchino another, to find their homes on earth.

In due course Nanina came to live in Fiesole on the hilltop, with a garden that looked over the whole world. And Cecchino found a lodging in an old house that was falling into decay, but was a very pleasant place for a little dog to make mischief in. For it had great empty rooms full of silk hangings and tassels, and a big wild garden full of roses and persimmons.

Nanina was happy on her hilltop, and the only thing that cast a shadow on her days was her fear of Monsters. There were so many Monsters in the world—Monsters with horns,

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Monsters with swishing tails, Monsters with green eyes, Monsters with yapping voices; and all of them had four legs instead of two, like reasonable people. Of people Nanina had no fear whatever.

Cecchino for his part feared nothing on four legs. He would have worried a herd of elephants as gayly as he worried the silk fringe on the rich faded curtains in his dwelling. But he was afraid of Giantesses. If ever he heard of a Giantess anywhere near, he ran and hid under a couch, and would not come out till the danger was past. He roamed at will wherever he pleased, and every day he ran down to Florence to drink of the green Arno, which tasted better than any water in Italy. But he never on any account ran up to Fiesole, because he had heard that a Giantess lived there.

One day news came that all the Brigands in Italy were on the way, and nobody was safe. Everybody got the shivers and shakes. When Nanina went for a walk that morning she found all the shops and houses shut and bolted. This vexed her, because she wanted a persimmon to eat after dinner, and she had two soldi to buy it with. She ran all round the market square rattling at the doors, while the people ran into their cupboards and got under their beds, quite sure that the Brigands were after them. Then Nanina got cross, for when she wanted a persimmon she *wanted* a persimmon. As she stood in the empty market square, wondering what to do, she saw the old Milkman coming down one of the twisty streets with his milk-cart behind him, and a sprig in his hat. Brigands or no Brigands, the milk must be left just the same.



He knew Nanina well, and stopped at once to ask her, "What is the matter, Nanina?"

"I want a persimmon."

"There are no persimmons."

"Why?"

"The Brigands have taken them all."

"But I want one!" explained Nanina.

"Then you must go to the Brigands," said the Milkman.

"Then I will!" said Nanina. And off she went.

Over the mountains she saw the Brigands coming from their lair, streams and streams of them, in black slouch hats and big cloaks. The people were flying before them in all directions, and the Brigand Chief was shouting, "Ha ha! ha ha!" as he always did when he saw people flying before him. The crowd was so great that Nanina could hardly push through it. But she waved her little hands, and stamped her little feet, and her white cheeks flushed, and her blue eyes flashed, and her bright hair glittered in the sun as she cried, "Out of my way! I want to see the Brigand Chief!"

"Run, child, run!" the people cried. "The Brigand Chief will gobble you up as soon as look at you!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Nanina. "Out of my way at once!"

And through the flying crowd she marched, till she met the Brigand Chief face to face. For the first time in his life he saw himself confronted by sparkling blue eyes, blowing gold hair, two pink cheeks, two little feet that stamped at him, two little fists that shook at him, and an angry little voice that cried:



“How dare you take all the persimmons in Italy, when I want one after dinner? Give me a persimmon this instant, or I’ll tell on you.”

The Brigand Chief turned pale. “You wouldn’t do that, would you?” he said.

“Yes, I would!” said Nanina fiercely. “Give me a persimmon at once!”

The Brigand Chief shook in his shoes. “Alas!” he whispered, “we have eaten them all!” and he burst into tears. Seeing their Chief weep, all the other Brigands confessed, “Alas, alas, it is true! we have eaten them.” And they also burst into tears.

“Very well,” said Nanina, “I shall go and tell.”

“Wait!” cried the Chief. “There is one hope left. In an old wilderness of a garden on the way to Florence grows the finest persimmon tree in Italy. That tree alone we have not robbed. Because—”

“Because?” demanded Nanina.

“Because,” said the Brigand Chief in a low voice, “it is guarded by a Monster!” Then he threw up his hands to heaven, turned on his heel, and ran back as fast as he could to his lair, and never came out again; and all his Brigands followed him. So Italy was delivered forever from Brigands by Nanina, in a single moment.

Everybody came and praised and petted her, but she was in such a temper that she would not listen to them. All she said was, “I want a persimmon! I want a persimmon to eat after dinner.”

“You must wait till next year, little darling,” said the people. “Next year when the persimmons are ripe, you shall eat them all.”

“I don’t want them all, *then*,” said Nanina; “I want just one, *now*.”

“But there are none now. The Brigands took them all.”

“No, they didn’t. They didn’t take the tree in the old garden on the way to Florence. But—”

“But what, little darling?”

“It is guarded by a Monster,” said Nanina tremulously. Her little lip quivered, and she began to sob.

At this moment the old Milkman pushed his way through

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the crowd. "What's the matter here?" he asked, and listened while one and another told him the story. Nanina herself was sobbing too hard to speak.

"It appears to me," said the Milkman at last, "that as Nanina has delivered you from Brigands, you ought to go and get her a persimmon."

But the people said, "We don't like Monsters," and turned on their heels and ran away as fast as they could to their homes, where they locked themselves in again.

Then the Milkman said to Nanina, "It appears to me that if you want a persimmon you must get it yourself."

"But I don't like Monsters either," sobbed Nanina.

"Well, well, that can be remedied. Do you see this sprig in my hat? It is called the Herb of Fear, not because it makes you afraid, but because it draws all the fear out of you. Listen carefully, Nanina, follow my counsel, and all will be well. I happen to know that this is the hour when the Monster you speak of goes down to Florence to drink the green Arno. Now is your moment to go to the deserted garden, in the courtyard of which stands a ruined fountain. Throw this Herb into the water, bathe yourself therein, and when you come out you will fear Monsters as little as you do Brigands."

The old man looked so wise and kind that Nanina trusted him. Off she ran as fast as she could, to reach the fountain before the Monster returned. She flung the Herb of Fear into the water and stripped off her frock; and just then—oh horror!—she heard the shrill voice of the Monster yapping at the gate. As quick as thought she jumped into the fountain. She had

hardly done so when the Monster himself leaped over the wall and jumped in after her. For he had met the old Milkman at the gate, who had told him that the Giantess from Fiesole had come down to look for him; and his only chance was to bathe in the fountain and grow bold.

For a moment or two the courtyard was filled with splashes and cries and yelps. Then Nanina sat up on her side of the fountain shaking the water out of her curls, and the Monster sat up on his side shaking the water out of his coat. As soon as they set eyes on each other—

“Cecchino!” cried Nanina.

“Nanina!” cried Cecchino.

And Cecchino leaped into Nanina’s arms, and Nanina cuddled and kissed him. They knew each other instantly, for were they not made of the same stuff?

Down the garden the Monster and the Giantess went together, and soon a puppy and a little girl were eating persimmons to their hearts’ content.





CALLISTO

Adapted from Thomas Bulfinch

IN THE halls of the gods of ancient Rome was heard the voice of Juno, wife of the great Jupiter, and the tone of her voice was cold with a terrible anger. It was unheard of that Juno the beautiful, Juno the powerful, should hear the gods praise a human being as "lovely as the queen of the gods!" Such a thing Juno would not endure!

The object of her wrath was a fair maiden named Callisto, who little suspected what sorrow her beauty would bring her. Juno in her fury cast a spell upon the maiden, so that Callisto's white hands grew large and clumsy and were armed with crooked claws, and over all her body grew coarse black hair.

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Sharp fangs were in her mouth, and her once musical voice became a terrible growl. Poor Callisto! To outward view she became a bear that frightened all who met her, while within she remained a timid woman, afraid to stay in the lonely woods at night. She fled from the wild animals, quite forgetting that she herself was the most fearsome of all the bears.

Callisto had a little son, and when she disappeared her family reared the boy to be a hunter. One day when the youth was hunting, Callisto espied him and recognized him as her son. Forgetful of all else, she rose on her hind feet, with arms extended to embrace him. The youth, terrified at her approach, raised his hunting spear and was about to plunge it into the bear. Jupiter, beholding this scene from the skies, stayed the boy's hand, and changed the boy also into a bear. He then lifted mother and son together into the sky as the Great and Little Bear.

Juno was enraged to see Callisto and her son Arcas so honored. Hastening to her old foster parents, Tethys and Oceanus, the powers of the ocean, she besought their aid. "See where the circle of the sky is smallest," she cried, "there near the pole. There you will behold Callisto and her son. I changed Callisto into a bear and now she has been exalted among the stars, and her son also. I beseech you, my foster parents, do not let these two enter your waters."

The powers of the ocean assented to the desire of Juno, and that is why, the legends say, that even today the two constellations of the Great and Little Bear move round and round the heaven, but never sink, as other stars do, beneath the ocean.

THE PLEIADES

BY DAY you cannot see the sky
For it is up so very high.
You look and look, but it's so blue
That you can never see right through.

But when night comes it is quite plain,
And all the stars are there again.
They seem just like old friends to me,
I've known them all my life you see.

There is the dipper first, and there
Is Cassiopeia in her chair,
Orion's belt, the Milky Way,
And lots I know but cannot say.

One group looks like a swarm of bees,
Papa says they're the Pleiades;
But I think they must be the toy
Of some nice little angel boy.

Perhaps his jackstones which today
He has forgot to put away,
And left them lying on the sky
Where he will find them bye and bye.

I wish he'd come and play with me.
We'd have such fun, for it would be
A most unusual thing for boys
To feel that they had stars for toys!



AMY LOWELL

From *A Dome of Many Coloured Glass*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.



THE GLASS MOUNTAIN

ELSIE BYRDE

LONG, long ago, before ever your great-grandfathers were born, and far, far away in the very heart of Poland, there stood a glass mountain. It was so high that the top touched the clouds, and on its summit stood a castle, and in front of the castle stood an apple tree, and on the apple tree grew golden apples. And in the castle there was a silver room, and in the silver room a beautiful princess, bewitched and kept a prisoner by a wicked sorceress, lived in solitude and sadness. For how could she be happy, although her cellar was full of precious stones and one room in the castle was full of bags of gold, when she could not walk in the sunshine, or hear the songs of the birds, or smell the sweetness of the flowers?

Many brave knights, having heard of the beauty and wealth of the princess and of how she was kept a prisoner in the castle, had tried to climb the mountain and rescue her, but before they could come any way near the top they fell down the steep sides and were killed. For nearly seven years knight after knight tried, and for nearly seven years the princess watched

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and hoped that one of them would at last reach the castle and save her. But although they came in hundreds from all corners of the world her hopes were never realized.

Three days before the end of the seventh year a knight clad in golden armor, of whom it was said that he succeeded in everything that he tried to do, rode to the mountain on a splendid charger. The people assembled in the valley marveled to see how his horse's hoofs trod the glassy slopes as easily as the straight, level road. The knight reached the top and was already close to the apple tree, and the heart of the princess was beating with joy as she watched him from her window,

when, behold! a gigantic hawk flew out of the tree and flapped its wings in the horse's eyes. The horse snorted and reared, his feet slipped on the glassy surface, and he rolled with his rider down the side of the mountain and both were killed on the spot.

Two days after this, a student, poor, but handsome, strong, young, and wise, came and stood at the foot of the mountain. For a year he had been hearing about the beautiful princess who was imprisoned in the castle and about the knights who had tried to save her, and how each had perished in the attempt. Now he stood looking up at the mountain and at the knight who lay dead in his golden armor with his doughty charger at the foot. He thought for a while as though trying to make up his mind what to do. Then he turned and went into the wood. Here he caught a lynx, killed it, cut off its sharp claws, fixed them on his own hands and feet, and then began to climb the mountain just as the sun rose.

When the poor student had climbed halfway up he began to feel tired and thirsty. A dark cloud floated over his head and he begged it to give him some water to drink. But in vain, it passed on without letting so much as a drop fall. He looked up, and in order to see the top of the mountain he had to throw back his head so far that his sheepskin cap fell off. He looked down, and it seemed as if certain death awaited him below. And the sun was setting.

His strength was exhausted, sleep was closing his eyes. He fastened his claws well into the glassy slopes, and there he reclined, and slept lightly till midnight.

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The hawk was keeping watch on the apple tree. As the moon rose and threw its light on the shining slopes, the gigantic bird caught sight of the poor student as he lay asleep. It flapped its wings and flew down to destroy him; but just then the student opened his eyes, and when he saw the bird he resolved to make use of its strength to help himself. The hawk grasped him with its powerful claws, but he seized its legs. The startled bird began to soar, and flew up until it was right over the castle gleaming in the moonlight; he saw the princess sitting in the silver room sighing and dreaming of the knight who might yet save her; he saw the garden and the apple tree shining with its golden fruit. Then, taking his knife from his belt, he cut off the legs of the hawk. It flew screeching into a cloud and so disappeared, but the student fell among the branches of the apple tree. He picked an apple and laid it on the wounds made in his flesh by the hawk's sharp talons: they healed at once. Then he filled his pockets with apples and went boldly to the castle, which was guarded by a terrible and fierce dragon. The student flung a handful of apples at this dragon, and it disappeared in a great fright down the side of the mountain, the castle door flew open, and he found himself in a grassy court full of flowers.

The princess, sitting at her window, saw him coming, and ran joyfully to welcome her rescuer. She gave him her hand, her heart, and all she possessed.

The next day, as he and the princess were walking in the garden, they saw a crowd of people gathered at the foot of the mountain. They called a swallow, and bade it fly down and



find out who these might be. What was their joy when they learned that they were the knights who had lost their lives in trying to save the princess! The blood of the hawk, dropping on them, had revived them, and they sent their grateful thanks to their deliverer. And the poor student and his wife, the princess, reigned king and queen of the Glass Mountain, and lived happily together for many, many years.

The hawk, who was a wicked sorceress, was found dead in a wood.

Thus did a poor student by his wits accomplish what many brave knights failed to do by their strength.





THE STORY OF EBISU

An Ancient Japanese Legend

DESPITE the fact that Ebisu was the son of the demigod Oanamuchi, he was little given to the warlike occupations such as men deemed fitting for the son of a great ruler. His father pleaded with him in vain, for Ebisu refused to take part in battle. At last Oanamuchi banished his son to a mist-covered island where the lad was in danger of dying from starvation.

At first Ebisu thought he must perish from hunger, but as he lay on the sands the voice of his mother whispered through the soft, warm wind of Kuro Shio, the Gulf Stream, "Catch fish, my son, catch fish. They will not only feed thee, but will also make thee great." Whereupon Ebisu made him nets and cast

them into the sea. Soon the nets were filled with fish of many kinds, and he drew them in and emptied them. Again and again he cast his nets and always were they filled with fish, so that he had more than enough to eat.

One day some fishermen visited the mist-clad island, and from that time the fame of Ebisu spread. The fishermen grew to look upon him as their leader and protector.

Now, after a time Ebisu grew tired of eating nothing but fish, and longed for a little rice. Thereupon, taking a big *tai*, or red snapper, under his arm, he journeyed far inland to where dwelt, so men said, the short-legged god of trade, Daikoku. At last, after days of travel, Ebisu reached the place where sat Daikoku, smiling and placid, atop two great bags of rice. Bowing low, Ebisu greeted the god, saying, "Give me of your rice, O Daikoku, and yours shall be this *tai*."

Daikoku had grown as weary of his diet of rice as had Ebisu of his fish, so he gladly consented to trade with Ebisu and made a great feast for the two of them to enjoy together. When the feast was ended, Daikoku addressed his guest thus:

"Since of fish you have always more than you can consume, and my rice bags are filled beyond my needs, let us exchange, so that we may each have a variety of foods."

This idea greatly pleased Ebisu, whereupon they did strike a bargain and thereafter did become inseparable friends. They were known to men as the Twin Gods of Luck, and if you ever happen to be in a Japanese shop you may see tiny statues of them, Ebisu holding his fish, and Daikoku seated, smiling, upon his rice bags. Fat little men they are, smiling, always smiling.



THE WHITE CAT

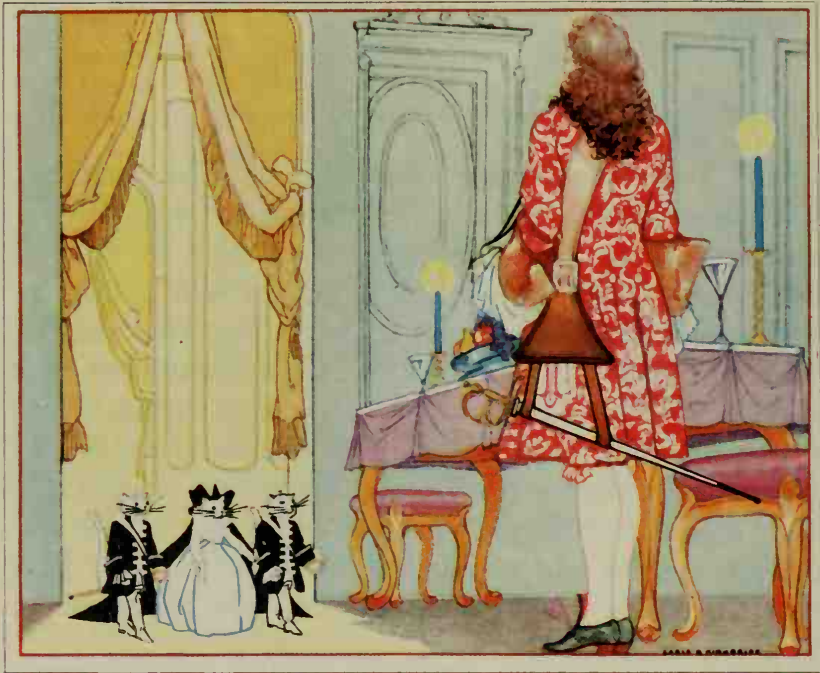
Retold from Countess d'Aulnoy



THERE was once a king who had three sons, handsome, brave and noble of heart. Nevertheless, some envious courtiers made the king believe they were eager to wear his crown, which, though he was old, he did not wish to give up. So he invented a plan to get them out of the kingdom. Sending for them, he said, "You must see, my dear children, that I am old and cannot attend so closely as I have done to state affairs. Therefore, I wish to place my crown on the head of one of you; but in return for such a present, you should find something to amuse me in my retirement. It seems to me that a little dog, handsome, faithful, and affectionate, would be the very thing to make me happy. Now, the one of you who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor."

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father to have a little dog, yet they accepted the suggestion with pleasure. The following morning they took leave of the king, who presented them with money and jewels and appointed that day twelvemonth for their return.

After bidding one another good-by, each took a different road. But we will follow only the adventures of the youngest, who was the most charming, amiable, and accomplished prince in the world. As he traveled from town to town, he bought the handsomest dog he could find, giving it away as soon as he found one that was handsomer. At length, wandering he knew



not whither, he found himself in a forest. Night suddenly came on, and with it a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain; to add to his worries, he lost his way. After he had groped about for a long time, he saw a light flickering in the distance. He hurried toward it and in a short time found himself at the gate of the most magnificent palace he had ever beheld. The entrance door was of gold, covered with sapphires, which shone so that the strongest eyes could hardly bear to look at it. This was the light the prince had seen from the forest. The walls were of transparent porcelain. The prince pulled a diamond chain that hung from the door and this rang a bell, the tones of

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which were exquisite. In a moment the door was opened; yet he saw nothing but twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch. The prince was so surprised that he dared not move a step—when he felt himself gently pushed on by some other hands from behind him. He walked on till he entered a vestibule inlaid with porphyry and lapis lazuli, where the most melodious voice he had ever heard chanted:

Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here;
You shall break the magic spell
That on a beauteous lady fell.
Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here.

The prince now advanced with confidence, wondering what these words could mean. The hands moved him forward toward a large door of coral, which opened of itself. When he had passed through sixty rooms, all equally splendid, he was stopped by the hands, and a large easy chair advanced as if by magic toward the fireplace. When he was rested the hands guided him to a great marble bath and then to a room where he found all manner of needful clothing awaiting his choice.

When his toilet was complete, they conducted him to an apartment he had not yet seen, and which also was magnificently furnished. There was a table spread for supper, and everything upon it was of the purest gold, adorned with jewels.

There were two covers laid, and he was wondering who was to be his companion, when suddenly he saw a small figure not a foot high which just then entered the room and advanced toward

him. It had on a long black veil, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning and with swords by their sides.

The prince was at a loss what to think. The little figure threw aside her veil, and he beheld a most beautiful white cat, who said, "My prince, you are welcome."

"Madam," replied he, "I thank you for your generosity; you must be an extraordinary creature to possess, with your present form, the gift of speech, and the most magnificent palace I have ever seen."

"All this is very true," answered the beautiful cat; "but, prince, I am not fond of talking, so let us therefore sit down to supper."

The hands then placed the dishes on the table, and the prince and the white cat seated themselves at it. He found the white cat extremely well versed in everything that was passing in the world. When night came his hostess wished him a good night, and he was led by the hands to his bedchamber.

In the morning he was awakened by a confused noise. The hands took him out of bed and put on him a handsome hunting jacket. He looked into the courtyard, and saw more than five hundred cats preparing for the field—for this was a day of festival. Presently the white cat came to his apartment, and having politely inquired after his health, she invited him to join the hunt. The prince accepted and mounted a wooden horse, richly caparisoned, which had been prepared for him, and which he was assured was a good hunter. The beautiful white cat mounted a monkey; she wore a dragoon's cap, which made her look so fierce that all the rats and mice ran away in the utmost terror at the mere sight of her.

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The horns sounded, and away they went. The cats ran faster than the hares and rabbits; and when they caught any, they turned them out to be hunted in the presence of the white cat. Nor were the birds in safety; for the monkey made nothing of climbing up the trees, with the white cat on his back, to the homes of the young eagles. When the chase was over they returned to the palace.

Every day was spent in new amusements. The prince had almost forgotten his country and relations, and sometimes even regretted that he was not a cat, so great was his affection for his mewling companions.

At length the twelvemonth was nearly ended; the white cat, who knew the very day when the prince was to reach his father's palace, reminded him that he had but three days longer to look for a perfect little dog. The prince, astonished at his own forgetfulness, began to worry; but the cat told him not to be so sorrowful, since she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with a wooden horse, which should carry him home in ample time.

"Look here," said she, showing him an acorn, "this contains what you desire."

The prince put the acorn to his ear and heard the barking of a little dog. He thanked the cat a thousand times, and the next day he set out on his return.

The prince arrived first at the palace and was soon joined by his brothers. The two elder brothers gave an account of their success, but the youngest said nothing and seemed to have failed to bring any dog home. At least, he had none in sight.

The next day they went together to the king. The dogs of the two elder brothers were lying on cushions, and the king examined the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them equally beautiful so that he knew not to which, with justice, he could give the preference. Then the youngest prince, taking his acorn from his pocket, opened it and out jumped a little dog which could with ease go through the smallest ring, and was, besides, a miracle of beauty. The king could not possibly hesitate in declaring his satisfaction. Yet he was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, wherefore he told his sons that he was extremely obliged to them for the pains they had taken; and, since they had succeeded so well, he wished they would take another year in order to procure a piece of cambric fine enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out, in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest remounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat, who received him with the greatest joy. The prince gave the white cat an account of the king's joy in receiving the beautiful little dog, and then told her of the further injunction of his father.

"Make yourself perfectly easy, dear prince," said she. "I have in my palace some cats who are perfect adepts in making such cambric as the king requires; so you have nothing to do but to give me the pleasure of your company while it is making."

The twelvemonth again passed quickly away; but the cat took

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care to remind the prince of his duty in proper time. "For once, my prince," said she, "I will have the pleasure of equipping you as suits your high rank." And looking into the courtyard he saw a superb carriage, ornamented all over with gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, drawn by twelve horses as white as snow, and harnessed in the most sumptuous trappings. She then presented him with a nut. "You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you; do not break the shell till you are in the presence of the king your father." Then she hastily bade him adieu.

Nothing could exceed the speed with which the snow-white horses bore this fortunate prince to his father's palace, where his brothers had just arrived before him. They embraced each other, and demanded an immediate audience of the king, who received them with the greatest of kindness. The princes hastened to place at the feet of his majesty the curious present he had required them to procure. The eldest produced a piece of cambric so extremely fine that his friends had no doubt of its passing through the eye of the needle; but when the king tried to draw the cambric through the eye it would not pass, though it failed but a very little. Then came the second prince, who made as sure of obtaining the crown as his brother had done, but, alas! with no better success; for though his piece of cambric was exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle.

It was now the turn of the youngest prince, who accordingly advanced, and opening an elegant little box inlaid with jewels, took out a walnut and cracked the shell, imagining he should

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immediately perceive his piece of cambric; but what was his astonishment to see nothing but a filbert! He cracked the filbert, and found a cherry stone. The lords of the court, who had assembled to witness this extraordinary trial, could not, any more than the princes his brothers, refrain from laughing, to think he should be so silly as to claim the crown on no better pretensions. The prince, however, cracked the cherry stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it, and found in the middle a grain of wheat. Opening the grain of wheat he drew forth a piece of cambric four hundred yards long, and fine enough to be threaded with perfect ease through the eye of the needle.

When the king found he had no excuse left for refusing the crown to his youngest son, he sighed deeply.

"My sons," said he, "it is so gratifying to the heart of a father to receive proofs of his children's love and obedience that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of requiring of you one thing more. That one of you who by the end of a year brings me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her and gain my crown."

So they again took leave of the king and of one another, and set out without delay; and in less than twelve hours our young prince arrived in his splendid carriage at the palace of his dear white cat. Everything went on as before till the end of another year. When only one day remained of the year, the white cat said: "Tomorrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience. It depends only on yourself to obtain the most beautiful princess ever yet beheld, for the time is come when the enchantment by which I am bound may be ended. You must

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cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire that burns here on the hearth."

"I!" said the prince hastily—"I cut off your head and tail! Indeed, I will not. I love you too well to do that."

"You mistake me, prince," said she. "If you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must do as I desire, for that is a service I shall never be able sufficiently to repay."

The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, yet he considered himself obliged to do as she asked. With a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. No sooner was this done than the most beautiful lady his eyes had ever seen stood before him; and there entered a long train of attendants, who at the same moment as their mistress were changed to their natural shapes.

Turning to the astonished prince, the beautiful lady said, "Never can I thank you enough for breaking the enchantment of my courtiers and myself, dear prince. My father was king of six kingdoms and I was his only child. Unfortunately I managed, carelessly, to displease a powerful fairy. Although I tried to make amends she would take no excuses, and touching me with her wand, instantly I was turned into a white cat. She conducted me to this palace, which belonged to my father, and gave me a train of cats for my attendants, together with the twelve hands that waited on your highness. She then pronounced upon me what she imagined the greatest of maledictions—that I should not be restored to my natural figure until a young prince should cut off my head and tail. You have fulfilled her conditions and ended the enchantment. Let us therefore

hasten to the palace of the king your father, where you must present yourself tomorrow."

The prince and princess accordingly set out side by side, in a carriage of still greater splendor than before, and reached the palace just as the two elder brothers had arrived with two beautiful princesses. The king, hearing that each of his sons had succeeded in finding what he had required, again began to think of some new excuse for keeping his throne for himself. When the whole court were with the king assembled to pass judgment, the princess who accompanied the youngest said to the king:

"It is a pity that your majesty, who is so capable of governing, should think of resigning the crown! I am fortunate enough to have six kingdoms in my possession; permit me to bestow one on each of the elder princes, and to enjoy the remaining four in the society of the youngest who has asked me to marry him. And may it please your majesty to keep your own kingdom, and make no decision concerning the beauty of three princesses, who, without such a proof of your majesty's preference, will no doubt live happily together."

The air resounded with the applause of the assembly; the young prince and princess embraced the king, and next their brothers and sisters; the three weddings immediately took place, and the kingdoms were divided as the princess had proposed.





WHY THE CUCKOO KEEPS SILENT IN WINTER

Rumanian Folk Tale

AFTER the creation of all the birds, the All-Father called them together and told them to elect a king to rule over them. The birds chattered and chirruped, talked and fought, but could not come to any decision.

When the All-Father saw that it was going on without an end, and that they seemed unable to make their choice, he picked out the goldfinch to be their king. The birds submitted, as they were bound to do, and making their obeisance to the new king, each one departed to its own nest. Although the gathering had lasted for some time, the cuckoo was still missing, and after all the other birds had departed, he also turned up and made his obeisance to the new king in due and proper form.

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The goldfinch looked at him and said, "Well, cuckoo, where have you been?"

"Oh, I lost my way in the forest," said the cuckoo, "and it took me a long time to come here."

"I will forgive you," King Goldfinch said, "but only on one condition. You know the forest well; go and make me a nice palace out of the bast (strong woody tree-fiber) of the trees."

The cuckoo, glad to have escaped so easily, said "Willingly will I do so," and flew away. But he was so light-headed and unstable that he said one thing one day and forgot it the next. So he flew light-heartedly from tree to tree and allowed the summer to pass without remembering the promise he had made to the goldfinch.

When autumn drew near he suddenly recollected that the goldfinch expected a palace built out of the bast of the trees, for he wanted to live in a shining palace. But the cuckoo hated to work, so he decided to hide himself in the thickest part of the forest. King Goldfinch had waited month after month to see the palace, and as the cuckoo had been seen flitting from tree to tree and singing, the goldfinch thought him busily at work. But when autumn came and no trace of any palace could be seen, the goldfinch looked around to find where the cuckoo was. But the cuckoo's song was no longer to be heard and he had disappeared.

That is why the goldfinch never had the palace which he desired, and that is also the reason why the cuckoo stops singing from the feast of St. John, lest he be discovered by the goldfinch and taken to task for his broken promise.

THE INVISIBLE HUNTER¹

A Micmac Indian Legend

AT THE far end of a tiny Indian village, where the rosy light of the rising sun played on the ripples of Neganish Bay, lived an old Indian of the Wabanaki with his three daughters. It was the duty of the two elder girls to keep the wigwam in order, cooking the food and dressing the skins for the family's clothing; but they were lazy and shiftless and left most of the work to the youngest girl. Her father called her Little Wonban (Dawn), but there was nothing to suggest the joyous, rosy light of the sunrise about this poor child, who was thin and shabby and sad-eyed. The elder sisters kicked and cuffed her about, and made her do most of the work, until she often fell asleep from sheer weariness. Sometimes she would fall asleep over the fire and her face was scarred from the hot cinders, while her long black hair looked dull instead of shining and sleek like that of her sisters. Moreover, there never seemed to be enough skins when her father came back from the hunt to clothe all of the family, so poor Wonban had only the worn remnants to wrap about her. On her feet she bound strips of cast-off leather in place of moccasins such as her sisters wore.

Now at the other end of the village lived a youth who was known as a mighty hunter and warrior. His sister kept his lodge for him, since she was his only living relative. The youth, whose name was Teâm (Moose), had the protection of

¹This tale is an American Indian version of Cinderella.



a great Chînu (wizard) who had given him the power of assuming the form of a moose or of making himself invisible. So it happened that none of the maidens of the village had ever seen him. Since he was said to be handsome, and since the maidens knew his lodge always to be well provided with food and soft furs, there was great excitement when his sister announced that her brother Teâm desired to be married and would take as wife the first maiden who could see him.

The young women flocked to the lodge of Teâm to try their luck. His sister received all of the visitors kindly and entertained them until near sunset. Then, when it was time for her brother to return from the hunt, she would invite them to walk

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with her down to the road that led from the forest. As soon as she saw her brother approaching, for to her he was always visible, she would ask the maidens, "Do you see my brother coming?" Some said they could see him, others confessed they could not. Then, to those who thought they saw him, or pretended they could do so, she would add, "Tell me, of what is his great bow made?" They would answer that it was this kind of wood, or that kind of wood, but their answers always told her that they had not really seen her brother. Nevertheless she would reply, "Since you see him, let us go back to the wigwam."

Back in the wigwam she would invite them to be seated on her side of the great fire. Then her brother would enter, go to his side of the lodge, and the maidens would see his catch of game as it fell from his shoulder to the ground. He would draw off his wet moccasins and hand them to his sister, and when they touched her hand and were hung before the fire to dry, the maidens could see them also. But Teâm they could not see. Sometimes the girls would stay and help prepare the supper but never did they see Teâm. When the food was taken to his side of the lodge, they could not see it after he had touched any utensil or food. Disappointed, they would finally go home.

So it went on for many moons until nearly all of the maidens in the village and in the neighboring villages had tried to see Teâm, and failed. Finally, the two sisters of Wonban dressed themselves in their best robes of deerskin, wound strings of colored shells about their throats and in their long hair, and went to visit the sister of Teâm. But it befell them as it had all

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the others, and though they declared that they could see the hunter, their answers proved that they did not speak the truth.

After they went home, they talked continuously of the lodge of Teâm and his sister, until Wonban decided that she, too, must have a glimpse of that wonderful wigwam. The eldest sister laughed, saying, "How can such a mouse as you hope to see Teâm, when even we could catch no glimpse of him?"

"Nay," answered Wonban, "while it may be that I cannot see the mighty hunter, I hope his sister will receive me and I may catch a glimpse of the beautiful lodge with its rich robes of fur, of which all the maidens speak."

The sisters said no more but they would not lend Wonban a dress; so she had to make one of birch bark, and upon her feet she wore an old pair of her father's moccasins. She tried to arrange her hair but it was thin and uneven, and the string of tiny shells she wound in her hair made it seem even duller by contrast. Nevertheless she started out, deaf to the unkind remarks of the people in the village, who made fun of her queer dress and the misfit moccasins.

"Of course I shall not be able to see Teâm," she thought, "but just to help prepare his supper and see that wonderful wigwam will be joy enough to remember for many days."

At last she came to the wigwam. While she hesitated at the entrance, the sister of Teâm saw her and welcomed her in kindly fashion, asking her to sit by the fire. Soon she had her talking of her life at home, but Wonban said nothing of the unkindness of her sisters to her. About sunset the two maidens walked toward the forest. When the sister saw her brother coming she

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said, "Teâm is coming. Can you see him yonder on the path?"

Looking toward the forest, Wonban's eyes opened in wonder, as she replied, "Yes, I see the shining one."

"Tell me then," replied the sister, noting the excitement of her companion, "of what is his hunter's bow made that he carries now in his hand?"

"It is the rainbow!" whispered Wonban.

"Ah, then you do truly see him," replied his sister. "It is given only to one who is good and true at heart to see my brother. Now let us hasten home ahead and prepare for his coming."

So the two maidens hurried back to the wigwam, where the sister filled a great basin with heated water, into which she poured a sweet-smelling liquid from an earthen pot. She then stripped her guest of her poor, ragged clothing and bade her bathe. The scented water took the weariness from Wonban's thin little body and washed away the scars from her face and hands, making her cheeks glow with healthy color. Then the sister dressed Wonban in a robe of soft white buckskin, worked in quills and beads, and deeply fringed. Such a garment little Wonban had never imagined, much less seen!

"And now for your hair," cried the sister, bringing forth a comb. Under the magic touch of the comb the thin drab hair grew shiny, long, and heavy, so that it made a soft crown upon her head when the sister had braided it and caught it up with loops of delicately colored shells.

Her toilet finished, the maiden was told to occupy the side of the wigwam where the brother would sit, and to take the wife's place on a fur rug near the door.

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Scarcely was she seated when Teâm entered. Laughing, he looked down at the young girl, saying, "Wajoolkoos (So we are found, are we)?" "Alajul aa (Yes)," answered Wonban, wondering whether even now she was beautiful enough for the shining Teâm. But at once her fears were set at rest for he asked her to stay always in his wigwam as his wife.

Meantime the father of Wonban had come home from his hunting. When he found his youngest daughter absent, he asked her sisters what had become of her. "She went out," they answered, "and though we called her to come back, she would not obey." The father was worried, and at last set out to search for her. All through the village he went, and finally came to the wigwam of Teâm, whence came the sounds of laughter and rejoicing. Stepping within, he found his daughter feasting with Teâm and his sister. At first he did not recognize his child, she had been so transformed. But she ran to him and begged his consent to her marriage. This he gladly gave, counseling her to remain and be a good and dutiful wife. But what the elder sisters thought when he reached home and told them that Wonban was now the wife of Teâm, that the story does not tell.





JERUSALEM ARTIE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

JULIA DARROW COWLES

JERUSALEM ARTIE sat on the doorstep of his mammy's cabin, buried in thought. It was a very unusual condition for Jerusalem Artie, but then, the occasion was an unusual one. The next day would be Christmas.

Presently he looked up. "Mammy," he questioned, "what's we-all a-gwine hab fo' Chris-mus dinnah?"

"Lan' sakes, chile," his mammy answered, "how-all's I a-gwine know dat? Yo' pappy ain't got nuthin' yit, an' I ain't a-reckonin' he will git nuthin'."

Jerusalem Artie looked down, and was once more lost in thought.

He made a comical little figure there on the doorstep, but to this fact both he and his mammy were blissfully oblivious. On his head he wore an old straw hat which his pappy had discarded for a fur cap at the approach of winter weather. In the

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.

spring the exchange would be made again, and Jerusalem Artie would wear the fur. But this did not trouble the boy. When it grew too hot, he left off any sort of head covering; and when it grew too cold, he wrapped one of mammy's gay bandanas about his woolly head, and set the battered straw on top of that.

His shirt, and his one-sided suspenders, and even the trousers that he wore, had also belonged to his pappy. As Jerusalem Artie was only eight years old, the trousers were a trifle long. He had once suggested cutting them off, but his mammy had objected.

"Co'se yo' cain't, chile! Yo' pappy might hab to weah dem pants some mo' hisself yit, an' how-all'd he look den?"

The question was unanswerable.

"An' what-all'd I weah den?" he had queried, dismayed at the possibility.

"How-all yo' s'pose I's a-gwine know dat?" his mammy had responded. "Maybe yo' skin."

So Jerusalem Artie had rolled, and rolled, and rolled the bottom of the trouser legs till his little black toes emerged from the openings.

But now, as he sat on the doorstep, his mind was not upon his clothes, not even upon the offending trousers. It was upon the Christmas dinner for which he was longing, but which did not exist.

"All neighbo' folks a-gwine hab Chris'mus dinnahs," he was saying to himself. "Boys done tol' me so. An' we's gwine hab Chris'mus dinnah, too," he added, straightening up suddenly.

He got up from the doorstep and started slowly toward the

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bit of tangled underbrush that grew back of the cabin. He did not know, yet, where the Christmas dinner was coming from. He had gotten no further than the resolve that there should be one.

"Folks hab turkey, er goose," he was saying to himself, "er chicken, er—rabbit pie," he ended with a sudden whoop, and made a dash toward the tangled brush, for, at that very moment, a rabbit's white flag of a tail had flashed before his eyes.

"Hi, yo' Molly Cottontail, I git yo' fo' a pie!" yelled Jerusalem Artie, and the chase was on.

Into the brush dashed Molly, and after her came Jerusalem Artie; and, as he ran, one leg of his trousers began to unroll. But there was no time to stop.

Molly Cottontail had the advantage, but Jerusalem Artie's eyes were sharp, and Molly's white flag led him on. Molly slid beneath the tangled brush, and Jerusalem Artie made desperate leaps above it, each leap marked by a flying trouser leg.

Suddenly Molly doubled on her tracks, for her pursuer was close at hand. Jerusalem Artie attempted to do the same, but his free foot became entangled with the elongated leg, and down went Jerusalem Artie—squarely on top of Molly Cottontail.

It pretty well knocked the breath out of both of them, but Jerusalem Artie recovered first, naturally, for he was on top.

"Chris'mus pie! Chris'mus pie!" he squealed, as he wriggled one hand cautiously beneath him and got a good firm hold of Molly's long ears. Then carefully he got upon his feet.

The rabbit hung limp from his hand. "Knocked yo' breaf' clean out fo' suah!" he exclaimed, surveying his prize.

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Then slowly he made his way to the road, for the chase had taken him some distance from the cabin, and the dragging trouser leg made walking difficult.

Reaching the roadside, he held aloft the still limp rabbit, surveying it with a grin of satisfaction.

"Reckon she's done fo' as suah as I's a niggah chile," he soliloquized; and laying his Christmas dinner on the grass beside him, he proceeded to roll up the entangling trouser leg.

While he was in the midst of this occupation there was a startling "honk, honk," close at hand and a big red motor car flashed into sight.

The sudden noise startled Jerusalem Artie. It also startled Molly Cottontail. Her limp, and apparently lifeless, body gathered itself, leaped, and cleared the roadway, barely escaping the wheels of the big red motor car as it flashed by.

Jerusalem Artie rose to his feet, the trouser leg half rolled, and shrieked: "M' Chris'mus dinnah! M' Chris'mus dinnah!" for Molly Cottontail had disappeared.

As he stood looking helplessly after the offending cause of his loss, a man in the back seat turned, laughed, and, leaning over the side of the car, threw something bright and shining back into the road.

Jerusalem Artie pounced upon the spot, dug with his disentangled toes in the dust, and brought to view a silver half-dollar.

"Chris'mus dinnah yit," he exclaimed, "as suah as I'se a niggah chile!"

Then, with the half-dollar held hard between his teeth, he finished rolling up the leg of his trousers.



“Mammy,” he cried, a moment later, as, dusty and breathless, he reappeared in the cabin doorway, “see what-all I foun’ in de road.”

And Mammy’s look of dark suspicion faded as Jerusalem Artie recounted his brief and tragic adventure with Molly Cottontail.

“Yo-all’s a honey chile,” said Mammy, when he had concluded; “an’ we-all’s a-gwine right now an’ git a plumb fat chickun.”

The next day, as Mammy cleared away the remains of the Christmas dinner, she said: “Now, chile, yo’ c’n tote dese yere chickun bones out on de do’step an’ gnaw ’em clean. An’, Jerus’lem Artie, yo’ pappy say yo’ c’n cut off de laigs o’ dem pants, an’ hab ’em fo’ yo’self.”

MURDOCH'S RATH¹

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

THERE was not a nicer boy in all Ireland than Pat, and clever at his trade, too, if only he'd had one.

But from his cradle he learned nothing (small blame to him with no one to teach him!), so when he came to years of discretion, he earned his living by running messages for his neighbors; and Pat could always be trusted to make the best of a bad bargain, and bring back all the change, for he was the soul of honesty and good nature.

It's no wonder then that he was beloved by everyone, and got as much work as he could do, and if the pay had but fitted the work he'd have been mighty comfortable; but as it was, what he got wouldn't have kept him in shoe leather but for making both ends meet by wearing his shoes in his pocket, except when he was in the town, and obliged to look genteel for the credit of the place he came from.

Well, all was going on as peaceable as could be till one market-day, when business (or it may have been pleasure) detained him till the heel of the evening, and by nightfall, when he began to make the road short in good earnest, he was so flustered, rehearsing his messages to make sure he'd forgotten nothing, that he never bethought him to leave off his brogues, but tramped

¹A rath is a kind of moat-surrounded spot much favored by Irish fairies. The ditch is generally overgrown with furze bushes.

From *Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales*. Boston: Little Brown & Company.

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on just as if shoe leather were made to be knocked to bits on the king's highway.

And this was what he was after saying:

"A dozen hanks of gray yarn for Mistress Murphy."

"Three gross of bright buttons for the tailor."

"Half an ounce of throat drops for Father Andrew, and an ounce of snuff for his housekeeper," and so on.

For these were what he went to the town to fetch, and he was afraid lest one of the lot might have slipped his memory.

Now everybody knows there are two ways home from the town; and that's not meaning the right way and the wrong way, which my grandmother (rest her soul!) said there was to every place but one that it's not genteel to name. (There could only be a wrong way *there*, she said.) The two ways home from the town were the highway and the way by Murdoch's Rath.

Murdoch's Rath was a pleasant enough spot in the daytime, but not many persons cared to go by it when the sun was down. And in all the years Pat was going backwards and forwards, he never once came home except by the highroad till this unlucky evening, when, just at the place where the two roads part, he got, as one may say, into a sort of confusion.

"Halt!" says he to himself (for his own uncle had been a soldier, and Pat knew the word of command). "The left-hand turn is the right one," says he, and he was going down the highroad as straight as he could go, when suddenly he bethought himself. "And what am I doing?" he says. "This was my left hand going to town, and how in the name of fortune could it be my left going back, considering that I've turned round? It's



well that I looked into it in time." And with that he went off as fast down the other road as he had started down this.

But how far he walked he never could tell, before all of a sudden the moon shone out as bright as day, and Pat found himself in Murdoch's Rath.

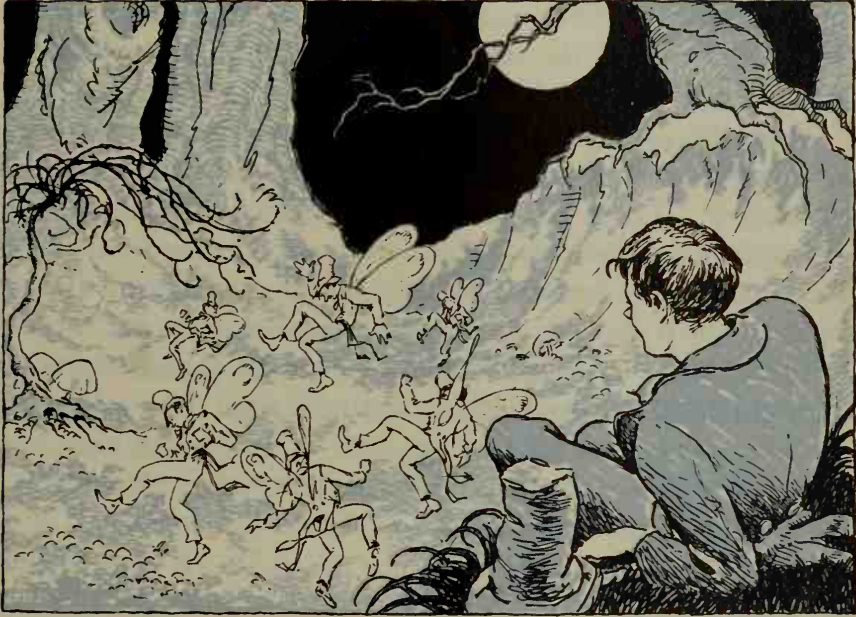
And this was the smallest part of the wonder; for the Rath was full of fairies.

When Pat got in they were dancing round and round till his feet tingled to look at them, being a good dancer himself. And as he sat on the side of the Rath and snapped his fingers to mark the time, the dancing stopped, and a little man comes up, in a black hat and a green coat, with white stockings, and red shoes on his feet.

"Won't you take a turn with us, Pat?" says he, bowing till he nearly touched the ground. And, indeed, he had not far to go, for he was barely two feet high.

"Don't say it twice, sir," says Pat. "It's myself will be proud to foot the floor wid ye"; and before you could look round, he had followed the little man, and there was Pat in the circle dancing away for bare life.

At first his feet felt like feathers for lightness, and it seemed as if he could have gone on forever. But at last he grew tired, and would have liked to stop, but the fairies would not, and so they danced on and on. Pat tried to think of something good to say, that he might free himself from the spell, but all he could think of was to say over and over:



“A dozen hanks of gray yarn for Missis Murphy.”

“Three gross of bright buttons for the tailor.”

“Half an ounce of throat drops for Father Andrew, and an ounce of snuff for his housekeeper,” and so on.

And it seemed to Pat that the moon was on the one side of the Rath when they began to dance, and on the other side when they left off; but he could not be sure after all that going round. One thing was plain enough. He danced every bit of leather off the soles of his feet, and they were blistered so that he could hardly stand; but all the little folk did was to stand and hold their sides with laughing at him.

At last the one who spoke before stepped up to him, and—

"Don't break your heart about it, Pat," says he; "I'll lend you my own shoes till the morning, for you seem to be a good-natured sort of a boy."

Well, Pat looked at the fairy man's shoes, that were the size of a baby's, and he looked at his own feet; but not wishing to be uncivil, "Thank ye kindly, sir," says he. "And if your honor'll be good enough to put them on for me, maybe you won't spoil the shape." For he thought to himself, "Small blame to me if the little gentleman can't get them to fit."

With that he sat down on the side of the Rath, and the fairy man put on the shoes for him, and no sooner did they touch Pat's feet than they became altogether a convenient size, and fitted him like wax. And, more than that, when he stood up, he didn't feel his blisters at all.

"Bring 'em back to the Rath at sunrise, Pat, my boy," says the little man.

And as Pat was climbing over the ditch, "Look round, Pat," says he. And when Pat looked round, there were jewels and pearls lying at the roots of the furze bushes on the ditch, as thick as peas.

"Will you help yourself, or take what's given ye, Pat?" says the fairy man.

"Did I ever learn manners?" says Pat. "Would you have me help myself before company? I'll take what your honor pleases to give me, and be thankful."

The fairy man picked a lot of yellow furze blossoms from the bushes, and filled Pat's pockets.

"Keep 'em for love, Pat, me darlin'," says he.

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Pat would have liked some of the jewels, but he put the furze blossoms by for love.

“Good evening to your honor,” says he.

“And where are you going, Pat, dear?” says the fairy man.

“I’m going home,” says Pat. And if the fairy man didn’t know where that was, small blame to him.

“Just let me dust them shoes for ye, Pat,” says the fairy man. And as Pat lifted up each foot he breathed on it, and dusted it with the tail of his green coat.

“Home!” says he, and when he let go, Pat was at his own doorstep before he could look round, and his parcels safe and sound with him.

Next morning he was up with the sun, and carried the fairy man’s shoes back to the Rath. As he came up, the little man looked over the ditch.

“The top of the morning to your honor,” says Pat; “here’s your shoes.”

“You’re an honest boy, Pat,” says the little gentleman. “It’s inconvenienced I am without them for I have but the one pair. Have you looked at the yellow flowers this morning?” he says.

“I have not, sir,” says Pat; “I’d be loath to deceive you. I came off as soon as I was up.”

“Be sure to look when you get back, Pat,” says the fairy man, “and good luck to ye.”

With which he disappeared, and Pat went home. He looked for the furze blossoms, as the fairy man told him, and there’s not a word of truth in this tale if they weren’t all pure gold pieces. Great, shining round pieces of gold they were.

Well, now Pat was so rich he went to the shoemaker to order another pair of brogues, and being a kindly, gossiping boy, the shoemaker soon learned the whole story of the fairy man and the Rath. And this so stirred up the shoemaker's greed that he resolved to go the next night himself, to see if he could not dance with the fairies and have like luck.

He found his way to the Rath all correct, and sure enough the fairies were dancing, and they asked him to join. He danced the soles off his brogues, as Pat did, and the fairy man lent him his shoes, and sent him home in a twinkling.

As he was going over the ditch, he looked round, and saw the roots of the furze bushes glowing with precious stones as if they had been glowworms.

"Will you help yourself, or take what's given ye?" said the fairy man.

"I'll help myself, if you please," said the cobbler, for he thought—"If I can't get more than Pat brought home, my fingers must all be thumbs."

So he drove his hand into the bushes, and if he didn't get plenty, it wasn't for want of grasping.

When he got up in the morning, he went straight to the jewels. But not a stone of the lot was more precious than roadside pebbles. "I ought not to look till I come from the Rath," said he. "It's best to do like Pat all through."

But he made up his mind not to return the fairy man's shoes.

"Who knows the virtue that's in them?" he said. So he made a small pair of red leather shoes, as like them as could be, and he blacked the others upon his feet, that the fairies might not



know them, and at sunrise he went to the Rath.

The fairy man was looking over the ditch, as before.

“Good morning to you,” said he.

“The top of the morning to you, sir,” said the cobbler; “here’s your shoes.” And he handed him the pair that he had made, with a face as grave as a judge.

The fairy man looked at them, but he said nothing, though he did not put them on.

“Have you looked at the things you got last night?” says he.

“I’ll not deceive you, sir,” says the cobbler. “I came off as

soon as I was up. Sorra peep I took at them before I left."

"Be sure to look when you get back," says the fairy man. And just as the cobbler was getting over the ditch to go home, he says, "If my eyes don't deceive me," says he, "there's the least taste in life of dirt on your left shoe. Let me dust it with the tail of my coat."

"That means home in a twinkling," thought the cobbler, and he held up his foot.

The fairy man dusted it, and muttered something the cobbler did not hear. Then, "Sure," says he, "it's the dirty pastures that you've come through, for the other shoe's as bad."

So the cobbler held up his right foot, and the fairy man rubbed that with the tail of his green coat.

When all was done, the cobbler's feet seemed to tingle, and then to itch, and then to smart, and then to burn. And at last he began to dance, and he danced all round the Rath (the fairy man laughing and holding his sides), and then round and round again. And he danced till he cried out with weariness and tried to shake the shoes off. But they stuck fast, and the fairies drove him over the ditch, and through the prickly furze bushes, and he danced away. Where he danced to, I cannot tell you. Whether he ever got rid of the fairy shoes, I do not know. The jewels never were more than wayside pebbles, and they were swept out when his cabin was cleaned, which was not too soon, you may be sure.

All this happened long ago; but there are those who say that the covetous cobbler dances still, between sunset and sunrise, round and round about Murdoch's Rath.



JACK JACKDAW

W. H. HUDSON



MY NEIGHBOR, Mr. Redburn, owned a jackdaw, a charming fellow, full of fun, with uncut wings, so that he was free to go and come as he pleased; but he was a home-loving bird, very affectionate, though loving mischief too, and never happier than when his kind master allowed him to use his head as a perch.

One day, when Mr. Redburn was busy in his study, his little daughter aged seven came crying to him to complain that Jack was plaguing her so! He wanted to pull the buttons off her shoes, and because she wouldn't let him he pecked her ankles, and it hurt her so and made her cry. He gave her his stick and told her, with a laugh, to give Jack a good smart rap on the head with it, and that would make him behave himself. He never for a moment imagined that such a clever quick bird as Jack would allow himself to be struck by a little girl with a long walking stick. Nevertheless this incredible thing happened, and the stick actually came down on Jack's head; the child screamed and, running to her, he found her crying, and Jack lying to all appearance dead on the floor! They took him up tenderly and examined him, and said he was really and truly dead, and then tenderly, sorrowfully, put him down again. All at once, to their surprise and delight, he opened his mischievous little gray eyes and looked at his friends standing over him.

From *The Disappointed Squirrel*, by W. H. Hudson. Copyright 1925, Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., New York.



Then he got up on his legs and began rocking his head from side to side, after which he shook his feathers two or three times, then tried to scratch his head with his claw, but didn't succeed. He was in a queer state, and didn't know what had happened to him; but he soon recovered, and was just as fond of his little playmate as ever, although he never again tried to pull her buttons off nor

did he again attempt to peck her ankles.

Some time after this Jack disappeared for a day or two, and was brought back by a boy of the village, who was warmly thanked and rewarded with a few pennies. From that day every little boy who was so lucky as to find Jack out of bounds, and could catch him, expected a reward on taking him to the house; and as the little boys were all very poor and hungry for sweets, they were always on the lookout for Jack, and went about with something in their ragged little pockets to try to get him into their cottages. Every day Jack was lost and found again, until good Mr. Redburn, who was not rich, decided that he could not afford to keep so expensive a pet; and so Jack was given to a gentleman who had a pet daw of his own and wanted another. In his new home he had nice large grounds with big trees, and Jack with a chum of his own tribe was very happy until his end.

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APRIL'S ORDER

S AID little Madam April
 To the mighty Weather Man:
 "I'd like to have you send me
 As promptly as you can
 A million yards of bluest sky,
 A box of gentle showers,
 (And please omit the Winter frost
 That bites the little flowers);

"I want a lot of sunshine
 I can sprinkle all around.
 It makes the people happy
 And fixes up the ground
 Where I shall start a million seeds—
 The garden kind, you know—
 And Summertime will bring them up
 The way they ought to go.

"I've thirty April children
 That I'll pay you with this year;
 They're not exactly perfect,
 But much admired, I hear.
 Although they're temperamental, they
 Are pleasing, as a rule,
 And out of thirty children there
 Is only one—a Fool."

NAN TERRELL REED

From *Verse*. Copyright *New York Times*. By permission of the author.





THE ALLIGATOR AND THE JACKAL

MARY FRERE

A HUNGRY Jackal once went down to the riverside in search of little crabs, bits of fish, and whatever else he could find for his dinner. Now it chanced that in this river there lived a great big Alligator, who, being also very hungry, would have been extremely glad to eat the Jackal.

The Jackal ran up and down, here and there, but for a long time could find nothing to eat. At last, close to where the Alligator was lying among some tall bulrushes under the clear shallow water, he saw a little crab sidling along as fast as his legs could carry him. The Jackal was so hungry that when he saw this, he poked his paw into the water to try and catch the crab, when SNAP! the old Alligator caught hold of him. "Oh dear!" thought the Jackal to himself, "What can I do? This great big Alligator has caught my paw in his mouth, and in another minute he will drag me down by it under the water and kill me. My only chance is to make him think he has made a mistake." So he called out in a cheerful voice, "Clever Alligator, clever Alligator, to catch hold of a bulrush root instead of my paw! I hope you find it very tender." The Alligator, who was so buried among the bulrushes that he could hardly

From Old Deccan Days.

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see, thought, on hearing this, "Dear me, how tiresome! I fancied I had caught hold of the Jackal's paw; but there he is, calling out in a cheerful voice; I suppose I must have seized a bulrush root instead, as he says." And he let the Jackal go.

The Jackal ran away as fast as he could, crying, "O wise Alligator, wise Alligator! So you let me go again!" Then the Alligator was very vexed, but the Jackal had run away too far to be caught. Next day the Jackal returned to the riverside to get his dinner, as before; but because he was very much afraid of the Alligator, he called out, "Whenever I go to look for my dinner, I see the nice little crabs peeping up through the mud; then I catch them and eat them. I wish I could see one now."

The Alligator, who was buried in the mud at the bottom of the river, heard every word. So he popped the little point of his snout above the water, thinking, "If I do but just show the tip of my nose, the Jackal will take me for a crab and put in his paw to catch me, and as soon as ever he does I'll gobble him up."

But no sooner did the Jackal see the little tip of the Alligator's nose than he called out, "Aha, my friend, there you are! No dinner for me in this part of the river then, I think." And so saying he ran farther on, and fished for his dinner a long way from that place. The Alligator was very angry at missing his prey a second time, and determined not to let him escape again.

So, on the following day when his little tormentor returned to the waterside, the Alligator hid himself close to the bank in order to catch him if he could. Now the Jackal was rather afraid of going near the river, for he thought, "Perhaps this

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Alligator will catch me today." But yet, being hungry, he did not wish to go without his dinner; so to make all as safe as he could, he cried, "Where are all the little crabs gone? There is not one here, and I am so hungry; and generally, even when they are under water, one can see them going bubble, bubble, bubble, bubble, and all the little bubbles go pop! pop! pop! pop!"

On hearing this the Alligator, who was buried in the mud under the river bank, thought, "I will pretend to be a little crab." And he began to blow, "Puff, puff, puff! Bubble, bubble, bubble!" and all the great big bubbles rushed to the surface of the river and burst there, and the waters eddied round and round like a whirlpool; and there was such a commotion when the huge monster began to blow bubbles in this way, that the Jackal saw very well who must be there, and he ran away as fast as he could, saying, "Thank you, kind Alligator, thank you; thank you. Indeed, I would not have come here had I known you were so close."

This enraged the Alligator extremely; it made him quite cross to think of being so often deceived by a little Jackal, and he said to himself, "I will be taken in no more. Next time I will be very cunning." So for a long time he waited and waited for the Jackal to return to the riverside; but the Jackal did not come, for he had thought to himself, "If matters go on in this way, I shall some day be caught and eaten by the wicked old Alligator. I had better content myself with living on wild figs," and he went no more near the river, but stayed in the jungles and ate wild figs, and roots which he dug up.



When the Alligator found this out, he determined to try and catch the Jackal on land; so, going under the largest of the wild fig trees, where the ground was covered with the fallen fruit, he collected a quantity of it together, and, burying himself under the great heap, waited for the Jackal to appear. But no sooner did the Jackal see this great heap of wild figs all collected together, than he thought, "That looks very like my friend the Alligator." And to discover if it was so or not he called out, "The juicy little wild figs I love to eat always tumble down from the tree, and roll here and there as the wind drives them; but this great heap of figs is quite still; these cannot be good figs, I will not eat any of them." "Ho-ho!" thought the Alligator, "is that all? How suspicious this Jackal is! I will make the figs roll about a little then, and when he sees that he will doubtless come and eat them."

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So the great beast shook himself, and all the heap of little figs went roll, roll, roll; some a mile this way, some a mile that, farther than they had ever rolled before or than the most blustering wind could have driven them!

Seeing this the Jackal scampered away, saying, "I am so much obliged to you, Alligator, for letting me know you are there, for indeed I should hardly have guessed it. You were so buried under that heap of figs." The Alligator hearing this was so angry that he ran after the Jackal, but the latter ran very, very fast away, too quickly to be caught.

Then the Alligator said to himself, "I will not allow that little wretch to make fun of me another time, and then run away out of reach; I will show him that I can be more cunning than he fancies." And early the next morning he crawled as fast as he could to the Jackal's den (which was a hole in the side of a hill) and crept into it, and hid himself, waiting for the Jackal, who was out, to return home. But when the Jackal got near the place he looked about him and thought, "Dear me, the ground looks as if some heavy creature had been walking over it, and here are great clods of earth knocked down from each side of the door of my den as if a very big animal had been trying to squeeze himself through it. I certainly will not go inside until I know that all is safe there." So he called out, "Little house, pretty house, my sweet little house, why do you not give an answer when I call? If I come, and all is safe and right, you always call out to me. Is anything wrong, that you do not speak?"

Then the Alligator, who was inside, thought, "If that is the

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case I had better call out, that he may fancy all is right in his house." And in as gentle a voice as he could, he said, "Sweet little Jackal."

At hearing these words the Jackal felt quite frightened, and thought to himself, "So the dreadful old Alligator is there! I must try to kill him if I can, for if I do not he will certainly catch and kill me some day." He therefore answered, "Thank you, my dear little house. I like to hear your pretty voice. I am coming in in a minute, but first I must collect firewood to cook my dinner." And he ran as fast as he could, and dragged all the dry branches and bits of stick he could find close up to the mouth of the den. Meantime the Alligator inside kept as quiet as a mouse, but he could not help laughing a little to himself as he thought, "So I have deceived this tiresome little Jackal at last. In a few minutes he will run in here, and then won't I snap him up!" When the Jackal had gathered together all the sticks he could find, and put them round the mouth of his den, he set them alight and pushed them as far into it as possible. There was such a quantity of them that they soon blazed up into a great fire, and the smoke and flames filled the den and smothered the wicked old Alligator, and burnt him to death, while the little Jackal ran up and down outside, dancing for joy and singing—

"How do you like my house, my friend? Is it nice and warm? Ding, dong! ding, dong! Is it nice and warm? Ding, dong! ding, dong!

"He will trouble me no more. I have defeated my enemy! Ring a ting! ding a ting! ding, ding, dong!"



YET GENTLE WILL THE GRIFFIN BE

What Grandpa Told the Children

THE moon? It is a griffin's egg,
 Hatching tomorrow night.
 And how the little boys will watch
 With shouting and delight
 To see him break the shell and stretch
 And creep across the sky.
 The boys will laugh. The little girls,
 I fear, may hide and cry.
 Yet gentle will the griffin be,
 Most decorous and fat,
 And walk up to the Milky Way
 And lap it like a cat.

VACHEL LINDSAY

From *Collected Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.



THE WATER CARNIVAL

HERE they come, down the home stretch!
 "Come on, Number One, come on! No fair, Number Two. You are using your wings! Rule him out, judge, he's not running fair!"

This is no ordinary swimming meet with a gay, noisy crowd urging the racers on. No, this is a water carnival on the old mill pond and just now two water striders, their hairy feet supporting them upon the surface of the water, are darting

toward the goal line. One uses his wings to get ahead faster. The judges will surely rule him out, for his opponent is wingless.

There are the judges: two giant water bugs. One of them is busy lunching on a snail but the other—is he swimming out to tell the flying water strider what he thinks of his unsportsman-like behavior?

And here is another event starting. The back swimmer has challenged a water boatman, and they are off in a mad race across the pond. There they go under water; you can follow them by the silvery shine of little air bubbles that cling to them. Now they are on the surface again with the back swimmer a length ahead.

Scarcely is this race over when the judges call for the water police to clear the pond of bits of weed and tiny insects that block the course, and at once a corps of scavenger beetles is at work. It takes no time for them to clear the pond for the famous Beetle Brothers Act. While brother Diving Beetle gives an exhibition of fancy diving, his brother Whirligig, in blue-black costume, plays the clown, spinning round and round at a pace that makes it hard for folk with only two eyes to follow him. Of course, Whirligig is luckier than we, for his eyes are divided so that he has really four eyes, one pair to see above the water and a pair to search beneath the surface.

Why, what has happened? They are all scattering as if—yes, there he comes, the big mud turtle, cutting through the pond like a big sea-going tug. Not that he would care to eat anything as tough as Whirligig and his brother, but they are taking no chances. The swimming meet is over.

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THE CASTLE UNDER THE SEA¹



IN THE sunny land of France, in ages past, there lived a lovely princess, who was as good as she was beautiful, which is a way of saying that she was very good indeed. Nevertheless she managed somehow to annoy the evil sea spirits and, in revenge, they drew her and her castle beneath the sea. There she had to live until some brave man should rescue her, and many seasons went by without anyone attempting this adventure.

Nor was this great wonder, since only on St. John's Eve did the waters part and leave a free road to the castle. At the first stroke of midnight the waters rolled back and anyone who could reach the castle while the clock was striking and gain possession of a magic ring hidden somewhere within its walls would not only gain great fortune, but also save both the princess and her castle. But should the hardy adventurer fail to discover the ring before the last stroke of midnight, the returning waves would engulf him and never again would he see the light of day.

Some few brave knights tried the rescue of the fair princess but none of them returned to tell what they saw beneath the green waters. At last the story of the princess beneath the sea seemed but a legend and no man would risk his life to obtain her release.

Now in that land lived an old knight who had fallen on evil days. All that remained to him was one bit of poor land, on which he could raise barely enough to feed his wife and son,

Recounted from a French legend by J. M. Comault, quoted in Sebillot's *Le Folk-lore de France*.

and a tiny hut, scarce large enough to shelter them. The boy did his best to help his father but despite all he could contrive to do they grew poorer and poorer.

One night, as they sat about the fire in their hut, the old knight happened to tell the tale of the princess who lived beneath the sea.

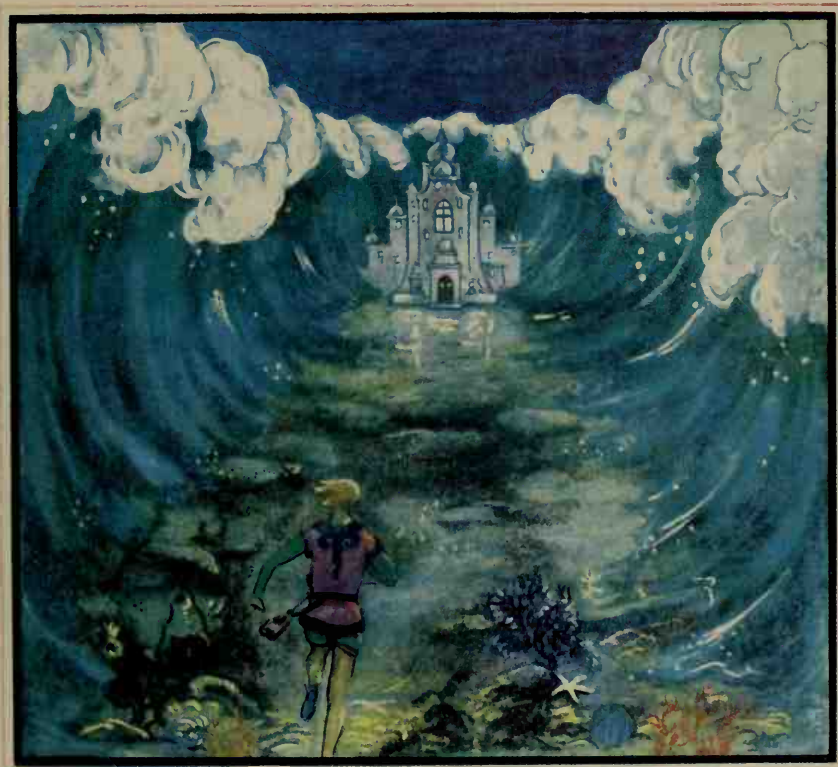
"Is that tale really true, father?" asked the lad.

"I do not know, my son," answered the old knight. "But perhaps if we were at the sea we might watch on St. John's Eve and see whether or no the waves part, as the legend says."

Although the lad knew his father was making sport of him, he could not get the tale of the undersea castle out of his mind, for he thought that if he could but find the magic ring, his parents could live in comfort for the remainder of their lives. As St. John's Eve approached he realized that he would never be at peace until he had tested the truth of the tale.

When the night came at last, the lad slipped away and hurried to the sea many miles from his home. Although it was a long distance he managed to reach the shore just as the clock gave the first stroke of midnight. At once the waves rolled apart at his very feet, making a broad path between two tall walls of green water and, at the far end, there stood the great castle illumined by a thousand lights. On a balcony stood the lovely princess, her hands stretched out in supplication for the aid which she had awaited so many weary years.

Almost before he had seen all this the lad was running down the pathway and at the sixth ring of the bell he crossed the entrance step of the castle. To him came the voice of the



princess imploring his aid, but he stopped not to speak with her for her safety as well as his own depended upon his finding the ring.

Into the great hall he ran, but no ring was there. Wondering which way to turn, he caught the faint sound of the seventh clang of the great bell. There was no time to waste! Into the room on his right dashed the youth. The great table was set for a banquet but the sideboard was bare and no ring could he

find. "Eight!" chimed the bell, as he turned and made his way to the room beyond.

He found himself in the kitchen. Surely no ring would be hid there, and he retraced his steps as the echo of the ninth sounding of the bell floated to his ears. Across the great hall he made his way to a large book-lined room, and here he lingered, hoping to find the desired treasure hidden in some nook. "Ten!" sang the bell, and then, just as he gave up hope and started to save himself by flight, "Eleven!" threatened the bell. But instead of reaching the great hall and making his escape, the lad noticed a door that he had overlooked before.

"Rather perish in a brave attempt than give up," he thought, and flung open the door. Just then, "Twelve!" boomed the bell, triumphant. But even as it sounded, the lad had dashed forward and grasped a brilliantly shining ring that lay upon a silken cushion in the middle of a great table within the room.

Lifting this ring high, he dashed toward the entrance. The great walls of water had begun to close in upon the castle again, but the lad waved his ring aloft, shouting, "Back! Back, I command you!" And the waters fell back.

Then came the sounds of terrible growls and screams as the wild sea spirits dashed upon him and would have overcome him, had he not waved the ring in their faces so that they were forced to their knees. Nor would he let them depart until they had conveyed the castle and all it contained far up on the shore beyond the reach of the highest tide.

Not until then had the lad dared think of the princess, but once the castle was safely upon land again, he sought the fair chate-

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laine of the domain. He found her in the room where he had discovered the ring, and together they went about the castle, where she was happy to find all her old servitors safe and sound, just as they had been before the castle had been dragged into the sea. The lad then told her of his parents and how he had ventured between the walls of water for their sakes as well as to rescue the princess.

“Then let us hasten to your parents and bring them here where they may live in comfort,” counseled the princess, “and perhaps they will take me for their daughter since I have no living parents of my own.”

The lad was only too glad to follow her advice, and together they made their way to the home of the knight and his wife, reaching there just at sunup. The old woman, who had risen early and gone to wake her son was greatly worried to find his bed had not been slept in. She flung open the door to see if he was in the field, when suddenly, framed by the rosy rays of the rising sun, she saw her boy approaching, hand in hand with the loveliest maiden it had ever been her lot to gaze upon.

She called her husband and together they went forth to meet their boy and his bride, for they were overjoyed to welcome her as their daughter. Before the day had passed they were all at home in the castle, and that night the wedding was celebrated with great joy and pomp.

And if you do not believe this tale, just travel to St. Michel and you will see there the chapel that the lad and his wife and his parents built in thanksgiving because the castle was brought from under the sea on that St. John's Eve, long ago.



THE FEAST OF LANTERNS¹

[Both Japan and China celebrate the Feast of Lanterns. In Japan it is a great Buddhist festival, held in July, when the spirits of ancestors are supposed to revisit household altars. China celebrates two of these festivals. The *Shang-yüan-chieh* comes at the end of the New Year celebration in the first month. The *Chung-yüan-chieh* (Feast of Lanterns), in the seventh month, corresponds to the Japanese feast. With this fête our story deals.]

WANG CHIH was only a poor man, but he had a wife and children to love, and they made him so happy that he would not have changed places with the Emperor himself.

He worked in the fields all day, and at night his wife always had a bowl of rice ready for his supper. And sometimes, for a

¹The Chinese version of Rip Van Winkle.

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treat, she made him some bean soup, or gave him a little dish of fried pork.

But they could not afford pork very often; he generally had to be content with rice.

One morning, as he was setting off to his work, his wife sent Han Chung, his son, running after him to ask him to bring home some firewood.

"I shall have to go up into the mountain for it at noon," he said. "Go and bring me my ax, Han Chung."

Han Chung ran for his father's ax, and Ho-Seen-Ko, his little sister, came out of the cottage with him.

"Remember it is the Feast of Lanterns tonight, father," she said. "Don't fall asleep up on the mountain; we want you to come back and light them for us."

She had a lantern in the shape of a fish, painted red and black and yellow, and Han Chung had a big round one, all bright crimson, to carry in the procession; and, besides that, there were two large lanterns to be hung outside the cottage door as soon as it grew dark.

Wang Chih was not likely to forget the Feast of Lanterns, for the children had talked of nothing else for a month, and he promised to come home as early as he could.

At noontide, when his fellow-laborers gave up working and sat down to rest and eat, Wang Chih took his ax and went up the mountain to find a small tree he might cut down for fuel.

He walked a long way, and at last saw one growing at the mouth of a cave.

"This will be just the thing," he said to himself. But before

striking the first blow he peeped into the cave to see if it were empty.

To his surprise, two old men, with long, white beards, were sitting inside playing chess, as quietly as mice, with their eyes fixed on the chessboard.

Wang Chih knew something of chess, and he stepped in and watched them for a few minutes.

"As soon as they look up I can ask them if I may chop down a tree," he said to himself. But they did not look up, and by and by Wang Chih got so interested in the game that he put down his ax and sat on the floor to watch it better.

The two old men sat cross-legged on the ground, and the chessboard rested on a slab, like a stone table, between them.

On one corner of the slab lay a heap of small, brown objects which Wang Chih took at first to be date stones; but after a time the chess players ate one each, and put one in Wang Chih's mouth, and he found it was not a date stone at all.

It was a delicious kind of sweetmeat, the like of which he had never tasted before; and the strangest thing about it was that it took his hunger and thirst away.

He had been both hungry and thirsty when he came into the cave, as he had not waited to have his midday meal with the other field workers; but now he felt quite comforted and refreshed.

He sat there some time longer, and noticed that as the old men frowned over the chessboard their beards grew longer and longer, until they swept the floor of the cave, and even found their way out of the door of the cave.

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"I hope my beard will never grow as quickly," said Wang Chih, as he rose and took up his ax again.

Then one of the old men spoke for the first time. "Our beards have not grown quickly, young man. How long is it since you came here?"

"About half an hour, I dare say," replied Wang Chih. But as he spoke, the ax crumbled to dust beneath his fingers, and the second chess player laughed and pointed to the little brown sweetmeats on the table.

"Half an hour or half a century—aye, half a thousand years, are all alike to him who tastes of these. Go down into your village and see what has happened since you left it."

So Wang Chih went down as quickly as he could from the mountain, and found the fields where he had worked covered with houses, and a busy town where his own little village had been. In vain he looked for his house, his wife, and his children.

There were strange faces everywhere; and although when evening came the Feast of Lanterns was being held once more, there was no Ho-Seen-Ko carrying her red and yellow fish, or Han Chung with his flaming red ball.

At last he found a woman, a very, very old woman, who told him that when she was a tiny girl she remembered her grandmother saying how, when *she* was a tiny girl, a poor young man had been spirited away by the genii of the mountains, on the day of the Feast of Lanterns, leaving his wife and little children with only a few handfuls of rice in the house.

"Moreover, if you wait while the procession passes, you will see two children dressed to represent Han Chung and Ho-

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Seen-Ko, and their mother carrying the empty rice bowl between them; for this is done every year to remind people to take care of the widow and fatherless," she said. So Wang Chih waited in the street, and in a little while the procession came to an end; and the last three figures in it were a boy and girl, dressed like his own two children, walking on either side of a young woman carrying a rice bowl. But she was not like his wife in anything but her dress, and the children were not at all like Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko; and poor Wang Chih's heart was very heavy as he walked away out of the town.

He slept out on the mountain, and early in the morning found his way back to the cave where the two old men were playing chess.

At first they said they could do nothing for him, and told him to go away and not disturb them; but Wang Chih would not go, and they soon found the only way to get rid of him was to give him some really good advice.

"You must go to the White Hare of the Moon and ask him for a bottle of the elixir of life. If you drink that you will live forever," said one of them.

"But I don't want to live forever," objected Wang Chih. "I wish to go back and live in the days when my wife and children were here."

"Ah, well! For that you must mix the elixir of life with some water out of the sky-dragon's mouth."

"And where is the sky-dragon found?" inquired Wang Chih.

"In the sky, of course. You really ask very stupid questions. He lives in a cloud cave. And when he comes out of it he

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breathes fire and sometimes water. If he is breathing fire you will be burnt up, but if it is only water, you will easily be able to catch some in a little bottle. What else do you want?"

For Wang Chih still lingered at the mouth of the cave.

"I want a pair of wings to fly with and a bottle to catch the water in," he replied boldly.

So they gave him a little bottle; and before he had time to say "Thank you!" a white crane came sailing past, and lighted on the ground close to the cave.

"The crane will take you wherever you like," said the old men. "Go now, and leave us in peace."

So Wang Chih sat on the white crane's back and was taken up, and up, and up through the sky to the cloud cave where the sky-dragon lived. And the dragon had the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a cow, and the claws of a hawk.

Besides this, he had whiskers and a beard, and in his beard was a bright pearl.

All these things show that he was a real, genuine dragon, and if you ever meet a dragon who is not exactly like this, you will know he is only a make-believe one.

Wang Chih felt rather frightened when he perceived the cave in the distance, and if it had not been for the thought of seeing his wife again, and his little boy and girl, he would have been glad to turn back.

While he was far away the cloud cave looked like a dark hole in the midst of a soft, white, woolly mass, such as one sees in the sky on an April day; but as he came nearer he found the

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cloud was as hard as a rock, and covered with a kind of dry, white grass.

When he got there, he sat down on a tuft of grass near the cave, and considered what he should do next.

The first thing was, of course, to bring the dragon out, and the next to make him breathe water instead of fire.

"I have it!" cried Wang Chih at last; and he nodded his head so many times that the white crane expected to see it fall off.

He struck a light and set the grass on fire, and it was so dry that the flames spread all around the entrance to the cave, and made such a smoke and crackling that the sky-dragon put his head out to see what was the matter.

"Ho! ho!" cried the dragon, when he saw what Wang Chih had done. "I can soon put this to rights." And he breathed once, and the water came out his nose and mouth in three streams.

But this was not enough to put the fire out. Then he breathed twice, and the water came out in three mighty rivers, and Wang Chih, who had taken care to fill his bottle when the first stream began to flow, sailed away on the white crane's back as fast as he could, to escape being drowned.

The rivers poured over the cloud rock, until there was not a spark left alight, and rushed down through the sky into the sea.

Fortunately, the sea lay right underneath the dragon's cave, or he would have done some nice mischief. As it was, the people on the coast looked out across the water toward Japan, and saw three black clouds stretching from the sky into the sea.

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"My word! There is a fine rain storm out at sea!" they said.

But, of course, it was nothing of the kind; it was only the sky-dragon putting out the fire Wang Chih had kindled.

Meanwhile, Wang Chih was on his way to the moon, and when he got there he went straight to the hut where the Hare of the Moon lived and knocked at the door.

The Hare was busy pounding the drugs which made up the elixir of life; but he left his work and opened the door and invited Wang Chih to come in.

He was not ugly, like the dragon; his fur was quite white and soft and glossy, and he had lovely, gentle brown eyes.

The Hare of the Moon lives a thousand years, as you know, and when he is five hundred years old he changes his color from brown to white and becomes, if possible, better tempered and nicer than he was before.

As soon as he heard what Wang Chih wanted, he opened two windows at the back of the hut, and told him to look through each of them in turn.

"Tell me what you see," said the Hare, going back to the table where he was pounding the drugs.

"I can see a great many houses and people," said Wang Chih, "and streets—why, this is the town I was in yesterday, the one which has taken the place of my old village."

Wang Chih stared, and grew more and more puzzled. Here he was up in the moon, and yet he could have thrown a stone into the busy street of the Chinese town below his window.

"How does it come here?" he stammered, at last.

"Oh, that is my secret," replied the wise old Hare. "I can do

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many things that would surprise you. But the question is, do you want to go back there?" Wang Chih shook his head.

"Then close the window. It is the window of the Present. And look through the other, which is the window of the Past."

Wang Chih obeyed, and through this window he saw his own little village, and his wife, and Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko jumping about her as she hung up the colored lanterns.

"Father won't be in time to light them for us, after all," Han Chung was saying.

Wang Chih turned and looked eagerly at the White Hare.

"Let me go to them," he said, "I have got a bottle of water from the sky-dragon's mouth, and—"

"That's all right," said the White Hare. "Give it to me."

He opened the bottle and mixed the contents carefully with a few drops of the elixir of life, which was clear as crystal, and of which each drop shone like a diamond as he poured it in.

"Now, drink this," he said to Wang Chih, "and it will give you the power of living once more in the past, as you desire."

Wang Chih held out his hand, and drank every drop.

The moment he had done so the window grew larger, and he saw some steps leading from it down into the village street.

Thanking the Hare, he rushed through it and ran toward his own house, arriving in time to take the taper from his wife's hand with which she was about to light the red and yellow lanterns which swung over the door.

"What has kept you so long, father? Where have you been?" asked Han Chung, while little Ho-Seen-Ko wondered why he kissed and embraced them all so eagerly.



But Wang Chih did not tell them his adventures just then; only when darkness fell, and the Feast of Lanterns began, he took his part in it with a merry heart.

A FEAST OF LANTERNS

IN SPRING for sheer delight
 I set the lanterns swinging through the trees,
 Bright as the myriad argosies of night,
 That ride the clouded billows of the sky.
 Red dragons leap and plunge in gold and silver seas,
 And, O my garden gleaming cold and white,
 Thou hast outshone the far faint moon on high.

YUAN MEI, A.D. 1715-1797

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THE MAGIC FISHBONE

CHARLES DICKENS

THERE was once a king, and he had a queen; and he was the manliest of his sex, and she was the loveliest of hers. The king was, in his private profession, under government. The queen's father had been a medical man out of town.

They had nineteen children and were always having more. Seventeen of these children took care of the baby; and Alicia, the eldest, took care of them all. Their ages varied from seven years to seven months.

Let us now resume our story.

One day the king was going to the office, when he stopped at the fishmonger's to buy a pound and a half of salmon, not too near the tail, which the queen (who was a careful house-keeper) had requested him to send home. Mr. Pickles the fishmonger said, "Certainly, sir; is there any other article? Good morning."

The king went on toward the office in a melancholy mood; for quarter-day was such a long way off, and several of the dear children were growing out of their clothes. He had not proceeded far when Mr. Pickles's errand boy came running after him and said, "Sir, you didn't notice the old lady in our shop."

"What old lady?" inquired the king. "I saw none."

Now the king had not seen any old lady, because this old lady had been invisible to him, though visible to Mr. Pickles's

boy. Probably because he messed and splashed the water about to that degree, and flopped the pairs of soles down in that violent manner, that, if she had not been visible to him, he would have spoiled her clothes.

Just then the old lady came trotting up. She was dressed in shot-silk of the richest quality, smelling of dried lavender.

"King Watkins the First, I believe?" said the old lady.

"Watkins," replied the king, "is my name."

"Papa, if I am not mistaken, of the beautiful Princess Alicia?" said the old lady.

"And of eighteen other darlings," replied the king.

"Listen. You are going to the office," said the old lady.

It instantly flashed upon the king that she must be a fairy, or how could she know that?

"You are right," said the old lady, answering his thoughts, "I am the good Fairy Grandmarina. Attend! When you return home to dinner, politely invite the Princess Alicia to have some of the salmon you bought just now."

"It may disagree with her," said the king.

The old lady became so very angry at this absurd idea, that the king was quite alarmed, and humbly begged her pardon.

"We hear a great deal too much about this thing disagreeing and that thing disagreeing," said the old lady, with the greatest contempt it was possible to express. "Don't be greedy. I think you want it all yourself."

The king hung his head under this reproof, and said he wouldn't talk about things disagreeing any more.

"Be good, then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't!



When the beautiful Princess Alicia consents to partake of the salmon—as I think she will—you will find she will leave a fishbone on her plate. Tell her to dry it, and to rub it, and to polish it, till it shines like mother-of-pearl, and to take care of it as a present from me.”

“Is that all?” asked the king.

“Don’t be impatient, sir,” returned the Fairy Grandmarina, scolding him severely. “Don’t catch people short, before they

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have done speaking. Just the way with you grown-up persons. You are always doing it."

The king again hung his head, and said he wouldn't do so any more.

"Be good, then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't! Tell the Princess Alicia, with my love, that the fishbone is a magic present which can only be used once; but that it will bring her, that once, whatever she wishes for, *provided she wishes for it at the right time*. That is the message. Take care of it." The king was beginning, "Might I ask the reason?" when the fairy became absolutely furious.

"Will you be good, sir?" she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. "The reason for this, and the reason for that, indeed! You are always wanting the reason. No reason. There! Hoity toity me! I am sick of your grown-up reasons."

The king was extremely frightened by the old lady's flying into such a passion, and said he was very sorry to have offended her, and he wouldn't ask for reasons any more.

"Be good, then," said the old lady "and don't!"

With those words, Grandmarina vanished and the king went on and on and on till he came to the office. There he wrote and wrote and wrote till it was time to go home again. Then he politely invited the Princess Alicia, as the fairy had directed him, to partake of the salmon. And when she had enjoyed it very much, he saw the fishbone on her plate, as the fairy had told him he would, and he delivered the fairy's message; and the Princess Alicia took care to *dry* the bone, and to *rub* it, and to *polish* it, till it shone like mother-of-pearl.

And, so, when the queen was going to get up in the morning, she said, "Oh, dear me, dear me; my head, my head!" and then she fainted away.

The Princess Alicia, who happened to be looking in at the chamber door, asking about breakfast, was very much alarmed when she saw her royal mamma in this state, and she rang the bell for Peggy, which was the name of the lord chamberlain. But remembering where the smelling bottle was, she climbed on a chair and got it; and after that she climbed on another chair by the bedside and held the smelling bottle to the queen's nose; and after that she jumped down and got some water; and after that she jumped up again and wetted the queen's forehead; and, in short, when the lord chamberlain came in, that dear old woman said to the little princess, "What a trot you are! I couldn't have done it better myself!"

But that was not the worst of the good queen's illness. Oh, no! She was very ill indeed, for a long time. The Princess Alicia kept the seventeen young princes and princesses quiet, and dressed and undressed and danced the baby, and made the kettle boil, and heated the soup, and swept the hearth, and poured out the medicine, and nursed the queen, and did all that ever she could, and was as busy, busy, busy as busy could be; for there were not many servants at that palace for three reasons: because the king was short of money, because a rise in his office never seemed to come, and because quarter-day was so far off that it looked almost as far off and as little as one of the stars.

But on the morning when the queen fainted away, where

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was the magic fishbone? Why, there it was in the Princess Alicia's pocket! She had almost taken it out to bring the queen to life again, when she put it back and looked for the smelling bottle.

After the queen had come out of her swoon that morning, and was dozing, the Princess Alicia hurried upstairs to tell a most particular secret to a most particularly confidential friend of hers, who was a duchess. People did suppose her to be a doll; but she was really a duchess, though nobody knew it except the princess.

This most particular secret was the secret about the magic fishbone, the history of which was well known to the duchess, because the princess told her everything. The princess kneeled down by the bed on which the duchess was lying, full-dressed and wide-awake, and whispered the secret to her. The duchess smiled and nodded. People might have supposed that she never smiled and nodded; but she often did, though nobody knew it except the princess.

Then the Princess Alicia hurried downstairs again to keep watch in the queen's room. She often kept watch by herself in the queen's room; but every evening, while the illness lasted, she sat there watching with the king. And every evening the king sat looking at her with a cross look, wondering why she never brought out the magic fishbone. As often as she noticed this she ran upstairs, whispered the secret to the duchess over again, and said to the duchess besides, "They think we children never have a reason or a meaning!" And the duchess, though the most fashionable duchess ever heard of, winked her eye.

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"Alicia," said the king, one evening, when she wished him good night.

"Yes, papa."

"What is become of the magic fishbone?"

"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."



And so another time the dreadful little snapping pug dog, next door, made a rush at one of the young princes as he stood on the steps coming home from school, and terrified him out of his wits; and he put his hand through a pane of glass, and bled, bled, bled. When the seventeen other young princes and princesses saw him bleed, bleed, bleed, they were terrified out of their wits, too, and screamed themselves black in their seventeen faces all at once. But the Princess Alicia put her hands over all their seventeen mouths, one after another, and persuaded them to be quiet because of the sick queen. And then she put the wounded prince's hand in a basin of fresh cold water, while they stared with their twice seventeen are thirty-four, put down four and carry three, eyes, and then she looked in the hand for bits of glass, and there were fortunately no bits of glass there. And then she said to two chubby-legged princes, who were sturdy though small, "Bring me in the royal rag bag: I must snip and stitch and cut and contrive." So these two young princes tugged at the royal rag bag, and lugged it in; and the Princess Alicia sat down on the floor, with a large pair of



scissors and a needle and thread, and snipped and stitched and cut and contrived, and made a bandage, and put it on, and it fitted beautifully; and so when it was all done, she saw the king her papa looking on by the door.

“Alicia.”

“Yes, papa.”

“What have you been doing?”

“Snipping, stitching, cutting, and contriving, papa.”

“Where is the magic fishbone?”

“In my pocket, papa.”

“I thought you had lost it?”

“Oh, no, papa!”

“Or forgotten it?”

“No, indeed, papa.”



After that she ran upstairs to the duchess, and told her what had passed and told her the secret over again; and the duchess shook her flaxen curls and laughed with her rosy lips.

Well! and so another time the baby fell under the grate. The seventeen young princes and princesses were used to it; for they were almost always falling under the grate or down the stairs; but the baby was not used to it yet, and it gave him a swelled face and a black eye. The way the poor little darling came to tumble was, that he was out of the Princess Alicia's lap just as she was sitting, in a great coarse apron that quite smothered her, in front of the kitchen fire, beginning to peel the turnips for the broth for dinner; and the way she came to be doing that was, that the king's cook had run away that morning with her own true love, who was a very tall but very tipsy soldier. Then the seventeen young princes and princesses, who cried at everything that happened, cried and roared. But the Princess Alicia (who couldn't help crying a little herself) quietly called to them to be still, on account of not throwing back the queen upstairs, who was fast getting well, and said, "Hold your tongues, you wicked little monkeys, every one of you, while I examine baby." Then she examined baby and found that he hadn't broken anything; and she held cold iron to his poor dear eye and smoothed his poor dear face, and he presently fell asleep in her arms. Then she said to the seventeen princes and princesses, "I am afraid to let him down yet, lest he should wake and feel pain; be good, and you shall all be cooks." They jumped for joy when they heard that, and began making themselves cooks' caps out of old newspapers. So to one she gave the salt box, and to one she

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gave the barley, and to one she gave the herbs, and to one she gave the turnips, and to one she gave the carrots, and to one she gave the onions, and to one she gave the spice box, till they were all cooks, and all running about at work, she sitting in the middle, smothered in the great coarse apron, nursing baby.

By and by the broth was done; and the baby woke up, smiling like an angel, and was trusted to the sedatest princess to hold, while the other princes and princesses were squeezed into a far-off corner to look at the Princess Alicia turning out the saucy-panful of broth, for fear (as they were always getting into trouble) they should get splashed and scalded. When the broth came tumbling out, steaming beautifully and smelling like a nose-gay good to eat, they clapped their hands. That made the baby clap his hands; and that and his looking as if he had a comic toothache made all the princes and princesses laugh. So the Princess Alicia said, "Laugh and be good; and after dinner we will make him a nest on the floor in a corner, and he shall sit in his nest and see a dance of eighteen cooks." That delighted the young princes and princesses, and they ate up all the broth, and washed up all the plates and dishes, and cleared away, and pushed the table into a corner. And then they in their cooks' caps, and the Princess Alicia in the smothering coarse apron that belonged to the cook that had run away with her own true love that was the very tall but very tipsy soldier, danced a dance of eighteen cooks before the angelic baby, who forgot his swelled face and his black eye, and crowed with joy.

And so then once more the Princess Alicia saw King Watkins the First, her father, standing in the doorway looking on,

and he said, "What have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Cooking and contriving, papa."

"What else have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Keeping the children light-hearted, papa."

"Where is the magic fishbone, Alicia?"

"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa."

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."



The king then sighed so heavily, and seemed so low-spirited, and sat down so miserably, leaning his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the kitchen table pushed away in its corner, that the seventeen princes and princesses crept softly out of the kitchen, and left him alone with the Princess Alicia and the angelic baby.

"What is the matter, papa?"

"I am dreadfully poor, my child."

"Have you no money at all, papa?"

"None, my child."

"Is there no way of getting any, papa?"

"No way," said the king. "I have tried very hard, and I have tried all ways."



When she heard those last words, the Princess Alicia began to put her hand into the pocket where she kept the magic fishbone.

"Papa," said she, "when we have tried very hard, and tried all ways, we must have done our very, very best?"



"No doubt, Alicia."

"When we have done our very, very best, papa, and that is not enough, then I think the right time must have come for asking help of others." This was the very secret connected with the magic fishbone, which she had found out for herself from the good Fairy Grandmarina's words, and which she had so often whispered to her beautiful and fashionable friend, the duchess.

So she took out of her pocket the magic fishbone that had been dried and rubbed and polished till it shone like mother-of-pearl; and she gave it one little kiss, and wished it was quarter-day. And immediately it *was* quarter-day; and the king's quarter's salary came rattling down the chimney and bounced into the middle of the floor

But this was not half of what happened—no, not a quarter; for immediately afterwards the good Fairy Grandmarina came

riding in, in a carriage and four (peacocks), with Mr. Pickles's boy up behind, dressed in silver and gold, with a cocked hat, powdered hair, pink silk stockings, a jeweled cane, and a nose-gay. Down jumped Mr. Pickles's boy, with his cocked hat in his hand and wonderfully polite (being entirely changed by enchantment), and handed Grandmarina out; and there she stood, in her rich shot-silk smelling of dried lavender, fanning herself with a sparkling fan.

"Alicia, my dear," said this charming old fairy, "how do you do? I hope I see you pretty well? Give me a kiss."

The Princess Alicia embraced her; and then Grandmarina turned to the king and said rather sharply, "Are you good?"

The king said he hoped so.

"I suppose you know the reason *now* why my goddaughter here," kissing the princess again, "did not apply to the fishbone sooner?" said the fairy.

The king made a shy bow.

"Ah! but you didn't *then*?" said the fairy.

The king made a shyer bow.

"Any more reasons to ask for?" said the fairy.

The king said, "No," and he was very sorry.

"Be good, then," said the fairy, "and live happy ever afterwards."

Then Grandmarina waved her fan, and the queen came in most splendidly dressed; and the seventeen young princes and princesses, no longer grown out of their clothes, came in, newly fitted out from top to toe, with tucks in everything to admit of its being let out. After that, the fairy tapped the Princess Alicia

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with her fan; and the smothering coarse apron flew away, and she appeared exquisitely dressed, like a little bride, with a wreath of orange flowers and a silver veil. After that, the kitchen dresser changed of itself into a wardrobe, made of beautiful woods and gold and looking-glass, which was full of dresses of all sorts, all for her and all exactly fitting her. After that, the angelic baby came in running alone, with his face and eye not a bit the worse, but much the better. Then Grandmarina begged to be introduced to the duchess; and when the duchess was brought down, many compliments passed between them.

A little whispering took place between the fairy and the duchess; and then the fairy said out loud, "Yes, I thought she would have told you." Grandmarina then turned to the king and queen, and said, "We are going in search of Prince Certainpersonio. The pleasure of your company is requested at church in half an hour precisely." So she and the Princess Alicia got into the carriage, and Mr. Pickles's boy handed in the duchess, who sat by herself on the opposite seat; then Mr. Pickles's boy put up the steps and got up behind, and the peacocks flew away with their tails behind.

Prince Certainpersonio was sitting by himself, eating barley-sugar and waiting to be ninety. When he saw the peacocks, followed by the carriage, coming in at the window, it immediately occurred to him that something uncommon was going to happen.

"Prince," said Grandmarina, "I bring you your bride."

The moment the fairy said those words, Prince Certainpersonio's face left off being sticky, and his jacket and corduroys



changed to peach-bloom velvet, and his hair curled, and a cap and feather flew in like a bird and settled on his head. He got into the carriage by the fairy's invitation; and there he renewed his acquaintance with the duchess, whom he had seen before.

In the church were the prince's relations and friends, and the Princess Alicia's relations and friends, and the seventeen princes and princesses, and the baby, and a crowd of the neighbors. The marriage was beautiful beyond expression. The duchess was bridesmaid and beheld the ceremony from the pulpit, where she was supported by the cushion of the desk.

Grandmarina gave a magnificent wedding feast afterwards, in which there was everything and more to eat and everything and

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more to drink. The wedding cake was delicately ornamented with white satin ribbons, frosted silver, and white lilies, and was forty-two yards round.

When Grandmarina had drunk her love to the young couple, and Prince Certainpersonio had made a speech, and everybody had cried, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" Grandmarina announced to the king and queen that in future there would be eight quarter-days in every year, except in leap year, when there would be ten. She then turned to Certainpersonio and Alicia and said, "My dears, you will have thirty-five children and they will all be good and beautiful. Seventeen of your children will be boys and eighteen will be girls. The hair of the whole of your children will curl naturally. They will never have the measles, and will have recovered from the whooping-cough before being born."

On hearing such good news, everybody cried out, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" again.

"It only remains," said Grandmarina in conclusion, "to make an end of the fishbone."

So she took it from the hand of the Princess Alicia, and it instantly flew down the throat of the dreadful little snapping pug dog, next door, and choked him, and he expired.¹



¹This tale is a typical Dickens' travesty on middle-class English life.



THREE GOLDEN APPLES

ELLA YOUNG

BALOR'S Son woke in the morning with a grievance in his mind.

"What's the good of having a king for your father," he said to himself, "if you never get anything that you want? I wish I wasn't Balor's only son. I wish I lived in a country where there was sunshine in the sky and apples on the trees—Oh, I wish I were a beggar-boy with the world to wander in!"

He felt so sorry for himself that he began to cry, softly at first and then loudly—very loudly indeed.

The First Lord-in-Waiting hurried in, with the Second Lord-in-Waiting at his heels.

"O noble prince," said the First Lord, "what distresses you?"

"I want an apple tree!" said Balor's Son. "I want a white horse that can go over land and water; I want a silver branch with three golden apples on it!"

"Alas!" said the First Lord-in-Waiting, wiping a tear out of his eyes.

"Alas!" said the Second Lord, copying him.

"Alas!" said the two of them together. "You've been listening to faery tales, most noble prince!"

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"I have not!" said Balor's Son stoutly.

"Where did you get word, then," said the First Lord, "of a horse that goes over land and sea, or of the silver branch with golden apples?"

"I got word of them from a boy I met in the Garden of Twisted Trees in the dusk of yestereve, the time I ran away from you all. He told me of those things—and other things, too. Oh, I wish I had him to talk to now!"

"Don't wish a bad wish like that," said the First Lord severely, "or you may find yourself in Faery Land, for it was a lad out of Faery Land that told you of the golden apples and of the white horse. That horse belongs to Mananaun, the King of Faery Land; and the golden apples belong to his son, Angus."

"And to what person does the Pooka belong?" said Balor's Son.

"The Pooka," said the First Lord, "is a tricky little spirit that belongs to Faery Land; and the less you trouble your head about these things the better!"

"How does one go to Faery Land?" asked Balor's Son.

"No one in this country knows," said the First Lord, "and of a certainty you, most noble prince, are not going there."

Balor's Son shut his lips tightly. He had got as much information as he was likely to get and he had made up his mind.

He was so very good all day that he was given his best royal crown to wear and his best royal mantle. He had both these on him when he stole away in the dusk to look for Faery Land.

Beyond the Garden of Twisted Trees there was a high wall, and on the top of the wall a row of sharp iron spikes. The sky



was beyond the wall, and nothing else that Balor's Son could see. He went from end to end of the wall, looking for a doorway, or a loose place in the stones where he could climb, or a broken place where he could crawl out, but he found everywhere the same solid, smooth, iron-spiked wall.

He sat down on the ground, and nothing but the thought of the First and Second Lords-in-Waiting prevented him from lifting up his voice in a wail fitting to the occasion.

"I *won't* cry," he said to himself. "No, I won't cry—to please them!"

All at once he knew that he was not alone. Beside him stood the boy he had spoken with the evening before. He was a slender lad with pale gold hair and shining gray eyes.

"Put your hand in mine," he said to Balor's Son, "and I will take you into Faery Land."

Balor's Son reached a hand. He heard a sound like a clap of thunder and shut his eyes tight. When he opened them he was in a wood. He had never seen anything like the trees of that wood. The leaves were very young and green and the sunshine made patterns on the moss all about his feet. A little path wound away and away into the heart of the wood and Balor's Son went along the path. It seemed to him that he walked and walked and walked for hours before he came to an open space





and, peering through the branches, saw an old man seated on a stone. He was wrapped in a cloak that had nine capes, each one more richly embroidered than the other. Beside him stood a young man with a sunburnt face and poor and tattered clothes. They were talking together. Balor's Son sharpened his ears to listen.

"Are you not tired," said the old man, "are you not tired, Angus, of walking the roads of the world with the bitter wind in your face and the clogging dust on your feet? Are you still eager to leave riches and go a-begging?"

"I am still eager," said the young man "for change, though it



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be from blue to gray, and for the road where all things may happen!"

Just then a Pooka came out from between the trees. It looked like a little snow-white kid with golden horns and silver hoofs, but it could take any shape it had a fancy for. When it saw Angus it smiled and made one jump onto his shoulder.

"Look at this!" said Angus. "I never can say anything important without being interrupted!"

"What do you want?" he said to the Pooka, pretending to be cross.

"Oh, nothing at all, only to listen to your wise talk; it does me good," said the Pooka, prancing on Angus' shoulder. "I'll soon be the wisest Pooka in the world!"

At this Balor's Son burst out of hiding.

"Pooka! Pooka! Pooka!" he yelled. "I want you, come here!"

The Pooka jumped behind Angus. Balor's Son tried to seize it. Angus put out a hand.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am a Royal Prince," said the boy, trying to look big.

"I see that you are wearing a crown," said Angus.

"I am Balor's own son. I have come out to look for treasure, and if you have anything, I command you to give it to me at once."

"What would you like?" said Angus.

"I would like the white horse of Mananaun, or three golden apples, or a hound out of Faery Land."

"They say it's lucky to be good to poor folk," said Angus. "If you are good to us, perhaps you may find a treasure."

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"If you do not get up at once and hunt about for a treasure for me, I will tell my father, Balor, and he will wither you off the face of the earth.

"Oh, give me a little time," said Angus, "and I'll look for something."

The Pooka, who had been listening to everything, now skipped out from his hiding place with a turnip in his mouth—he was holding it by the green leaves.

"The very thing!" said Angus. "Here is a treasure!" He took the turnip in his hands and passed his fingers over it. The turnip became a great white egg and the leaves turned into gold and crimson spots and spread themselves over the egg.

"Now look at this!" said Angus. "It is an enchanted egg. You have only to keep it till you do three Good Actions, and then it will hatch out into something splendid."

"Will it hatch into Mananaun's white horse?" asked Balor's Son.

"It depends on the Good Actions you do; everything depends on that."

"What is a Good Action?"

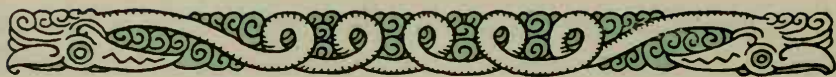
"Well, if you were to go quietly away, and never tell anyone you had seen us, it would be a Good Action."

"I'll go," said Balor's Son. He took the egg in his hands, kicked up a toe-full of earth at the Pooka, and went.

He hadn't gone far when he heard a bird singing. He looked and saw a little bird on a furze bush.

"Stop that noise!" he said.

The bird went on singing. Balor's Son flung the egg at it.



The egg turned into a turnip and struck a hare. The hare jumped out of the furze bush.

“My curse on you,” said Balor’s Son, “for a brittle egg! What came over you to hatch into nothing better than a hare! My grief and my trouble! What came over you to hatch out at all when this is only my second Good Action?”

He turned to go back to his own country. At first he walked with big steps, puffing his cheeks vaingloriously, but little by little a sense of loss overcame him and as he thought how nearly he had earned the white horse of Mananaun, or three golden apples, or some greater treasure, two tears slowly rolled down his snub nose.

Angus and the old man and the Pooka were still in the little clearing when Balor’s Son passed back through it. The moment he came in sight, the Pooka changed himself into a squirrel and ran up the oak tree; Angus changed himself into an oak leaf and fell softly on a bank of moss; the old man sat quite still and looked at Balor’s Son.

“The egg hatched out,” said Balor’s Son. “It was a bad egg. I wish that I had thrown it at the beggar-man’s head!”

The old man smiled and picked up the oak leaf. He pressed his hands over it and it became a great golden egg with green and purple spots on it.





“Give it to me! Give it to me!” yelled Balor’s Son. “It’s better than the first egg, and the first egg is broken. Give it to me.”

“This egg is too precious for you,” said the old man. “I must keep it in my own hands.”

“Then I will blast you and all the forest and every living thing! I have only to roar three times, and three armies of my people will come to help me. Give me the egg, or I will roar.”

“I will keep this egg in my own hands,” said the old man.



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Balor's Son shut his eyes tight and opened his mouth very wide to let out a great roar, and it is likely he would have been heard at the other end of the world if the Pooka hadn't dropped a handful of acorns into his mouth. The roar never came out. Balor's Son choked and spluttered and the old man patted him on the back and shook him. He shook him very hard, and after a while Balor's Son got his breath; then he said:

"I will not blast you this time; I will do a Good Action. I will let you carry the egg, and you can be my slave and treasure-finder!"

"I am Mananaun," said the old man.

"Oh," cried Balor's Son, when he had heard this, "Oh, I want a White—"

He heard the Pooka laughing behind him.

"What are you laughing at?" he cried, turning sharply round.

There was no Pooka! There was no laughter! He turned again. There was no old man, and no bank of moss!

He rubbed his eyes, he shut them and opened them three times, he dug his knuckles into them—there was no Pooka, no bank of moss, no old man!

"What ails you, Balor's Son?" said a voice. It came from a tree above him, and looking up he saw a white bird with a ruby-colored breast and emerald eyes.

"I'm the most unfortunate prince that ever lived!" said Balor's Son. "I've lost my Luck-Egg."

"I've lost three Seeds of Good Luck, myself," said the bird.

"What are Seeds of Good Luck?" asked Balor's Son. "Are they as good as Luck-Eggs?"

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"That depends," said the bird, "on the person who plants them—they might grow into anything!"

"Where did you lose them?" said Balor's Son.

"In the hollow of the tree I'm sitting on," said the bird.

"I'll get them," said Balor's Son, and he began to break his way into the hollow of the tree. It was hard work, but he kept at it till he could put head and shoulder and a searching hand into the hollow. He found three hard, shining seeds, and straightening himself, he cried:

"I've got them, White Bird."

The bird had gone.

"I'll keep them myself," said Balor's Son.

"Will you?" asked a voice with laughter in it—a voice that he knew.

It was the Pooka come back!

This time he looked like a great stag with branching horns. His hide was silver spotted with gold.

"Give the seeds to me," said the Pooka, "and I will let you ride on my back."

"No," cried Balor's Son, "I will give the seeds to the owner!"

"That will be a Good Action," said the Pooka.

"White Bird! White Bird! White Bird!" cried Balor's Son.

From the far blueness of the sky the white bird descended whirling and poising and falling as lightly as a petal of apple blossom or a flake of wind-lifted snow.

"Give the seeds to Angus, the beggar-man, with my blessing," cried the white bird, circling and poising.

"Angus! Angus! Angus!" called Balor's Son, and before the



last word left his mouth he saw that the beggar-man was standing between the trees.

Balor's Son gave him the seeds.

Angus took the seeds. He put one on his forehead where it shone like a king's jewel. He threw one into the air and it became a golden bird, circling and poising with its ruby-breasted fellow. He planted one. It came up a little slender apple tree. It grew and blossomed and three big yellow apples hung on it—the sweetest apples in all the world! Angus gathered the apples. He kept one. He gave one to the Pooka.

"Good luck, and may your hand never be empty," said the Pooka, as he took the golden apple that Angus gave him.

He gave one to Balor's Son.

"Here," said he, "is fruit untasted save in Faery Land. Keep it till you go into your own country, or no one will believe you ever had it."

"Good luck, and may your hand never be empty," said Balor's Son, and he stepped blithely homeward. But he hadn't taken three steps before he fell to munching the apple. That is why no one believed him when he got home.





HOW TOM TREGIER WAS PISKEY-MAZED

A Legend of Cornwall

T WAS down in Cornwall, and not so far from where the waves beat high on Tintagell Head, that Tom Tregier was coming home a bit late one night. Truth to tell, he had lingered in town until now he found himself near the ruins of the old church not far from his cottage as the moon was near to setting.

As he came along by the church he thought he heard someone laughing softly, but never a person could he see, so he kept on the straight path to his own gate. But when he got where his

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gate should be, never a sign of gate or cottage could he see.

"I was so busy thinking of what I did in town this day that I must have turned off wrong by the church," he thought, and back he went and started afresh, but never a sign of his own gateway could he find.

"Now what can be the meaning of that?" he cried. "The old church ruin I can see, and the waves beating on Tintagell Head, yet my own house I cannot find. Faith, I'll keep going round the common until I do find it," and off he went.

Every time he passed the church ruins he thought he heard laughter and giggling, and once he saw a dancing light by the little inlet below the ruins, so that he was sure the Little Man with the Lantern (Jack-o'-Lantern) was abroad the night. "Yet never did I hear that he could laugh out loud," said the puzzled Tom Tregier.

Just then he came abreast the church and, looking down on the grass, he saw hundreds of Little Men and Little Women, waving tiny lanterns and dancing and giggling about his feet. The Little Men wore bright green suits and red stocking caps, while the Wee Women wore long green capes and scarlet hoods.

Catching sight of Tom's look of surprise, one of the Little Women cried, "I believe the big fellow sees us. He must be Piskey-eyed¹, and we did not know it! But just the same we will have our dance with him."

Around him they danced, swinging their lanterns and giggling, moving faster and faster until poor Tom was quite

¹In Cornwall these mischievous Little People are called Piskeys or Pigseys, in other parts of England and in Ireland they are called Pixies.

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bewildered. When he tried to break through their dancing ring, they were before him and behind him, hundreds upon hundreds of them. When they saw how mazed he was, they laughed the louder and danced the faster.

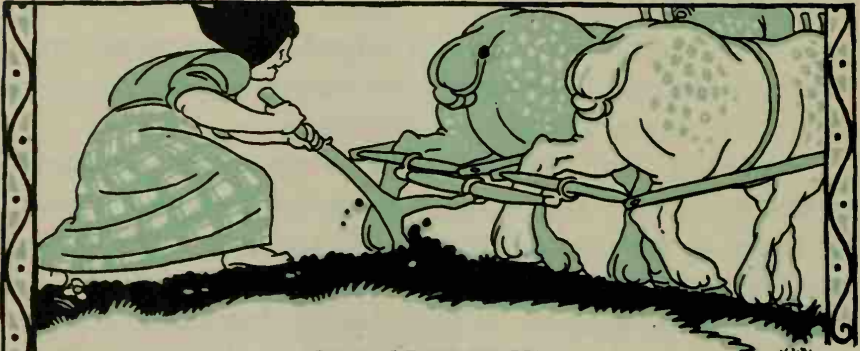
“We’ve got him!” they cried out to one another, and even caught as he was, Tom could not but laugh at their comical looks and at the idea of such tiny folk trying to capture a big man like himself.

Down the common the Piskeys danced, drawing Tom along in their midst, and so confused and mazed was he that he scarce knew where he was going. Into his pocket he put his hand to draw forth his handkerchief to wipe his brow. Pulling it out he suddenly called to mind an old adage:

Turn your pockets inside out
And you may the Piskeys flout.

Quick as a wink Tom pulled both his pockets inside out, and scarce were they turned out than the Little Men and Little Women had vanished, and there he was, standing at his own gate, and the sun just beginning to redden the sky to the east. But before it could get any higher, Tom Tregier was through the gate, making for his house and his own bed.





OLD GRUMBLY¹

OLD Grumbly he swore by the light of the moon
 And the leaves upon the trees
 That he could do more work in one day
 Than his wife could do in three.

Then Mrs. Grumbly she spoke up,
 "There shall be trouble now!
 For you shall do the work in the house
 And I'll go follow the plough!

"And you must milk the Tiny cow
 For fear she will go dry;
 And you must feed the little pigs
 That lie all in the sty.

"And you must watch the speckled hen
 Lest she should go astray;
 And you must reel the skein of yarn
 That I spun yesterday."



This is one of several versions of an old American folk rhyme.



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The old woman took the staff in her hand
 And went to drive the plough;
 The old man took the pail in his hand
 And went to milk the cow.



'Twas "Hey, good cow" and "Ho, good cow!"
 And "Tiny, good cow, stand still!
 If ever I milk this cow again
 'Twill be against my will!"



He went to feed the little pigs
 That lay all in the sty;
 And he hit his head against the shed,
 Which made the blood to fly.



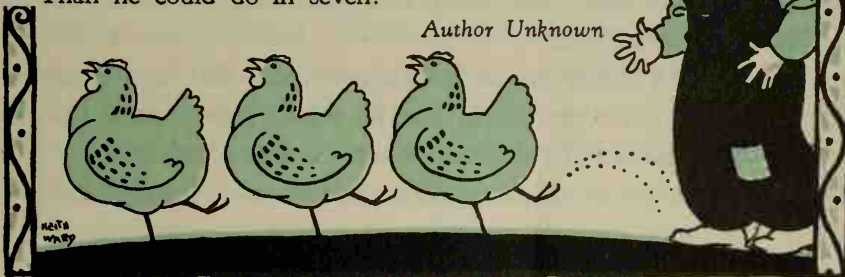
He went to reel the skein of yarn
 His wife spun yesterday;
 But he quite forgot to watch the hens,
 And they all went astray.

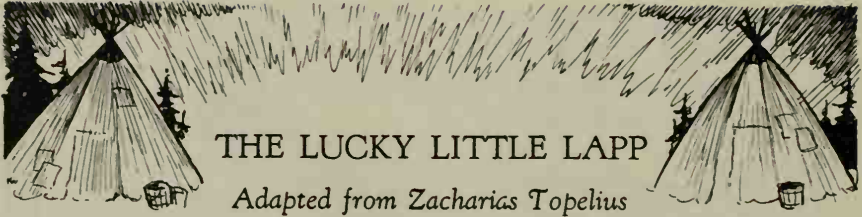


Then he swore by all the leaves on the trees
 And all the stars in Heaven
 That his wife could do more work in one day
 Than he could do in seven!



Author Unknown





THE LUCKY LITTLE LAPP

Adapted from Zacharias Topelius

FAR up in the northland the sun scarcely sets before it rises again in the short summer season, and winter, with days and nights of dusk, is nearly ten months long. Here live the hardy Laplanders, north of the Swedes, Finns, and Norwegians. Their houses are huts that are entered through a hole much as is that of the Eskimo's igloo, and their boat-shaped sleighs, or pulks, are drawn by reindeer instead of horses. In fact, were it not for these reindeer the poor Laplanders would have a hard time, for their land is bog and mountain, with no fertile fields for the raising of crops, nor is there forest land where game may be found. So the reindeer must supply meat, milk, cheese, and clothing for the Laplander.

Now once on a time there lived in this country a Laplander, his wife, and their little son Sampo, which means *luck*, and Lappelil, or *Little Lapp*. And truly was he named the Lucky Little Lapp, as you shall see.

Sampo had a rather flat face with snub nose and broad mouth, his eyes and hair were black, and he was a sturdy little lad, as a young Laplander should be. When he was about eight years old he could run swiftly on his snowshoes and could drive his own pulk with its small reindeer that was his own particular possession. The family were wealthy and happy and only one

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care troubled them. The boy had not yet been christened, for it was not easy to get to church in that far north country. "He should be christened," said his mother, "for then he would be safe if he met Hiisi on his golden-horned reindeer."

Sampo, overhearing her, thought, "That must be a wonderful reindeer if it has golden horns. Perhaps it is as fleet as it is beautiful and if I could but catch it and harness it to my pulk, I might drive to Rastekais!"

Now you must know that Rastekais is a wild mountain, so high that men can see it from a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. A fearsome mountain it is, too, for trolls live on its wild slopes, and there, too, dwells Hiisi, the mountain king who eats a reindeer at a mouthful and might eat a little boy if he felt so inclined.

Naturally, the mother of Sampo would have been greatly worried had she known what was in her little boy's mind, but as it was she was quite content when he went out with his little reindeer, skimming away over the hard snows. It was now February, but the long night still brooded over Lapland. Stars and moon shone brightly, the Northern Lights crackled and blazed in the heavens, and there was no change between morning, noon, and evening. Sampo could scarcely remember what summer was like, his only interest in warmer days being that they would bring enough daylight to make snowshoeing safer, and also bring back the gnats that were such a nuisance.

One day at noontime the father called Sampo Lappelil to come outdoors. As the boy crawled out of their hut he saw, far on the southern horizon, a little red streak.



“Do you know what that is?” asked the father.

“They must be the Southern Lights,” answered the boy, as he realized they were in the opposite side of the sky from the Northern Lights.

“No,” replied his father, “that is the light of the sun, and by tomorrow, toward noon, we shall be able to glimpse a bit of the sun peeping

over the horizon. See how the red glow lights the top of Rastekais! The white snow on the mountain top seems all afire.”

Sampo looked to the west and saw the snow colored red on the shining peak of Rastekais, and he thought how wonderful it would be to see the mountain king—without getting too close, of course.

All day he thought of what fun it would be to see the king on his mountain, and all night he dreamed that he was flying toward his goal. Early in the morning he crept out before his parents were awake, thinking to take a look at the mountain. It was bitterly cold outdoors, but Sampo was used to the cold. Besides, he was warmly dressed in jacket and trousers of leather, soft leather shoes lined with fur, and fur cap and mittens.

He slipped out of the hut and found his little reindeer scratching in the snow near by. “Nobody will miss me if I go for a



little drive," decided Sampo. So he harnessed the reindeer to his pulk, thinking he might go a short distance to get a better view of Rastekais. The little reindeer enjoyed the trip and over the snow fields they went, down over the frozen Tana River, and up the hills again on the other side. As they flew along, Sampo sang lustily an old Lapp folk song:



Reindeer, gallop fast
Over mount and plain,
Till the tent we gain,
And my love at last;
To the forest haste,
There green moss shalt taste!



Faster they went, and faster. In the gray light Sampo saw the shining eyes of wolves, as the animals ran like shadowy dogs after the flying sleigh. Sampo had no fear, for not a wolf could keep pace with his little reindeer. Gayly he sang on:



Ah! how short the day,
 And the roads how long.
 Come, let merry songs
 Shorten now our way;
 Fly, my reindeer, here,
 Wolves are howling near!



The wind whistled, the reindeer's hoofs snapped fire as they struck stones along the way, and the moon and sky seemed to race with the pulk over the snows. Then suddenly as they went over the brow of a hill the road made a sharp turn. The pulk overturned and Sampo found himself lying in the snow, while his reindeer, not knowing what had happened, dashed ahead. By the time Sampo could sit up and get the snow out of his mouth, the reindeer was too far away to hear the boy's shouts.

So there was Sampo Lappelil on the hilltop, miles and miles away from any hut. At first he was frightened, but by the time he had pulled himself free from the soft snow and found that he wasn't hurt, he looked about him and wondered what to do next. There was nothing in sight but snowdrifts, snow-covered plains, and icy mountain peaks. One mountain towered far above all others, and Sampo guessed he must now be near Rastekais, the home of the mountain king who ate a reindeer at a gulp and might eat a little boy if he took the notion.

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The thought frightened him again, and it seemed almost as if the black shadow of Rastekais were reaching out for him. "Now this will never do," he scolded himself, as he began to run up and down to get warm. "I can't stand here and freeze, and it is too far to walk home, so I'd best go on to the home of the mountain king and see what is to be seen. If he eats me, he eats me, but I shall tell him he had better eat the wolves that are here on the mountain. They are fatter than I and he will have less trouble to get rid of their furs than mine!"

Then Sampo began to climb the high mountain. He had gone only a few steps when he noticed a shadow on the snow, and soon a big furry wolf sprang out beside him. Although his heart beat fast with fear, Sampo put on a brave front and said, "Don't get in my way. I have an errand to the mountain king, and you'd best not interfere with me."

"Well, don't cry out before you're hurt," answered the wolf, for on Rastekais all animals can talk like men. "Who are you, anyway, little boy?"

"I am Sampo Lappelil," answered the boy. "And who are you?"

"I am the mountain king's master wolf," answered the gray beast, "and I am returning from my journey over all the mountains to call his people for the Sun Festival. Jump on my back and I will carry you along, since you are on the way to my master," he added.

Sampo climbed on the wolf's broad back, and on they went, fairly flying over chasms and precipices.

"What do you mean by the Sun Festival?" asked Sampo, as



he cuddled down closer in the warm gray fur.

“Don’t you know that?” the wolf growled. “I thought everybody knew that when the sun rises for the first time after the long winter is over, all the animals and the trolls gather on Rastekais, and on that day none may do another harm. It is well for you, little Sampo Lappelil, that you come on this day, for on no other could you be safe. In fact, were it any other day, I myself would have eaten you a long time ago.”

“Is there the same rule for the king too?” asked Sampo.

“Of course,” answered the wolf. “From the time the first

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gleam comes in the sky an hour before sunrise, to an hour after the sun has set, neither the mountain king nor any subject of his may touch a hair of your head. But have a care, for they will set upon you the minute the time is done."

"Perhaps you will take me back, as you are taking me up the mountain?" asked Sampo.

The wolf began to laugh. "Indeed, no," he said. "While the truce lasts you are safe, but none would be quicker than I to feast on a fat little boy who has been fed on reindeer milk and reindeer cheese. No, when the time is up, you must fend for yourself."

Sampo was wondering whether it would not be better to jump from the wolf's back and make his way down the mountain at once, when he found they had reached the summit, and before him was the most wonderful sight he had ever beheld. On a high throne of rocks sat the king, looking out over the mountains and valleys to where the sun would soon rise. His cap was white snow-clouds; his eyes made one think of the full moon rising over the forest; and his bearded mouth was like a mountain cleft overhung with giant icicles. His arms and legs, like great pine branches, stood out from the white fur coat, vast as a snow mountain.

The Northern Lights cast color and light on the mountain and showed the king and his people plainly to Sampo. All about the king sat thousands of gray trolls and brownies, tiny folk only a few inches tall. From all the northern world they had gathered to the Sun Feast, though they had done so on the king's order and from no love of sunlight, since the trolls prefer the

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darkness to light. Beyond the trolls were all the animals of Lapland: thousands upon thousands of wolves, bears, and lynxes in rows, and beyond them the good reindeer, little lemmings, and even the reindeer fleas. As far as Sampo could see were rows and rows of animals, and in the misty distance he could catch the glowing of bright eyes out of the gloom that hid the bodies of the beasts.

Quietly Sampo slipped from the wolf's back and hid himself behind a great boulder where he could watch all that passed. The mountain king raised his head and the snow flew about him. The Northern Lights shone like a halo round his head, sending long red rays in star shape against the gray-blue sky, crackling and roaring like a forest fire as the lights spread out and drew together again. The mountain king was so pleased that he clapped his hands, and the sound was like mighty peals of thunder that made the trolls whistle with joy, though the animals cringed with fear. This so amused the king that he cried out:

"So shall it be forever! Winter and night forever! That will I have."

The trolls echoed the king's cry, and even the animals felt they would like winter to last forever so they might not be troubled by the terrible gnats that pestered them in summertime. Only the reindeer fleas truly wanted summer and they cried out, "Your Majesty, we came here to await the sun." The great white bear growled to them to be quiet, for he thought it would be much better if the sun would stay away forever.

"The sun is put out and is dead," murmured the animals, while the trolls and their king kept chanting, "The sun is dead. The

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whole earth shall fall down and worship Hiisi, the king of everlasting winter and everlasting night."

Then Sampo forgot his fear and came from behind the rock, saying, "That is not true, O Hiisi! Yesterday I saw a rosy streak on the horizon, and soon the sun will rise. After a few weeks your beard will melt in his heat."

At these words the king, unmindful of the truce, stretched forth his hand to crush Sampo. But at that moment the Northern Lights paled and a red ray shone in the eastern sky. Straight in the mountain king's ice-cold face it shone, so that he was dazzled and let fall his arm. And now a rosy glow fell over the snow as the sun mounted higher, casting its gleam into the eyes and hearts of all those gathered upon the mountain, until they forgot their glee in wishing the sun dead, and rejoiced that summer would soon be with them again. The beard of the mountain king began to melt and drip down like a running brook, the trolls stood on their heads with excitement, and the animals basked in the warm sunbeams.

An hour slipped by before Sampo realized it. Then he heard one of the reindeer say to its little one, "Come, my child, we must be going, or we will be eaten by the wolves, for the sun shines only a short time this day."

Then Sampo too remembered what would befall him if he lingered. He started to run down the mountain. Then he noticed that a beautiful reindeer with golden horns was running at his side and he leaped upon the animal's back. Soon he heard a noise and, looking back, saw the bears and wolves pursuing them. But the deer fled on unafraid, for he could

outrun bear and wolf. But at last there came a sound like thunder, and then the deer was frightened and cried:

"It is Hiisi himself coming and he is so furious even I am not safe from his rage. I cannot run faster than he."

"Is there no escape?" asked Sampo.

"Only if we can find a hut, for the mountain king cannot enter there," the reindeer answered, despairingly.

"Do not give up hope then, dear reindeer," cried Sampo, "for round the next turn in the road is a hut. We can run in there. If you save me you shall have golden oats served you in a silver manger all the rest of your days.

The reindeer gathered his waning strength and made a dash round the turn, and just as they felt the cold breath of the mountain king upon them, they gained the hut. Luckily this was the home of the parish priest and he recognized Sampo. Catching up a bowl of water he quickly baptized Sampo Lappelil, and the defeated Hiisi, having no power over a baptized child, flew into such a temper that he burst at once into a fearful storm and buried the hut in snow. But when morning came the sun rose and melted the snow. Then Sampo thanked the priest and borrowed a pulk to which he harnessed the golden-horned reindeer. Home he drove to his father, where there was great rejoicing at his safe return.

How Sampo grew up and fed his reindeer with golden oats from a silver manger, as he had promised, is another story, but we know he became a great man and though the mountain king is said still to rule on Rastekais, Sampo Lappelil never went back to that wild mountain to find out.



NORSE LULLABY

THE sky is dark and the hills are white,
 As the storm-king speeds from the north tonight;
 And this is the song the storm-king sings,
 As over the world his cloak he flings:
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep";
 He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
 "Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountainside a vine
 Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
 The tree bends over the trembling thing,
 And only the vine can hear her sing:
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
 What shall you fear when I am here?
 Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
 The pine may croon to the vine tonight,
 But the little snowflake at my breast
 Liketh the song I sing the best,
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
 Weary thou art, anext my heart;
 Sleep, little one, sleep."



EUGENE FIELD

From *Poems of Childhood*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE THREE GIANTS

A Tale of the West Highlands

THERE was a king of Lochlin who had three daughters, each one more beautiful than the others. But one day three giants stole the three maidens and carried them away to a castle under the earth.

The princesses were kindly treated, but they grew very homesick and longed to get back to their home in Lochlin. The king, their father, was even more unhappy than they, and tried every means in his power to get back his daughters. At last a wise man told the king that the only way to get back his children was to make a ship that would sail over land and sea. Somebody, so the wise man said, must fare forth in that ship and travel on and on until he was able to rescue the princesses.

Now the king was very busy governing his country and keeping count of the treasures in his secret vaults, and, besides, he was quite sure he never could build such a ship. Wherefore he had a proclamation sent forth that whoever would make such a ship and rescue the princesses should wed the eldest princess. Many persons tried to build the ship, but all failed.

Now, there was a widow who had three sons, and the eldest finally decided to try to build the ship. So his mother gave

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him a large oat cake, or bannock, and away he went to the forest. It was noon when he reached there, so he sat him down to eat his bannock. As he ate, a fairy rose from the stream and begged for a bit of the cake.

"No," said he, "the cake is none too large for myself," and he gave her not a bit. As soon as he had eaten, he set to chopping down trees, but as fast as they fell they grew up again, and at nightfall he went home sorrowful. Then the next brother did the same, and he failed also. Then the youngest brother set out, and he took but a small bannock, yet when the fairy asked for a bit, he divided fairly with her.

When she had eaten, she smiled at the lad and said, "Meet me here in a year and a day. You will find your ship ready, so do not worry yourself about it meantime.

When the day came, the lad returned to the forest and found his ship awaiting him just as the fairy had promised. He sailed away, and after a time came to where a man was drinking up a river.

"It may well be such a man could be useful to me," thought the lad, so he hired the man to be his servant. After a time they looked out of their ship and saw a man eating a whole ox.

"It may well be such a man could be useful to me," thought the lad, so he hired him also. A little later they noticed a man with his ear to the earth. When they questioned him, he said that he was hearing the grass grow, so the lad hired him also.

In a short time they saw the entrance to a cave, and the last man listened and said it must be where the three giants had the three princesses hidden, for he could hear their voices. So the

lad and his servants went down into the cave, and after a time they came to the castle of the biggest giant. When the giant saw them he laughed at them and said, "Ye are seeking the king's daughter but she shall not be yours unless ye have a man who will drink as much water as I." Then the river-drinker set to work, and so did the giant, and before the man was half satisfied, the giant burst.

Then they went on to the second giant's castle and he challenged them to find one who could eat as much as he. The ox-eater accepted the challenge and was but half satisfied when the giant burst. They then proceeded to the third giant's castle and he promised to send the three princesses back to their father if the lad would stay with him as servant for a year and a day. The lad consented and his three servants took the princesses up out of the cave and carried them back to their father in the ship that could sail on land or sea.

The lad stayed with the giant and served him faithfully for a year and a day. When his time was up the giant said, "I have an eagle that will take you up to the earth," and he put the lad on the eagle's back, along with fifteen oxen for the eagle to eat on the way up; but before the eagle had gone half-way up she had eaten all the oxen, and went back to the bottom of the cave again. So the youngest son had to stay with the giant for another year and a day. When the time was up, the giant put him on the eagle again, and gave her thirty oxen to last her for food; but before she got to the top she ate them all, and so went back again, and the young man had to stay another year and a day with the giant. At the end of the third year



and a day, the giant put the lad on the eagle's back a third time and gave her threescore oxen for provender. Yet, just as the mouth of the cave was reached, the eagle finished the last of the oxen and was about to turn back again when the youth, in desperation lest he have to work another year for the giant, let the eagle nibble on his thigh. So, with one spring she was on the earth. Then the eagle said to him, "Any hard lot that comes to thee, whistle, and I will be at thy side."

Now the lad went to the town where lived the King of Lochlin with the daughters that he had got back from the

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giants, and he hired himself to work at blowing the bellows for a smith. Shortly thereafter the king's eldest daughter ordered the smith to make her a golden crown such as she had had when she was with the giant, or he should pay for his failure with his life.

The poor smith was greatly troubled, but the bellows-blower told him not to worry for it should be done. Then the smith gave his helper the gold and the bellows-blower shut himself up, broke the gold to splinters and threw it out the window, where the people picked it up. Then the lad whistled for the eagle, and she came. At his request she flew down and fetched him the crown that belonged to the biggest giant, and the smith brought it to the king's eldest daughter, who was well content therewith.

Soon the king's second daughter wanted a silver crown like the one she had when she was with the second giant; and the youngest daughter wanted a copper crown like that she had worn in the home of the third giant; and each of these the eagle brought to the lad, that the smith might present them to the princesses.

Then the king asked the smith how he did all this, and the smith told truly that the bellows-blower had done it. So the king sent a coach and four horses for the bellows-blower. But the servants were less courteous than their master, for they took the bellows-blower, all dirty from his work, and threw him into the coach like a dog. But on the way he whistled for the eagle to take him from the coach, and not only did the eagle do so, but also filled the coach with stones, so that when the king

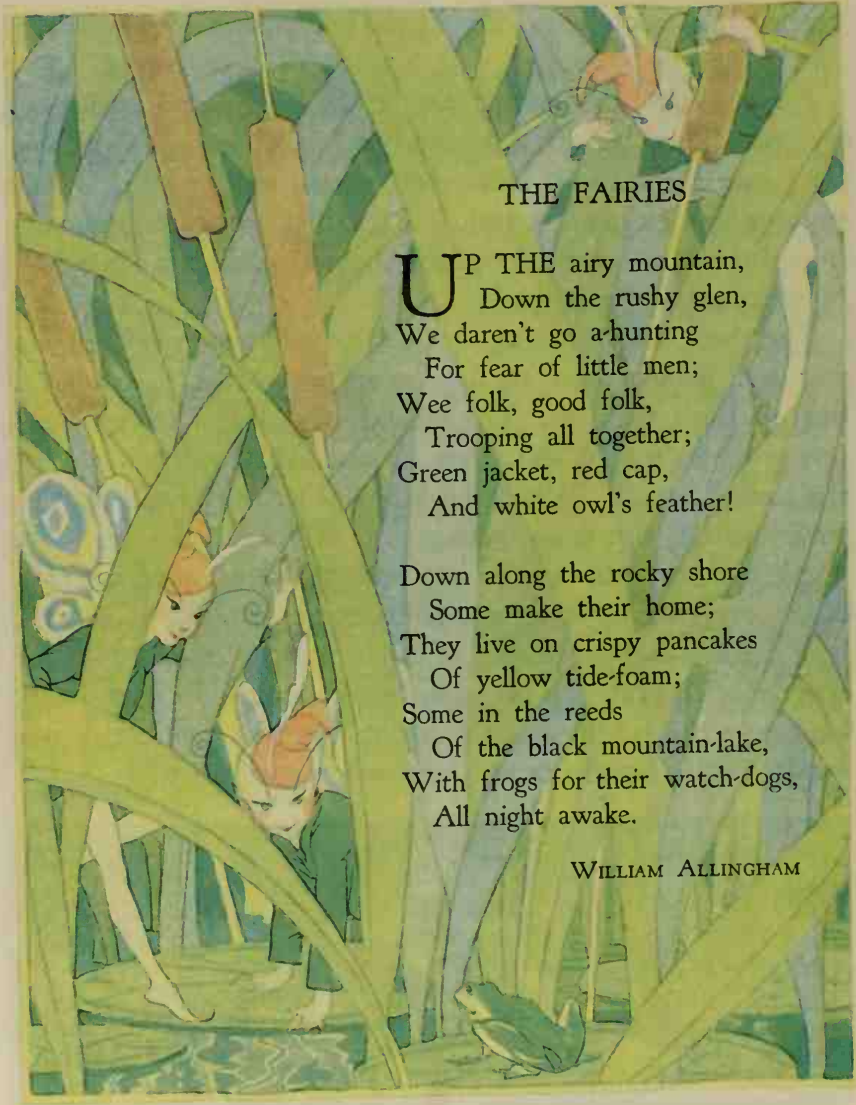
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opened the coach door, the stones fell out on him and were like to kill him.

Furious, the king called the coach gillies and had them flogged. Then he sent a second coach for the bellows-blower, but again the servants were rude, so the lad whistled for the eagle, who took him out and filled the coach with dirt that night buried the king when he opened the door. And a second set of servants were punished.

The third time the king sent a trusty servant who behaved in a civil manner, waiting for the bellows-blower to wash and put on fresh raiment. The lad whistled for the eagle, who brought him a gold and silver costume that had belonged to the smallest giant. When the king opened the coach door he found within the finest young man ever he had seen. The youth told the king how he had built the ship, saved the princesses, served the giant for three times a year and a day, and had caused to be brought to each princess the crown she coveted. This tale the princesses could confirm in part, so the king gave the lad his eldest daughter for wife and legend says the festivities lasted twenty days and twenty nights.





THE FAIRIES

UP THE airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home;
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain-lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM



THE LAST DRYADS

GENEVIEVE FOX

CHARACTERS

BROWNIES—In all-brown suits and brown pointed caps.

DRYADS—In clinging gray-green garments.

FOUR BOYS

SCENE: *An opening in the woods.*

[*The Dryads enter. Their heads are bowed and they walk as if ready to drop from weariness*]

FIRST DRYAD (*dropping down under a tree*)—Oh, let us rest here for a little. I can go no farther.

SECOND DRYAD (*sitting on a log*)—How many weary miles we've walked today since we awoke to see the world all crimson.

[*The other Dryads drop down on the ground*]

THIRD DRYAD—Ah, woe is me! [*She sobs softly. Some of the Dryads wipe their eyes. A Brownie enters and stops in surprise*]

BROWNIE—Who are you, and why are you so sad?

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FIRST DRYAD (*starting*)—I thought you were one of those terrible humans that were always making trouble in the woods we came from. I'm a Dryad.

BROWNIE—What's a Dryad? I never saw one in these woods before.

FIRST DRYAD—Dryads are tree fairies. They always live in trees. (*sighing*) You should have seen the tree I lived in—a white pine, tall and straight as though its tip pointed at some fixed star.

SECOND DRYAD—My tree was a Douglas fir. Four hundred years had ringed their growth about its trunk.

THIRD DRYAD—Mine was a cedar, silvery-barked. The eagles nested in its topmost branch.

FOURTH DRYAD—I dwelt within the heart of a great oak.

FIFTH DRYAD—And I within a dainty white-barked birch.

FIRST DRYAD—And now our homes are smouldering stumps, all charred and black.

[*The Dryads weep. During the conversation between the Brownie and the Dryads four other Brownies have come in and have edged up to listen until they are circled around the Dryads*]

FIRST BROWNIE—Who set the trees on fire?

FIRST DRYAD—Who always sets the trees on fire?

DRYADS (*together*)—Humans, of course!

FIRST DRYAD—Who drove us from the home we first lived in?

DRYADS—Humans, of course!

SECOND BROWNIE—Did all the trees burn up?

FIRST DRYAD—Yes, all the trees for miles around our homes

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are burning up, and all because some boys did build a fire and left it smouldering. A high wind finished the mischief they began.

SECOND DRYAD—And when they do not burn our homes they cut them down, no matter whether they need them for wood or not, or hack off their bark until they die.

THIRD DRYAD—Yes, my sister lived in a great grove of pines that had been growing for a hundred years and more. Men came, and in a week they all lay prone.

FOURTH DRYAD—I had a Dryad friend who lived in a white birch. One day some boys came and peeled off great pieces of bark. The poor tree died a slow miserable death and she was homeless. They never think of us Dryads.

FIFTH DRYAD—Why should they think of us? They never think even about their children or their children's children. What will they do when all the trees are gone? And what will Dryads do, alas!

FIRST BROWNIE—Why don't you come and live in these woods. Boys and men never come here.

[As he finishes speaking a loud whoop is heard and four boys come running in. The Brownies advance upon them, shaking their fists and brandishing sticks and shouting]

BROWNIES—You get out of these woods!

We won't have humans here!

You burn down trees!

You cut down trees!

You drive away the Dryads!

FIRST BOY—We don't burn down the trees.



SECOND BOY—We don't cut down the trees.

THIRD BOY—What in the world are Dryads, I'd like to know? [He looks at the other boys to see if they know. All shake their heads as if to say, "I give it up"]

FIRST BROWNIE—These are Dryads right here. [He points to them]

FOURTH BOY—We certainly wouldn't drive them away. They look like fairies.

FIRST DRYAD—We *are* fairies.

SECOND DRYAD—We live in trees.

THIRD DRYAD—When you kill the trees you leave us homeless.

FOURTH DRYAD—Please don't do anything to these woods.

FIFTH DRYAD—No, don't. We want to stay here.

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FIRST BOY—We won't do a thing to your trees, will we?
[He turns to other boys]

OTHER BOYS (*together, emphatically*)—Not—a—thing!

FIRST BROWNIE (*advancing*)—Do you cross your hearts and promise never to leave a spark of fire burning in these woods; never to cut down a live sapling or tree unless you simply must have it for wood; and never to kill trees by peeling off their bark or gashing them with your knives?

BOYS—We cross our hearts and promise—[*They repeat what the Brownie has said*]

FIRST BROWNIE (*turning to the others*)—What do you say, shall we let them stay?

OTHER BROWNIES AND DRYADS (*together*)—Yes, yes.
[*The Dryads join hands and circle around, skipping gleefully and singing*]:

And we will live in the greenwood,
The greenwood, the greenwood.
And we will live in the greenwood,
Forever and for aye.

[*Gradually they enlarge their circle, first taking in the Brownies and finally the four boys. The scene ends as all dance merrily*]





THE CROW AND THE DAYLIGHT

RENÉE COUDERT RIGGS

LONG, long ago, when the world was new, there was no daylight in Alaska. It was dark all the time, and the people in Alaska were living in the dark, just doing the best they could. They used to quarrel about whether it was day or night. Half of the people slept while the other half worked; in fact, no one really knew when it was time to go to bed, or if in bed when to get up, because it was dark all of the time.

In one village lived a crow. The people liked this crow because they thought him very wise; in fact he told them so himself; so they let him live in their kasga.

The crow used to talk a lot too, and tell of all the wonderful things he had seen and done, when he had spread his wings and flown away on his long journeys to distant lands.

The people of Alaska had no light but the flame of their seal-oil lamps.

One evening the crow seemed very sad and did not speak at all. The people wondered what was the matter, and felt sad

From *Animal Stories from Eskimo Land*. Adapted from the Original Eskimo Stories Collected by Dr. Daniel S. Neuman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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too because they missed their lively crow, so they asked him: "Crow, what makes you so sad?"

"I am sorry for the people of Alaska," said the crow, "because they have no daylight."

"What is daylight?" said they. "What is it like? We have never heard of daylight."

"Well," said the crow, "if you had daylight in Alaska you could go everywhere and see everything, even animals from far away."

This seemed very wonderful to them all, and they asked the crow if he would try to get them that "daylight."

At first the crow refused all their entreaties. "I know where it is," said he, "but it would be too hard for me to get it here."

Then they all crowded around and begged him to go to the place where daylight was and bring them some.

Still the crow refused, and said he could not possibly get that light; but they coaxed him nicely, and the chief said, "O Crow, you are so clever and so brave, we know you can do that."

At last the crow said, "Very well, I will go."

The next day he started on his journey. Of course it was dark, but it was not stormy, and when he had said good-by to all the people he spread his wings and flew away toward the East, for the sun comes from the East. He flew on and on in the dark, until his wings ached and he was very tired, but he never stopped.

After many days he began to see a little bit, dimly at first, then more and more, until the sky was flooded with light.



Perching on the branch of a tree to rest, he looked about him to see if he could find where the light came from. At last he saw that it was shining from a big snow house in a village nearby.

Now, in that snow house lived the chief of the village, and that chief had a daughter who was very beautiful. This daughter came out of the house every day to fetch water from the ice hole in the river, which is the only way the Eskimos can get fresh water in winter. After she had come out, the crow slipped off his skin and hid it in the entrance of the house; then he covered himself with dust, and said some magic words, which sounded something like this:

Ya-ka-ty, ta-ka-ty, na-ka-ty-O.
 Make me little that I won't show.
 Only a tiny speck of dust,
 No one will notice me, I trust.

Then he hid on a sunbeam in a crack near the door, and waited for the chief's daughter.

When she had filled her sealskin water-bag, she came back from the river, and the crow, who looked like nothing but a

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speck of dust floating on the sunbeam, lighted on her dress and passed with her through the door into the house where the daylight came from.

Inside, the place was very bright and sunny, and there was a dear little dark-eyed baby playing on the floor, on the skin of a polar bear which had recently been killed.

That baby had a lot of little toys, carved out of walrus ivory. There were tiny dogs and foxes, and little walrus heads, and kayaks (Eskimo canoes). He kept putting the toys into an ivory box with a cover, then spilling them out again.

The chief was watching the baby very proudly, but the little one did not seem satisfied with his toys.

When the chief's daughter came in she stooped to pick the baby from the floor, and a little speck of dust drifted from her



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dress to the baby's ear. The dust was the crow, of course.

The baby began to cry and fuss, and the chief said, "What you want?" and the crow whispered into his ear, "Ask for the daylight to play with."

The baby asked for the daylight, and the chief told his daughter to give the baby a small, round daylight to play with.

The woman unwound the rawhide string from his hunting bag and took out a small wooden chest covered with pictures, which told the story of the brave things the chief had done. From the chest she took a shining ball, and gave it to the child.

The baby liked the shining ball, and played with it a long time; but the crow wanted to get that daylight, so he whispered in the little one's ear to ask for a string to tie to his ball. They gave him a string, and tied the daylight to it for him; then the chief and his daughter went out, leaving the door open behind them, much to the delight of Crow, who was waiting for just that chance.

When the little boy got near to the door in his play, the crow whispered again in his ear, and told him to creep out into the entrance with his daylight.

The baby did as the crow told him, and as he passed the spot where the crow's skin was hidden, the speck of dust slipped out of the child's ear, back into the crow's skin and the crow was himself again. Seizing the end of the string in his beak, away flew Mr. Crow, leaving the howling baby on the ground.

The child's cries brought the chief and his daughter and all the people of the village rushing to the spot; and they saw the crow flying away with their precious daylight.

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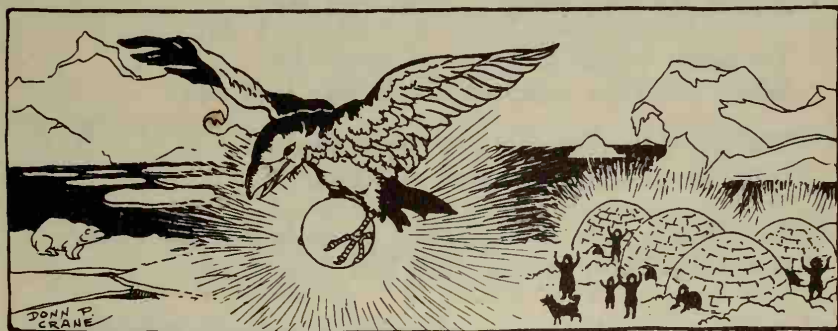
In vain they tried to reach him with their arrows, but he was too quickly out of sight.

When the crow came near the land of Alaska he thought he would try the daylight to see how it worked, so when he passed over the first dark village, he scratched a little bit of the brightness off, and it fell on the village and lighted it up beautifully. Then every village he came to he did the same thing, until at last he reached his home village, where he had started from. Hovering over it, he shattered the daylight into little bits, and scattered them far and wide.

The people greeted him with shouts of delight. They were so happy they danced and sang, and prepared a great feast in his honor. They were so grateful to him they couldn't thank him enough for bringing that daylight.

The crow told them that if he had taken the big daylight, it would never be dark in Alaska, even in winter, but he said that the big daylight would have been too heavy for him to carry.

The people have always been thankful to the crow since then, and never try to kill him.





A WILD TEA PARTY

THE Auk and the Hartebeest gave a high tea,
They invited as guests just twenty and three:

The Kudu and Quagga, the Mole and the Gnu,
A Rhino and Hippo, and young Springbok, too.

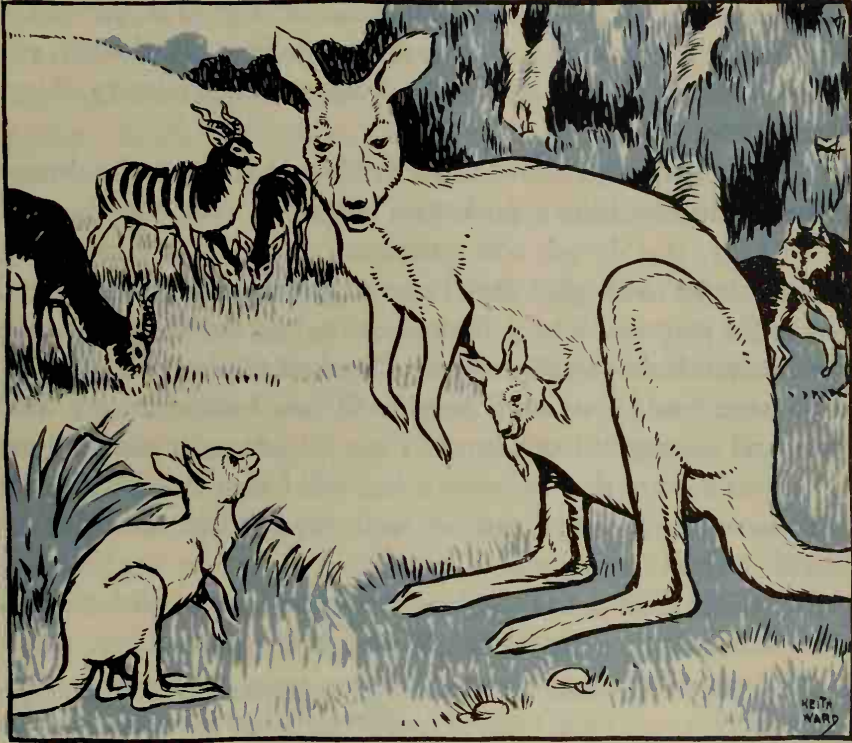
An Ant-eater came with a Cinnamon Bear,
And of the Deer family a dozen were there.

The Zebra arrived in a coat of striped fur,
Which the Tiger approved with a very loud purr.

The tea really proved a most signal success.
Still, if I be honest, I'll have to confess

That though there were gathered guests twenty and three
Not one of those present could bear to taste tea!

JOHN STILLWELL



FURS, FASHIONS, AND POCKETS

MARK FRANCIS

“MOTHER, why do you wear a pocket on the outside of your fur coat?” asked little Willoughby Wallaby. “Yesterday, when I was out in the woods I saw Mrs. Springbok and Mrs. Dingo Dog and Mrs. Kudu, and none of them had pockets.”

“My dear Willoughby, you ought to be glad I wear a pocket,” Mrs. Wallaby answered. “Only yesterday, when the

hunters were after us, you were glad enough that you could jump into that pocket and be carried to safety. And when you were a tiny baby that pouch was a very pleasant nursery, if you remember."

"Yes, I know," acknowledged Willoughby, "but why doesn't Mrs. Springbok have a pocket on her lovely coat, too?"

"Really, you do ask odd questions," his mother complained. "You ought to be glad that I can supply an extra, well-heated room for you. And Mrs. Springbok has not any finer coat than mine, even if she is a bit bigger. I'll admit she has pretty horns, but what could I do with horns? When I stand on my hind feet and use my tail as a brace, I can hit out with one of those hind feet so hard that whoever it hits will feel as if a dozen horns had struck him. Or, I can box with my forelegs until he runs away in fear."

"Yes, but that doesn't tell me why you keep a pocket when the others don't wear them," Willoughby persisted.

"Of course you can't remember, but when you were a tiny, new baby, you couldn't see or hear," explained his mother. "So I needed the pocket to keep you and your brother in until your eyes opened and you began to hear and your legs grew strong enough to let you run and jump about. Even then, you would ride around in the pouch when I had to travel fast or you wanted a nice, warm place for a nap. But you came out when you wanted to play or gather fresh grasses for food.

"That pocket is a far better nursery than the hidden spot in the woods where Mrs. Springbok hides her baby, or the place behind the old fallen tree where Mrs. Dingo's pups are hidden.

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Their babies have to be left behind if they are not old enough to run with their mothers when anyone attacks them. And you know Mrs. Dingo's babies can't see until they are nine days old, either. Really, I think we of the Wallaby family have the best way of looking after our babies. Why, your big cousin, the Kangaroo, wears a pocket, and so do cousins Bandicoot and Wombat.

"Most of our family live in Australia, but an American cousin, the Opossum, has a pouch, and the Marsupial Moles use our family name 'Marsupial' to show they are different from the common moles, and Mrs. Mole has a pouch in her coat. I am told there is a Marsupial Frog in South America, though I have never met her.

"My dear Willoughby, just because some of our neighbors do not have pockets in their coats, you must not think I do not know what is the best style. So long as Kangaroos and Wallabys wear pockets, pockets will be stylish for them, my dear."





THE WEEDS

CARL EWALD



IT WAS a beautiful, fruitful season. Rain and sunshine came by turns just as it was best for the corn. As soon as ever the farmer began to think that things were rather dry, you might depend upon it that next day it would rain. And when he thought that he had had rain enough, the clouds broke at once, just as if they were under his command.

So the farmer was in good humor, and he did not grumble as he usually did. He looked pleased and cheerful as he walked over the field with his two boys.

"It will be a splendid harvest this year," he said. "I shall have my barns full and shall make a pretty penny. And then Jack and Will shall have some new trousers, and I'll let them come with me to market."

"If you don't cut me soon, farmer, I shall sprawl on the ground," said the rye, and she bowed her heavy ears quite down toward the earth.

The farmer could not hear her talking, but he could see what was in her mind, and so he went home to fetch his scythe.

"It is a good thing to be in the service of man," said the rye. "I can be quite sure that all my grain will be cared for. Most of it will go to the mill—not that that proceeding is so very

From *Queen Bee and Other Nature Tales*. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

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enjoyable, but it will be made into beautiful new bread, and one must put up with something for the sake of honor. The rest the farmer will save, and sow next year in his field."

At the side of the field, along the hedge and the bank above the ditch, stood the weeds. There were dense clumps of them—thistle and burdock, poppy and harebell, and dandelion; and all their heads were full of seed. It had been a fruitful year for them also, for the sun shines and the rain falls just as much on the poor weed as on the rich corn.

"No one comes and mows *us* down and carries us to a barn," said the dandelion, and he shook his head, but very cautiously, so that the seeds should not fall before their time. "But what will become of all our children?"

"It gives me a headache to think of it," said the poppy. "Here I stand with hundreds and hundreds of seeds in my head, and I haven't the faintest idea where I shall drop them."

"Let us ask the rye to advise us," answered the burdock.

And so they asked the rye what they should do.

"When one is well off, one had better not meddle with other people's business," answered the rye. "I will give you only one piece of advice: take care you don't throw your stupid seed onto the field, for then you will have to settle accounts with *me*."

This advice did not help the wild flowers at all, and the whole day they stood pondering what they should do. When the sun set they shut up their petals and went to sleep; but the whole night through they were dreaming about their seed, and next morning they had found a plan.

The poppy was the first to wake. She cautiously opened some little trapdoors at the top of her head, so that the sun could shine right in on the seeds. Then she called to the morning breeze, who was running and playing along the hedge.

"Little breeze," she said, in friendly tones, "will you do me a service?"

"Yes, indeed," said the breeze. "I shall be glad to have something to do."

"It is the merest trifle," said the poppy. "All I want of you is to give a good shake to my stalk, so that my seeds may fly out of the trapdoors."

"All right," said the breeze.

And the seeds flew out in all directions. The stalk snapped, it is true; but the poppy did not mind about that.

"Good-bye," said the breeze, and would have run on farther.

"Wait a moment," said the poppy. "Promise me first that you will not tell the others, else they might get hold of the same idea, and there would be less room for my seeds."

"I am mute as the grave," answered the breeze, running off.

"Ho! ho!" said the harebell. "Haven't you time to do me a little, tiny service?"

"Well," said the breeze, "what is it?"

"I merely wanted to ask you to give me a little shake," said the harebell. "I have opened some trapdoors in my head, and I should like to have my seed sent a good way off into the world. But you mustn't tell the others, or else they might think of doing the same thing."

"Oh! of course not," said the breeze, laughing. "I shall be

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as dumb as a stone wall." And then she gave the flower a good shake and went on her way.

"Little breeze, little breeze," called the dandelion, "whither away so fast?"

"Is there something the matter with you, too?" asked the breeze.

"Nothing at all," answered the dandelion. "Only I should like a few words with you."

"Be quick then," said the breeze, "for I am thinking seriously of lying down and having a rest."

"You cannot help seeing," said the dandelion, "what trouble we are in this year to get all our seeds put out in the world; for, of course, one wishes to do what one can for one's children.

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What is to happen to the harebell and the poppy and the poor burdock I really don't know. But the thistle and I have put our heads together, and we have hit on a plan. Only we must have you to help us."

"That makes four of them," thought the breeze, and she could not help laughing out loud.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the dandelion. "I saw you whispering just now to the harebell and poppy; but if you breathe a word to them, I won't tell you anything."

"Why, of course not," said the breeze. "I am mute as a fish. What is it you want?"

"We have set up a pretty little umbrella on the top of our seeds. It is the sweetest little plaything imaginable. If you will only blow a little on me, the seeds will fly into the air and fall down wherever you please. Will you do so?"

"Certainly," said the breeze.

And whoosh! it went over the thistle and the dandelion and carried all the seeds with it into the cornfield.

The burdock still stood and pondered. Its head was rather thick, and that was why it waited so long. But in the evening a hare leapt over the hedge.

"Hide me! Save me!" he cried. "The farmer's dog Trusty is after me."

"You can creep behind the hedge," said the burdock, "then I will hide you."

"You don't look able to do that," said the hare, "but in time of need one must help oneself as one can." And so he got in safely behind the hedge, where he remained hidden.

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"Now you may repay me by taking some of my seeds with you over into the cornfield," said the burdock; and it broke off some of its many heads and fixed them on the hare.

A little later Trusty came trotting up to the hedge.

"Here's the dog," whispered the burdock, and with one spring the hare leapt over the hedge and into the rye.

"Haven't you seen the hare, burdock?" asked Trusty. "I see I have grown too old to go hunting. I am quite blind in one eye, and I have completely lost my scent."

"Yes, I have seen him," answered the burdock, "and if you will do me a service, I will show you where he is."

Trusty agreed, and the burdock fastened some heads on his back, and said to him:

"If you will only rub yourself against the stile there in the cornfield, my seeds will fall off. But you must not look for the hare there, for a little while ago I saw him run into the wood." Trusty dropped the burrs on the field and trotted to the wood.

"Well, I've sent my seeds out in the world all right," said the burdock, laughing as if much pleased with itself; "but it is impossible to say what will become of the thistle and the dandelion and the harebell and the poppy."

Spring had come round once more, and the rye stood high already.

"We are pretty well off on the whole," said the rye plants. "Here we stand in a great company, and not one of us but belongs to our own noble family. And we don't get in each other's way in the very least. It is a grand thing to be in the service of man," they added cheerfully.

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But one fine day a crowd of little poppies, and thistles, and dandelions, and burdocks, and harebells poked up their heads above ground, all amongst the flourishing rye.

“What does this mean?” asked the rye. “Where in the world are you sprung from?”

And the poppy looked at the harebell and asked: “Where did you come from?”

And the thistle looked at the burdock and asked: “Where in the world have you come from?”

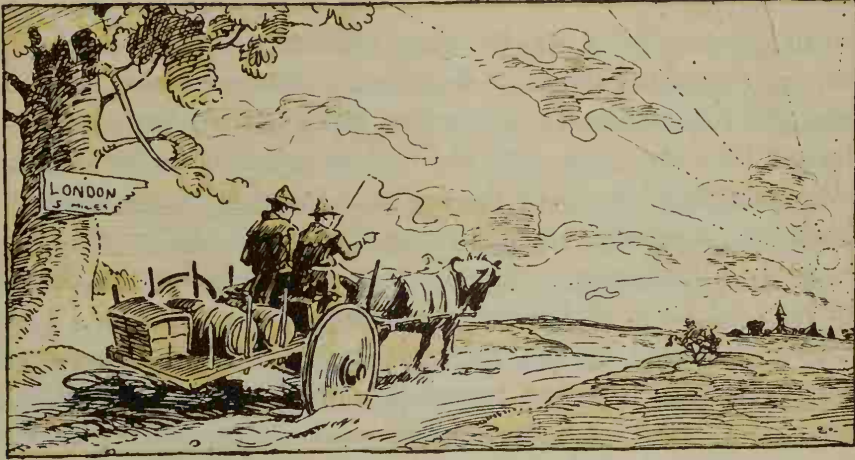
They were all equally astonished, and it was an hour before they had explained. But the rye was the angriest, and when she had heard all about Trusty and the hare and the breeze she grew quite wild.

“Don’t be in such a passion, you green rye,” said the breeze, who had been lying behind the hedge and hearing everything. “I ask no one’s permission, but do as I like; and now I’m going to make you bow to me.”

Then she passed over the young rye, and the thin blades swayed backwards and forwards.

“You see,” she said, “the farmer attends to this rye, because that is his business. But the rain and the sun and I—we attend to all of you without respect of persons. To our eyes the poor weed is just as pretty as the rich corn.”





THE STORY THE BELLS TOLD

All the bells of London remember Richard Whittington
When they hear the voice of the Big Bell of Bow!

THIS is the story the bells of London tell each other, as they swing back and forth every evening—all the bells of the old nursery rhyme, St. Martin's, St. Giles', St. John's, All Hallows, and the rest. But it is always the big bell of Bow that tolls out its triumphant strain after the others have chimed the story, for the great bell of Bow guided the fortunes of Richard Whittington when he was very young and very poor.

Many miles west of London, near where the River Severn winds its shining way to the sea, there lived an orphan lad whose only relative was an older brother. This brother was not very kind to him, and sometimes Dick Whittington did not

have enough to eat. In summer this did not matter, for he would spend all day on the warm hillside, lying full length in the sun, watching the ships dock at the distant harbor. But it was the city which lay a hundred miles east of him that he longed for—the magic city of London. And as he lay in the deep grass, thinking many things that a lad of fourteen wonders about, he imagined he could hear the far-off chime of bells, ringing and swinging in the still air. They called to him, sang to him, told him of London—his dream-city.

One day from his hill, Dick saw a peddler's caravan come down the road and stop before the village inn. A traveling merchant! And his horses were headed toward London. On an impulse Dick dashed down the hill, and when he reached the inn, hung wistfully around the peddler's wagon until the man came out from the taproom where he had eaten.

"Ho, there, lad," boomed the deep voice of the merchant, "knowest thou the way over this countryside toward London?"

"Aye, sir," replied Dick, "I know a road which will save thee half a day on thy journey. Wilt take me with thee?"

The kindly peddler told him to climb up on the wagon and ride to London with him. Mile after mile they jogged along, and the peddler told the boy beside him many a tale of city life, until Dick could hardly wait to see the towers of London come in sight. They spent the night by the wayside, as there was no inn near when darkness fell, and early in the dawn they were off again.

Regretfully Dick parted with his kind friend when London was reached, and full of eagerness he threaded his way through

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the narrow dirty streets of the city, streets which he had expected to find paved with gold. Soon he turned into a colorful street where there was much excitement and activity. It was a scene of trading, where the apprentices cried, "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?"

Some had gay silks for sale, others showed ready-made clothing, fine laces, or sheerest lawns. With wondering eyes Dick looked at all the finery and thought how he, too, would like to be one of the gaily clad lads who shouted their masters' wares with a zest. From booth to booth he went, asking if the merchant needed yet another apprentice, and each one frowned and shook his head. At last night came and Dick had no place to go. Tired and hungry he dodged into a doorway for the night, fearful lest he should be turned out of even that poor shelter. For three days and nights he walked the London streets, finally asking alms from the passers-by. With the few halfpence given him, he bought crusts of bread, but he got hungrier and thinner, and he was so tired he would gladly have lain down on the curb and never got up again.

At last, unable to walk any longer, Dick turned down a little lane that led off one of the main streets. He crumpled into a heap on the doorstep of a big house which belonged to one of the leading merchants of London, Hugh Fitzwarren. There the merchant found him when he came home a little later. He shook Dick roughly, thinking he was but a lazy lad who had used his doorstep for a place to sleep. But when he saw how white the boy was and that he did not move, full of pity the man brought the boy into his house, fed him, gave him a place

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to sleep, and told his chief cook to make use of him in the kitchen.

So Dick Whittington found work to do in London, but not the London of his dreams. His London now was the huge kitchen of a vast house, where he turned meats on the spit for an ill-tempered cook, scoured the big pots and kettles, and ran errands for her until he was so weary he stumbled with fatigue. He had a bed of straw in the attic where the beams hung so low he could not stand upright. Great gray rats were there, that ran boldly out from their holes, and looked at Dick with little beady eyes.

And in his low dark garret Dick vowed to himself that if ever he was a merchant, a man whose name was respected in London town, that he would care for all boys like himself, who huddled in straw in cellar or garret to keep warm, or perchance wandered the streets of London, homeless and friendless. It was a vow not lightly made, and to be fulfilled beyond his wildest dreams.

Although the cook was unkind to him, the footman in Fitzwarren's house was a good man, and he befriended Dick, taught him how to read, and lent him books which Dick managed to read in moments when the cook was not at his heels.

Hugh Fitzwarren had one child, a daughter, the lovely Alice. Her hair was like spun gold and her eyes as blue as the waters of the River Severn. She was gentle and good, and to Dick she seemed an angel from heaven. If she but smiled at him, much less spoke, it cast a radiance over the whole day, and he would long for a glimpse of her soft green gown as for the sun.



One day a man gave Dick a penny for shining his shoes, and Dick ran out to buy something he had wanted for a long time—a cat! He saw one in a little girl's arms and she gladly took his penny, telling him the cat was a fine one to catch rats and mice. The news gladdened Dick's heart, and that night the rats fled in terror before pussy's swift paws.

So the months slipped away until Dick had been in Hugh Fitzwarren's employ for nearly a year. One spring evening when Dick was homesick for Gloucester countryside and the clean, sweet country air, Fitzwarren called all his household together.

"I'm sending out a ship i' the morn, lads," he said. As I have done before, so will I do again. What have ye to venture on Hugh Fitzwarren's good ship *Unicorn*?"

The custom among the merchants was to let their apprentices and servants send out money or whatever they owned on

their ships. This money and merchandise the captain of the vessel traded in foreign lands, often to the great profit of those who staked their money or goods. Sometimes the ship never came home again, but that was a risk both merchant and apprentice took. It was an exciting time when a ship sailed and even more exciting when she returned, sometimes after several years.

Each one of Fitzwarren's servants brought something to go on the ship, money or goods as the case might be. Then it came Dick's turn. He hung his head, for he had spent the few pennies that came his way for books to read. He had nothing.

The lovely Alice saw his distress and spoke up. "Father, let me venture some gold from my purse for Dick. An' thou wilt let me, here is a gold guinea."

Fitzwarren shook his head. "Not so, my child. The venture must be Whittington's own." He turned to Dick. "Hast thou nothing in the world, lad?"

Dick blushed with shame. "Nothing in the world, sir," he faltered, "but a cat."

How the apprentices and servants laughed! Whoever heard of sending a cat to sea? Even Hugh Fitzwarren smiled, but the gentle Alice did not laugh.

"Well, fetch thy cat, lad, an' be quick about it, for the *Unicorn* weighs anchor in the dawn." So Dick got his gray pussy and, holding her in his arms with his cheek on her soft fur, took her down to the *Unicorn* and gave her to the captain. That man seemed not to think so ill of a cat. "She will keep the rats in their place an' they get too venturesome, lad."

The *Unicorn* sailed away, and the days and months went

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by until Dick sometimes wondered if there had been such a ship or if he had ever owned a cat. Life was very hard for him. The cook would beat him unmercifully if he as much as spilled a little gravy from the roast.

"Why do I stay?" Dick asked himself one night. "I will go away from London and never come back. I will go back to the country where, though I had not enough to eat, no one beat me, and there was always fresh air and sunlight."

So he put his few belongings in a little bundle, and with it on a stick over his shoulder he stole out of Fitzwarren's house very early one morning, hours before anyone was stirring. Even the rats were still.

As far as Holloway he got, and the stone on which he sat to rest is even today called Whittington's stone. And now the bells chime merrily as they tell this part of the story, for as Dick sat there, the big bell of Bow rang out on the early morning air. And this is what it said:

Turn again, Whittington!
Turn again, Whittington!
Thrice Lord Mayor of London,
Thy ship hath come home!
Turn again, Whittington.
Lord Mayor of London!

And as Dick listened, up the muddy Thames toward the sleeping city came a ship. Not the bravely decked *Unicorn* which two years before had sailed away from London town, but a black and battered *Unicorn* with torn sails, that crept

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slowly up to the wharf. Dick saw it not, but now all the bells took up the chorus of welcome:

Turn again, Whittington!
Lord Mayor of London!
Turn again, Whittington,
Thy ship hath come home!

The message of the bells was heard and understood. Slowly Dick turned toward the city and back to Hugh Fitzwarren's house, which was just then wakening. He was at his kitchen work before the lazy cook was down, and he had not even been missed.

Working away at his tasks he heeded not the bells of London which were still ringing as if they never would stop. All of them, answering each other, were shouting a brazen chorus of welcome and rejoicing. Suddenly on the kitchen stair there was a light step, and he looked up to see before him Alice Fitzwarren.

"Quick, Dick," she cried. "The *Unicorn* has come home and they want thee. Oh, bother not about thy clothes," as Dick hesitated and looked down at his soiled clothing. "Father says to hurry."

At a long table in a high, dark room sat Hugh Fitzwarren, and before him were weather-beaten chests, richly carved, as well as huge sacks which held the treasures of the Orient, gleaned for his master by the captain of the *Unicorn*. The captain and two of his mates, tanned by wind and sun, stood with brawny arms akimbo, waiting for Fitzwarren's word.



“Enter, Whittington,” called Fitzwarren, as the boy hesitated on the threshold, still wondering why his master had sent for him. “But ’tis Whittington no longer. Mr. Richard Whittington thou art. See, lad,” and he motioned to the sailors who tilted a heavy sack on to the long table. “Look, ’tis thine, every bit.”

And before Dick’s astonished eyes there came from the sack jewels worth a king’s ransom: amethysts, purple as violets in the spring; emeralds as green as the great ocean when it is angry; rubies redder than the heart of an American Beauty rose; pearls like drops of milk; and opals that gave back every color of the rainbow. They lightened the dark room and transfigured the face of the boy who stood gazing as if in a dream.

“Tell the lad how it came about,” Fitzwarren commanded the captain. So, simply and with no ado, the *Unicorn’s* captain told how when the ship had touched the coast of Barbary, the king of that country had asked them to court. They found the rats and mice were so bold that they came up even on the din-

ner table and ate the food, and bothered the king when he was asleep at night. Wherefore the captain sent one of his men back to the ship for Dick's cat, and pussy soon routed the rats. The King of Barbary, who had never before seen a cat, was grateful, and insisted the captain take a great sack of jewels in payment for the animal. This he did and brought the treasure back for Dick.

"But the ship was thine, sir," stammered Dick, hesitatingly.

"Aye, lad," said Fitzwarren, "but 'twas thou who staked thy cat. Take thy treasure and welcome. Use it wisely and well and the world will be better off for thy having lived in it."

Dick hesitated a moment, and then he gathered up his sack of gems, all his rich booty, and with a gesture both eloquent and humble, laid them at the feet of the lovely Alice Fitzwarren.

The young girl would not take any of Dick's fortune, so part was used to give the boy as fine an education as any gentleman's son could boast of in those days. When Dick had finished school and was established in his own house, once again he called at the home of Hugh Fitzwarren, this time to claim the gentle Alice as his bride. So the bells rang out again, wedding bells from the churches of London, when Dick married his Alice.

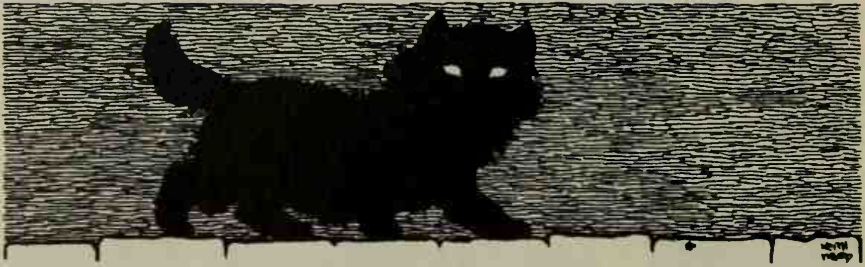
Whittington the man, and thrice Lord Mayor of the great city of London, did not forget the vow made in his dismal garret. Long years he worked for the good of the city, building hospitals, churches, libraries, and schools for poor boys who, like himself, had neither parents nor friends. He saw a London which he had dreamed of as a boy, a city where justice and truth prevailed, and only kindness and peace dwelt. Much



that made London a better city was accomplished by Whittington, and years afterward he was made a knight by King Henry V of England. A statue of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms stood over Newgate Street in the heart of London until the year 1780.

Slowly the bells toll now, for the story is almost ended. Not quite, for wherever there is industry, faith, friendliness, justice, and mercy, there will be found the spirit of Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.

Whittington! Whittington! The world is all a fairy-tale!—
Even so we sang for him—But, O the tale is true!



KITTEN'S NIGHT THOUGHTS

WHEN Human Folk put out the light,
 And think they've made it dark as night,
 A Pussy Cat sees every bit
 As well as when the lights are lit.

When Human Folk have gone upstairs,
 And shed their skins and said their prayers,
 And there is no one to annoy,
 Then Pussy may her life enjoy.

No Human hands to pinch or slap,
 Or rub her fur against the nap,
 Or throw cold water from a pail,
 Or make a handle of her tail.

And so you will not think it wrong,
 When she can play the whole night long,
 With no one to disturb her play,
 That Pussy goes to bed by day.

OLIVER HERFORD

From *The Kitten's Garden of Verses*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE SOAP BUBBLES

ANNA WAHLENBERG



ONCE, long ago, there were on the earth two villages, Osterby and Vesterby. They lay not more than half a mile apart, and a feeling of harmony had always existed between them. But one fine day there came a messenger from the king to say that the royal highway for the neighborhood was to extend through that region. And now the king wished to know which of the two towns was the more important, because it was through that one the highway should go.

Now it was very natural that the Vesterby people thought their village the more important, while the inhabitants of Osterby felt the same way about theirs. A lengthy dispute thereupon arose, and, to make an end of it, it was suggested the king should call a meeting at which the most able men of both towns should appear to contest with each other regarding the fine arts. And the village in which the prize winner lived should become the commercial center, of which he should be named the mayor, and the road through that town should be the king's highway. The contest, moreover, should take place at the crossing of the roads to the two towns, and should be presided over by the king and all six of the princesses.

In both towns people now began to interest themselves with all their might in arts of every kind. At a distance of two miles, song and music could be heard. Wherever one went, painters

From Old Swedish Fairy Tales. Translated from the Danish of Frede Thomsen by Antoinette De Coursey Patterson. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.



were to be found who sat and daubed, and sculptors who hacked away at the blocks of marble which were rushed up to them. On the village streets dancing-masters executed pirouettes, and in the woods poets wandered and wrote verses of such length that the strips of paper on which they were written trailed after them for several yards.

In Vesterby there was one man who was absolutely sure of winning the prize, and he was the joiner's son, tall Erik. Where others could do one thing, he could do ten. His rivals persistently declared that it was not enough to know many things in order to win; but rather that one should know at least one

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thing better than any other. This, however, was laid down to jealousy; and all the wise folk in Vesterby, who had not any talent themselves and therefore would not be in the contest, set their hopes on Erik.

Among them was Lotte, the daughter of a well-to-do-farmer, who thought herself so rich and distinguished that she could not greet a person in any other fashion than by a slight droop of the eyelids.

For three years Erik had tried to make her change her mind regarding himself; but she had not wished to even know him, for he was as ugly as a scarecrow and as poor as a church rat; and then she had always believed there was nothing much in those people who devoted themselves to fine arts. Now, however, it was altogether another thing.

Therefore Lotte said "Yes," when Erik again wooed her.

And so they were married at once, for there was no need to wait.

When the day of the meeting came, Lotte's father, the big farmer, had red and blue rosettes fastened to the heads of his fattest horses; and these were harnessed to his finest equipage which was gay with long streamers and embroidered ribbons. And in this carriage Lotte and Erik drove to the crossway. But if the carriage and horses were gorgeous, Lotte and Erik were still more so. They shone and radiated like the sun and moon.

They thought it fine to drive slowly, and thus arrive at the crossway at the last moment; and when they reached the place, there stood all the Vesterby people on the left side, and all the Osterby people on the right side, and between them sat the king

and his daughters, the six princesses, upon a raised platform.

On the steps beside them stood Hr. von Vippenstjært who, at court, was the judge of what was correct taste, and who knew exactly what everything was worth, from a little tub of butter or a song to the praise of spring. He held a bell in his hand to give the signal when the contest should begin.

And now he rang it.

First, those who could sing must come forward and let themselves be heard. The king sat and wrote with a slate pencil upon a huge slate their degrees of excellence. *Three* meant "remarkable"; *two* meant "very good"; and *one* meant "good." He tried very hard not to be unfair; and so he always beckoned the judge of taste von Vippenstjært to him when it came to the numbers, and what he whispered to him, that the king wrote down.

It did not go very simply with the songs. One person made *three*, two made *two*, and Erik, as always happened with him, made *one*.

After these came the painters, the musicians, the poets, and the dancing-masters, and all the other artists. And in every new contest Erik came forward and shared in it and made his usual number—below which there was no smaller figure.

Lotte sat in the carriage and waited; and when he came up to her and told her what he had made, she screwed up her nose.

At last, just after all the arts had been given their turns, there stepped forward a young man, handsome, full of life, and with flowers in his hat, and said that he wished to take part in the contest.

"Who is that?" asked the princesses of their ladies-in-wait-

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ing; and the ladies-in-waiting, questioning those who stood around, learned that it was Ole from Osterby—he who had such a charming garden that people came from all parts to see his flowers, and also to buy them.

“Well, and what can you do?” asked the king.

“I can blow soap bubbles,” said Ole from Osterby.

And with that he took out a pipe and a bottle of soapy water. But the judge of taste, Hr. von Vippenstjært, pushed him aside with both hands.

“This has nothing to do with the fine arts,” said he. “It is not in any way art. Anyone can blow soap bubbles. And as it is, the contest is already over.”

“So then it is not worth my trying,” said Ole, and he turned on his heel and went on his way whistling.

But now the king looked askance at Hr. von Vippenstjært. He had by this time realized how difficult it would be to decide who had won the prize. And so he questioned him as to how one could manage to be perfectly just.

“Ah, your majesty, it is a case of pure mathematics,” said the judge of taste, and he peered at the slate. “Here we see some who have made *ones*; some who have made *twos*; and some who have made *threes*; but there is only one who has made a great number of ones. Nothing is needed but to add the figures all up.”

The king scratched the back of his ear and began to count. But when he came to the result, and found it was Erik, with his many *ones*, who had exceeded all the others, he could not understand it; for Erik had wearied him dreadfully, and he had sat

and yawned every time the fellow came to the front. "No," thought the king, "there must be something wrong."

And so he began to count again, and ordered the princesses to keep quiet and not interrupt him.

However, it was not so easy for the six little princesses to sit as still as mice, for there was now nothing especial for them to look at or talk about. But whilst Ole of Osterby wandered along on his way home, he began to blow soap bubbles for his own amusement. And wonderful soap bubbles they were. They rose through the air in groups, and formed the loveliest flowers and butterflies—yes, and complete shining castles. And they did not break, but rose higher and higher until they could no longer be seen.

Many people followed Ole to admire the sight, and the six little princesses craned their necks, peered after the soap bubbles, and whispered to each other:

"See that! And oh, see that!"

After some time had passed, the king beckoned to Hr. von Vippenstjært:

"I have now counted Erik's numbers twelve times," he said, "and the result remains exactly the same. But it cannot be correct, for Erik is only a boor."

"When the figures counted up agree, it must be correct. Also Erik is no boor but a man of importance. And it is he who has won the prize."

The king then ordered the drummers to beat loudly on their drums, and the heralds to cry out that it was Erik who had won the prize, and that Vesterby should be the commercial center.

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A high pole was then raised, pointing toward Vesterby, and upon the pole was fastened a placard which read:

“The Royal Highway to Vesterby, Commercial Town.”

Then Erik and Lotte were called up to the platform. And when they came to the king, he named Erik the mayor and Lotte the lady mayoress, and then he took them by the hand and congratulated them. And Lotte strutted about and could not have put on more airs if she had been named the queen.

And now the six princesses must also congratulate them. But when the king called them he noticed the youngest was missing. And the others said she had run off to see the soap bubbles.

“Make haste and fetch her,” said the king to one of the ladies-in-waiting.

She hurried off as fast as she could, but she did not come back again; and so another lady-in-waiting was obliged to go in her place. But neither did she return; and as for the remaining ladies-in-waiting who were sent to fetch the princess they, too, seemed to have vanished. The king was so angry that he jumped about and stamped on the floor. He now sent his courtiers on the same errand, but they also remained away.

“Well,” said the king to the next youngest princess, “I think I shall have to let you go; they will surely show obedience and respect to a royal personage.”

And so off went the next youngest of the princesses. But she also let them wait for her. Then the king sent another princess to fetch that runaway; and then another and another until all were gone. But not a single one of them came back.

And now all the people, both of Osterby and Vesterby, were lured off in the direction of Osterby; and the only ones who remained behind at the crossway were the king, the judge of taste, and Erik and Lotte.

The king was by this time so angry that he fairly snorted.

"Come and help hold up my mantle," he said to von Vippenstjært, "for now I am going myself."

And the king started off, while the judge of taste traipsed after him and held up his mantle.

And when they reached Osterby, those they sought were found the very first thing. They were all gathered in Ole's garden, and not one of them saw the king come, so absorbed were they in watching the soap bubbles which Ole blew. They were not only birds, flowers, castles, and butterflies, but also great spheres which the people standing around reached out for with their hands, and gazed at with such happy looks in their faces—as though they saw the splendor of earth and sky playing about in them.

And around Ole stood all the princesses with the exception of the youngest, who sat on the bench by his side with an arm about his neck, and did not see her father.

When the king caught sight of this, he was even more angry than before, and he seized the princess by the arm.

"Are you not ashamed?" he cried. "Have you entirely forgotten that you are a princess?"

"Yes, I almost think I have," answered the little princess, and she dropped her eyes.

"And now for a punishment you must marry him," said the

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king; "he around whose neck you have put your arm must be your husband."

At this the little princess raised her eyes again, and looked so overjoyed and happy. And Ole kissed her on the mouth. At the same moment a bubble floated from his pipe and settled upon the king's hand, so that he was forced to look at it. And it was wonderful to see how all anger now vanished from his face. He felt that he had never seen so fair a country, such good children, and such happy people around him!

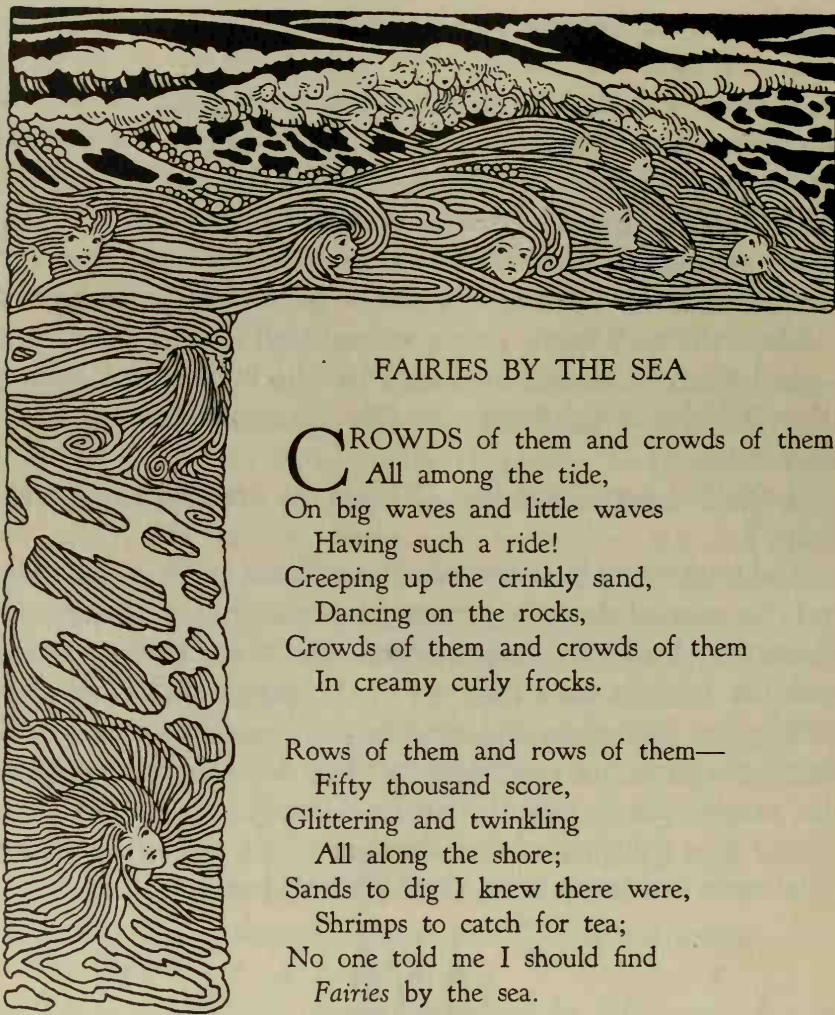
And when he turned his gaze from the bubble, and looked about him, he thought that whatever his eyes rested upon was beautiful.

"I will live here," said he. "This is the prettiest spot in my realm."

And so the king built himself a magnificent castle in Osterby, and Ole married the little princess, and was given permission to plan and look after the great gardens. But in the evening he sat with the princess on a step out in the garden and blew soap bubbles for themselves and all those who wished to see. And they were many, for every one traveling, who chanced to be in that neighborhood, took the road to Osterby.

And thus it happened that the road which did not have the royal name became in truth the King's Highway!





FAIRIES BY THE SEA

CROWDS of them and crowds of them
 All among the tide,
 On big waves and little waves
 Having such a ride!
 Creeping up the crinkly sand,
 Dancing on the rocks,
 Crowds of them and crowds of them
 In creamy curly frocks.

Rows of them and rows of them—
 Fifty thousand score,
 Glittering and twinkling
 All along the shore;
 Sands to dig I knew there were,
 Shrimps to catch for tea;
 No one told me I should find
 Fairies by the sea.

ROSE FYLEMAN

From *Fairies and Friends*, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1926. New York: George H. Doran Company, publishers.



HANSEL AND GRETEL

Retold from Grimm

A POOR woodcutter lived on the edge of a deep, dark forest with his wife, his son Hansel, and his little daughter Gretel. Although the man worked hard, he could scarcely earn enough to take care of his family. Each year they raised vegetables for their own use, but one year there was a bad drought. Nothing would grow in the garden or throughout the country, and people were so poor that they could not even buy wood. At last the woodcutter saw his family faced by starvation.

One evening after the children had gone to bed the parents were discussing how they could possibly get along. "What will

become of us," the poor man sighed, "now that I cannot earn enough to feed all four of us?"

"You have spoken truly, husband," answered the wife. "Four you cannot feed. The children are young and should be able to fend for themselves. Tomorrow let us take them to the thickest part of the forest and leave them where they cannot find their way home again. Then we shall have only ourselves to feed."

"No, wife," said the man, "that I will never do; how could I have the heart to leave my children alone in the wood where they might starve or be eaten by wild beasts?"

"Oh, you simpleton," she answered, impatiently, "if we keep them we will all starve, while it may be that the fairies will feed them in the wood."

Although the man knew his wife had mentioned the fairies just to comfort him, he at last consented. The children, who had not been able to fall asleep because of their hunger, overheard all that was said.

"What will become of us?" Gretel asked her brother between her sobs.

"Be quiet, Gretel," Hansel answered, "and do not cry. I will take care of us both."

As soon as his parents were asleep, Hansel slipped on his coat and stole out into the garden where he gathered handfuls of little stones that glistened whitely on the paths. When his pockets were filled he returned to the house and, jumping into bed, was soon fast asleep.

Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, the mother

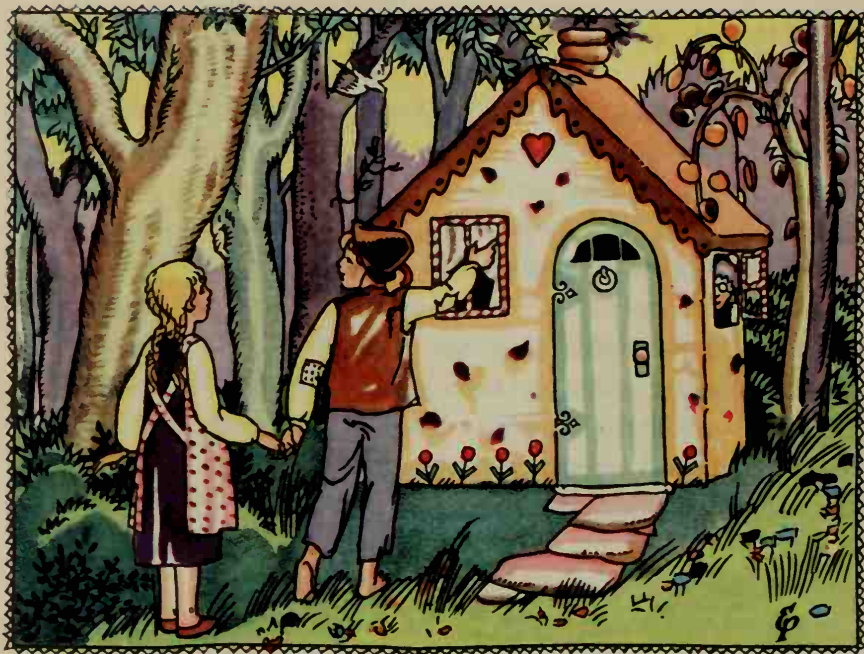
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called them to get up. "We must all go to the woods to gather fuel," she said.

She gave them each a big piece of dry bread for their dinner, and told them to be sure not to eat it too soon, as they would get no more. Gretel carried the bread in her apron because Hansel had his pockets full of pebbles. As they went along, he dropped the white pebbles to mark their path.

When they reached the thickest part of the forest, the father bade the children gather brushwood. As soon as they had a sufficient pile, the father made a fire for them and told them to rest there while he and their mother were cutting fuel. The children gathered enough brushwood to keep their fire fed and then sat by it while their parents wandered farther and farther out of sight. At midday the children ate their bread and sat listening to the strokes of their father's ax, thinking all the time that he was near by. But what they heard was only a dry branch swinging against a tree with the wind. Finally the children fell asleep and did not wake until their fire had gone out and night was coming on. Gretel began to cry, but Hansel comforted her with promises that they should soon be home. When the moon rose it was easy enough to follow the white pebbles, so that before daybreak they were once again at home. When they knocked on the door their mother came to let them in, scolding because they had stayed so long in the wood, but their father was truly glad to see them back and shared his morning crust with them.

Life went on as before for a few days but meantime food was getting scarcer and scarcer. "We have only half a loaf left,"



the woman said to her husband, "and the children must go, lest we all starve. We must take them deeper in the wood tomorrow."

"Better to share our last crust with them," the father pleaded, "than desert them in the wood."

But his wife scolded and nagged until, at last, he gave in, as he had done before.

The children had overheard all that was said, and after his parents were asleep, Hansel tried to steal out to gather pebbles again, but the door was locked and bolted, so he could not get out. He was not discouraged for he felt sure he would find some way to mark the path through the woods.

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When morning came, the mother roused them and gave each a tiny crust to take along for lunch, and then the parents led the way into the forest, deeper than they had ever gone before. As they went along Hansel crumbled his morsel of bread and strewed the crumbs along the path.

This day went as had the previous one, the parents building a fire and leaving the children to sleep in its warmth, and the two little ones waking to find themselves deserted. But this time the moon did not show them the homeward path, for the birds had made a feast of Hansel's bread crumbs. Poor children! They tried one path and then another until they were hopelessly lost. All night and next day they hunted, living on a few berries they found by the roadside, until at night, tired out, hungry, and despairing, they dropped down under a big tree, unable to drag themselves any farther.

In the morning when they woke, the birds were singing in the branches above their heads. Soon they noticed one little white bird singing so sweetly that they could not but listen to him. When the bird finished his song, he flew away, but so slowly that the children were able to follow him.

Suddenly they came to a clearing, and there before them was a little house—the most wonderful little house they had ever seen. The roof was made of gingerbread, the walls of little cakes put together with a mortar of sugar, and the windows were of clear barley candy.

“See, Gretel,” cried Hansel, “here is food a-plenty. I will take a piece of the roof and you shall have a bit of wall.”

Hardly had he broken off a bit of the gingerbread, when they



heard a voice from within call:

Nibble, nibble, little mouse,
Who is nibbling at my house?

The children answered at once:

It is the summer wind that blows,
As round and round your house it
goes.

They went on eating as if nothing had happened, for the gingerbread was delicious, and Gretel had never tasted such cake as she broke from the cottage wall.

All at once the door of the cottage blew open, and out came an old, old, old woman, leaning on a crutch. On her head was a pointed red hat and she wore a black cape. Her nose was so hooked it almost reached to her chin. The children, frightened, dropped their food and stood clinging to each other and staring at the old woman as she hobbled toward them. But instead of scolding she said, "You dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and I will give you better food than my walls and roof provide." So saying, she took them by the hand and led them into the cottage.

A good meal of pancakes, with butter and syrup, and a dish of apples and nuts, with all the milk they could possibly drink, was soon set before the children. When they had finished their meal she led them to two cozy white beds, and as Hansel and Gretel snuggled down under the warm covers, they thought they had found the most delightful home in the world.

But what an awakening they had the next morning! The old

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woman was really a wicked witch who had built the little house just to entice children. Whenever one of them came into her power she cooked and ate him, and made a great festival of the day.

Early in the morning, before the children were awake, she stood beside them and thought what nice tidbits they would make. "But they are rather too thin," she decided, "so I will have to fatten them up, one at a time." Therefore she woke Hansel and made him go out to a little stable, in which she locked him, despite his cries and screams. She then went back and woke Gretel, telling her to get up at once and carry food and drink to her brother.

"When he is nice and plump I shall eat him," said the cruel old witch. Gretel wept bitterly but it was quite in vain, for



she was obliged to do the witch's bidding; and every day she had to cook the choicest bits for her brother while she herself had only the scraps to eat.

Each day the old witch visited the stable and called to Hansel to put his fingers through the window bars that she might feel if he was getting fat. Luckily she could hardly see and had to tell by feeling whether he was putting on flesh; so Hansel would hold out a bone or twig, and the old woman felt that, marveling how thin he kept. But after a month had passed she lost patience and decided to wait no longer.

"Hurry, Gretel," she said to the little girl, "fill the pot with water. Be Hansel fat or lean, today I shall have him served for dinner." Oh, how the poor little sister cried, but she was helpless and had to do as she was told. She tried to warn Hansel but the witch saw to it that she did not get near the stable.

When the fire was built and the cauldron filled, the old woman said, "First we will bake, since the oven is nice and hot. I have already kneaded the dough." So saying she pushed Gretel up to the hot oven. "Creep in," she ordered, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread." But she really intended when Gretel got in to shut her up in the oven and let her bake, so she might eat her as well as Hansel.

Gretel guessed what the witch intended, but she pretended stupidity and answered, "I do not know how to do it. How shall I get in?"

"Little goose," said the witch impatiently, "the opening is large enough. See, I could even get in myself," and she poked her head into the oven. Then Gretel gave her a push so that

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she fell right in. In a trice she shut and bolted the oven door. The old witch howled to be let out but Gretel ran away and left her to bake.

The little girl rushed at once to the stable and opened the door, crying, "Hansel, come out at once. The witch is shut up in the oven and we are safe."

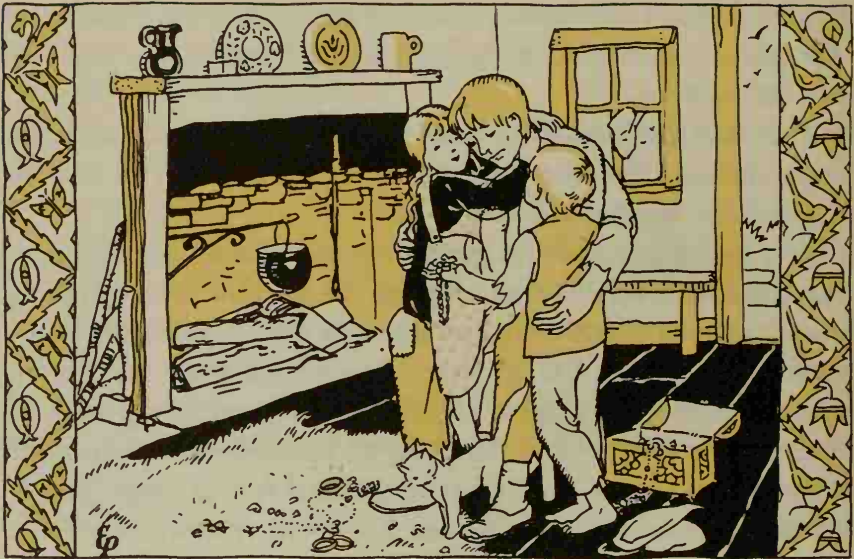
You can imagine how promptly he obeyed that call, and how together the children went all over the witch's house, looking in old chests in which were heaped many precious stones. Hansel stuffed his pockets full of these, and Gretel filled her apron. After breaking off a good supply of the gingerbread roof to feed them on their way, they peeped into the oven. To their surprise they found the witch had baked into a large gingerbread cookie. Feeling safe from her spells, Hansel decided it was time they started for home.

"We had best get out of this enchanted forest," Gretel agreed, "and besides father will be so glad to have these diamonds and pearls. He will be able to feed us all well after this, won't he?"

So off they hurried and never stopped until they came to a great lake. As they were wondering how they could cross, a big white duck came swimming by. So they cried out:

Pretty duck, with wings so white,
Pray bear us over the water bright.

The duck came at once and carried Hansel across and then came back for Gretel. They thanked the duck, went joyously on their way, and soon reached a part of the wood which they knew quite well. It was not long until they saw the roof of



their father's house, and then they began to run. Into the cottage they rushed, half laughing and half crying with joy to be home, and into their father's arms they dashed.

Oh, how pleased he was to see them again. He had not had one happy hour since they had been lost in the forest. Gretel shook out her apron and Hansel emptied his pockets. Soon the floor was quite covered with glittering precious stones.

Their troubles were now at an end, for the cruel mother was dead; their father was overjoyed to have them once more with him, and there were enough jewels to buy them all they needed for many years. And so we will leave them in their father's arms, with Hansel's little white kitten rubbing against his legs and purring her joy that they were all together again.



THE MAN WITH THE COCOANUTS

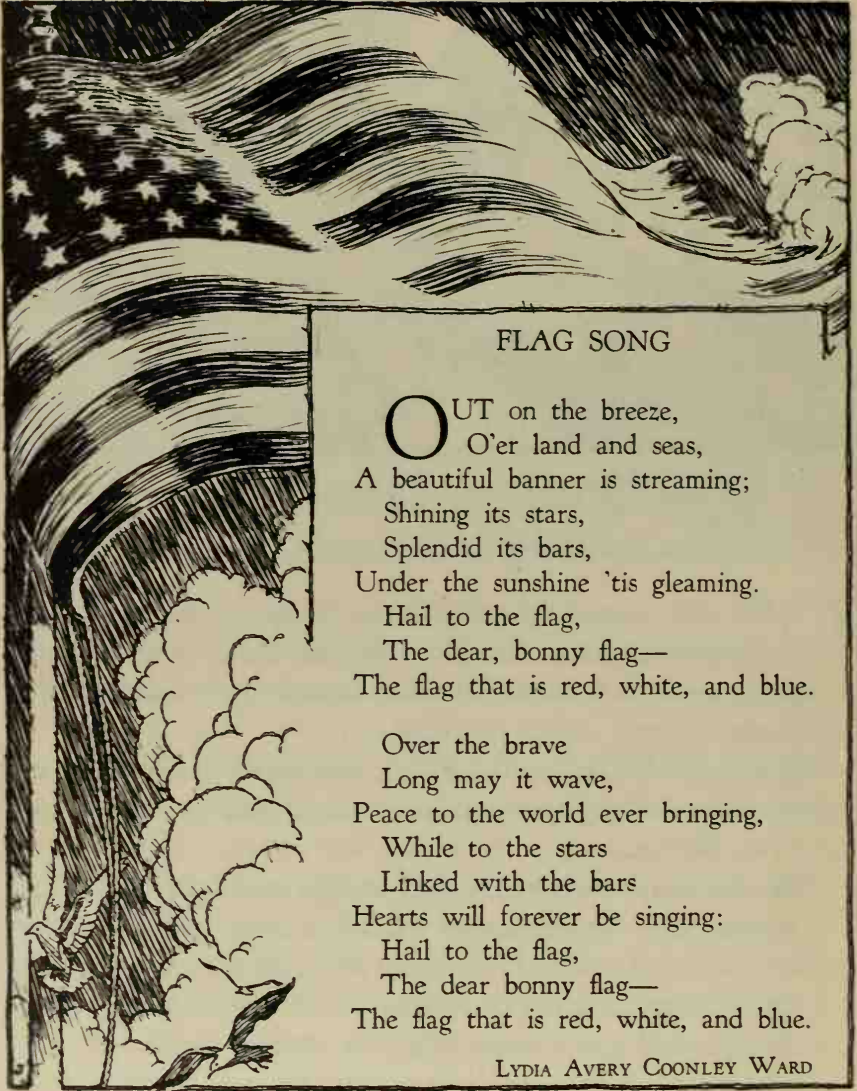
MABEL COOK COLE

ONE day a man who had been to gather his cocoanuts loaded his horse heavily with the fruit. On the way home he met a boy whom he asked how long it would take to reach the house.

"If you go slowly," said the boy, looking at the load on the horse, "you will arrive very soon; but if you go fast, it will take you all day."

The man could not believe this strange speech, so he hurried his horse. But the cocoanuts fell off and he had to stop to pick them up. Then he hurried his horse all the more to make up for lost time, but the cocoanuts fell off again. Many times he did this, and it was night when he reached home.

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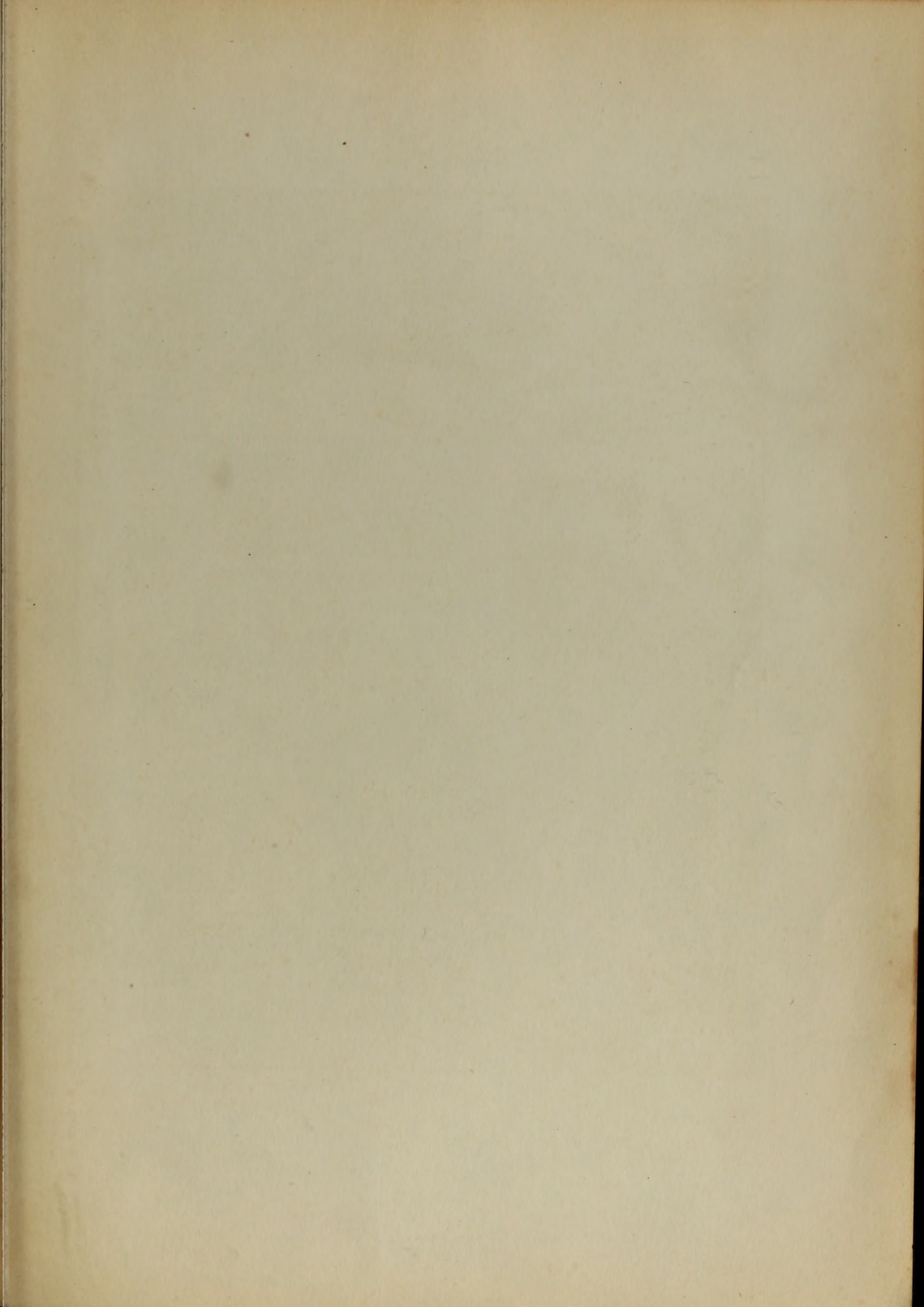


FLAG SONG

OUT on the breeze,
O'er land and seas,
A beautiful banner is streaming;
Shining its stars,
Splendid its bars,
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.
Hail to the flag,
The dear, bonny flag—
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

Over the brave
Long may it wave,
Peace to the world ever bringing,
While to the stars
Linked with the bars
Hearts will forever be singing:
Hail to the flag,
The dear bonny flag—
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD





DOHN P.
CRANE



BOOK
TRAILS

